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THE
WORKS
OF THE LATE
AARON HILL, Esq;
IN FOUR VOLUMES.
CONSISTING OF
LETTERS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,
AND OF
ORIGINAL POEMS, Moral and Facetious.
WITH AN
ESSAY on the ART of ACTING.

VOL. IV.

L O N D O N:
Printed for the BENEFIT of the FAMILY.
MDCCLIII.

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OF THE



ORIGINAL POEMS.

EPILOGUE, *writ for Mrs. PRITCHARD,*
in the Play, call'd the Massacre of
Paris.



O O R, once fam'd *Lee*, when he
compos'd this Play,
Brainfick, and *touch'd*, on *Bedlam's*
borders lay,
And 'twas no wonder --- for, in sober *sadness*,
Church Massacres wou'd scare even *saints* to
madness.

O, Ladies! heaven forbid such serious frights!
Such strange *dead doings*--on your *wedding nights*!

VOL. IV.

B

Kill

Kill us, with *kindness*, let 'em --- if they dare :
 But downright dying ---- ah ! ---- *what* bride
 could bear ?

THESE are *thy* trophies, *France* ! --- no *Briton*
 dares,
 With tame, cold *murder*, stain the *cross* he bears.
 In day's broad face, o'er *seven* French mounds
 he *clambers*,

But *stabs* not, in the *dark*, in sleep's *still chambers* :
 No base *assassin* plots defame these nations,
 Ours are more open, *bonest*, *associations*.

Generous, in anger, with *reluctant* glow,
 Our brave, blunt soldier *beats*, yet *s pares*, his
 foe :

Weeps, while he *wounds*, with conscious *pain*, to see
 Kings, call'd *Most Christian*, more like *Turks*
 than HE !

Well ! 'tis no matter --- still let *France* deceive us--
 Sound strength, and *English* *knocks*, can soon
 relieve us.

YET, while this *faithless Prince*, on all sides,
 plies us,

Let us not teach his *tradesmen* to despise us :

Cover'd

Cover'd with *guile*, let *art's* low *tricks* be theirs,
Ours to repel their *arms*, and spurn their *airs*;
May that *mistaken taste* be starv'd to *reason*,
That does not think *French fashions* ---- *English*
treason.

Souse their *cook's* talent ---- and cut short their
taylors,

Wear your own *lace* --- eat *beef*, like *VERNON's*
sailors;

Or good sound *Mutton's* manly *juice* delight in,
Your *Chicken's à la daub's* no food for *fighting*.

Seem we not *slaves*, while to their *language*
leaning,

We teach our son's *first words* to lisp *French*
meaning?

WAR, on their *modes*, --- or *bow*, beneath their
feather;

Sweep out *French* *tongues*, *tails*, *fops*, and *faith*,
together.

Laugh at their *Jargon*, bid disdainful *Satire*

Blot from your *stile*, *tapis* and *reconnoitre* :

Gout, and *escort* --- to *taste* and *guard*, --- restore,
And *act*, and *talk*, plain *English*, evermore.

NOR let the youth, who means for *spoil* to
scramble,

Trip, like patch'd, *petite maitre's* puny amble!

[*imitating the modish effeminate tread*]

Step out, bluff Britons --- not disgrace good eating:
Light pumps, and short, *minc'd* steps, half bode
retreating.

Man, on his *mien*, should carry firm defiance:

Yet --- let his *modest heart* figh soft compliance.

So, shall his mistress *grasp* her fame's defender,
And waste no wishes, on a false pretender.

Fix'd, as her oaks, shall Britain's freedom flourish;
And France and Spain, CHIMERIC TEMPESTS
nourish.

FIR'D, with this foretaste of my country's zeal,

Verse is (*alone*) too faint, for what I feel!

Help me, ye souls of MUSICK ---- come --- and
SING,

Tune my touch'd heart's plain prayer ---- God
save the King.

[*Waving her handkerchief, as a signal for
Mr. Beard, and other singers to enter.*]

PROLOGUE.

IN this *faint* age, when *British* growth is
missing,

And dapper *beaux* want *stilts* to climb to *kissing* ;

Ill dares an *author* hope your *pardon* granted,

Who gives a man, *more* woman, than he *wanted*.

But I, to *comfort* him, have been declaring,

You can *forgive* all *sins*, you take your *share* in.

Let me look round ---- aye ---- 'tis my *firm* per-
suasion,

Your *calls*, that way, *outgo* your best *occasion*.

Two wives ! what then --- suppose 'em *two*
and *twenty*,

Spendthrifts shou'd never *frown*, on other's *plenty*.

And pray, what *right* have you, to *rail* at chang-
ing,

Who still, *quit* *old*, for *new* --- and live, for
ranging ?

Just *warm* one's *bopes*, to glowing *expectation*,

Then, *baulk* one --- in the *nick*, of *provocation*:

HERE'S, your *first* spouse, good reverend, Mrs,
Drury !

By turns, the *object* of your *smiles*, and *fury*,
 Has, for an age, been *yours*, in form, and fashion,
 Lull'd every care, to *sleep*--sooth'd every passion ;
 Yet, almost in her *view*, you quite renounce her,
 For a huge, rampant, *Covent-Garden bouncer !*
 Fie, fie, 'tis *ENGLISH policy* --- it favours
 Of want of *WIT*, not to *divide* your favours.
 Now *here*, now *there*, might half *disguise* the
 treason,

Or, a *wise* wife wou'd *WINK* --- who found *such*
reason.

But, to *forget* entirely, while you *wander*,
 Who claims, at *home*, the *rights*, you loosely
squander,

O'erturns a matron's peace, however *stable*,
 And proves, (if not *ungenerous*) you're *unable*.

WELL ! after all, when we no longer *please* ye,
 'Tis want of *sense*, and *policy*, to teize ye.
Time may befriend our *hopes* --- and, till that
blessing

Comes, in its turn, once more, to our possessing ;
Grant

*Grant us one modest prayer --- and, from that
minute,*

*If e'er we murmur, say, --- the WOMAN's in it :
Give us your evenings only, when we claim ye,
Lie, where you please, all night --- we'll never
blame ye.*

*PROLOGUE, intended to have been spoken,
at Lady Jane Grey.*

A L L danger past, in Greece, I'm hither come,
Post haste, to have one timely stroke, at
Rome.

*Papists ! have at ye --- slaves of superstition !
I'll rack the rackers --- in my Inquisition.*

WHEN (in return for *tricks*, your *priests* have
show'd us)

We burn th' all-burning *Pope*, for ballance ow'd us,
Rome, says we PERSECUTE --- Oh ! front amazing !

SHE --- that so oft, set *Smithfield* fires a-blazing !

We --- roast a *Pope of straw* --- for recreation ; ---

SHE --- LUMPS us to the *DEVIL* --- and roasts
the *NATION*.

Dark, fowre, proud, bloody, — *turbulent* and
vain!

Bodies, and *SOULS*, must burn — or bear *her*
chain.

PREACHING, or *plotting* — *ROME's* true plan
is **POWER**:

Blessing, she **ROBS!** — and *worships* — to **DEVOUR!**

BLOOD is her *taste* — Religion — her **DISGUISE**:

Her sons are **MURD'ERS** — and her **Saints** --- are

LIES:

Faith's *alchymist!* renown'd for **TRANSMUTATION**,
She finds rank **HERESY** — in **REFORMATION**.

OH! what *obsequious babes* imbibe her lectures!

No busy *searchers*, they! no bold *suspectors!*

Pliant believers! they, by *wholesale*, swallow:

And, like *tame geese*—(implicit cacklers!) follow.

Thought, truth, sense, **SCRIPTURE** — *all* — are
guides, that **STRAY**.

Nothing, forsooth's **INFALLIBLE** — but **THEY!**

Ask this *Church Cockatrice*, what **RIGHT** it
crows by;

DARKNESS, you'll find, is all the *light*, it goes by.

Hood-

Hoodwink'd, at *whooper's* *hide*, to hunt *salvation*,
 They guard their *back-held* *nose* from DEMON-
 STRATION.

With *force* *resistless*, *faith's* disputes they handle,
 And cut short wrangling—by *bell*, *book*, and *candle*.
Meekness their *cant* — *humility* their *screening*—
 PRIDE their true *deity*—and FIRE—their *meaning*.
Brimstone and *flames*, CHOAK Heaven's high road
 to *glory*,

And *parboil* pilgrim's *tails* — in *purgatory*.

SINS a poor GIRL? — (save with some *crown-*
cropt brother)

Down goes she, unabsolv'd — midst smoke and
 smother :

Spite of her *horse-hair* *smocks*, and straps of *leather*,
 Hot, *half-way* *fires* must *singe* — the lord knows
 whither.

Heavens! — how *we* *players* should feast their
 well-fed *fury* —

If *Purgatory's* *hundreds* reach'd — to DRURY!

OH, *Britons*! 'tis no *joke* — REPELL th' *assaul-*
ters.

Let no *prig* *POPERY* e'er *be-farce* your *altars* ;

Bravely

Bravely disdaining slav'ry e'en to PRINCES,
Freedom's fierce horse, at a POPE rider WINCES,
 Proud of the *manag'd* bit — when law directs it;
 But *shakes* it from his teeth — when force injects it.

BLESS'D be our King, forever bless'd our
church!

Pure church! that lov'st no *pomp*, and fears
 no *search!*

Long, by contempt of Rome's proud mummary, fir'd,
 Be thy plain truths, and *honest* zeal, admir'd:

Long live the *faith* — that holds not *reason* DEAF!
 But saves by *virtue* — and *dissects* belief!

Builds, on strong, *moral* Rock — loves decent
 FORM,

Preaches *internal* peace — and stills each STORM,
 Trusts heaven — with *aweful* hope — and holds it

ODD,

By *man's* dark *passions* — to decypher God.

PROLOGUE,

PROLOGUE, *for Mr. CIBBER, in the Fa-
tal Bribery.*

DEBTOR and CREDITOR th' account *begin,*
But then, comes *joy — wife — misery —*
death — and sin,

While, from these varying *lights, fierce fires we*
raise,
Lend but *attention,* and your *tears* shall praise.

Poor (at first *opening*) seems the *plot, we chuse;*
But no felt *indigence* unfir'd the *musè* :
Insolvent pris'ner bears no awful *sound;*
Yet, hope *strong* buildings, from that *bumble*
ground.
Few, are the public *stains,* that tinge the *fame,*
Of this brave, rich, good-natur'd, nation's *name.*
Yet, *one* there is—from time's long license grown,
That blots out *pity,* and turns flesh to *stone.*

'Tis the *deaf rage,* that, where hard *wants* op-
press,
Doubles th' *insolvent suff'rer's* dire distress,

Stung

Stung by this *wasp*, past *friendships* lose their
weight;

Warp'd *estimation* wears a face like *bate*!

Suspended *mercy* bids *affliction* smart,

And, in a *scale of flint*, immures her *heart*.

Self, yet unreach'd by *woe* — made proud by *gain*,

Blind to disaster, and insulting *pain*;

Short-sighted *ease* hugs her own lot *secure*,

And marks *no difference*, 'twixt the *base*, and

poor!

Flings from *calamity*, turns short on *grief*,

And to the prison, (*live grave*!) refers **RELIEF**.

So, for a while — triumphantly, *severe*,

Tow'rs the *big insult* — and disdains to **HEAR**;

At last, comes disappointment. *home* — Then,

starts

Touch'd *sense* — and *wonders*! at men's *cruel*

hearts!

Then, (*self*, *still*, *upmost*) the rows'd *sleeper*

shakes —

And, insolently, *hopes* — *compassion* *wakes*!

But *scorn* (*close waiter*!) kicks the *scorner's* heel,

And he, that shun'd to **HEAR**, vouchsafes to **FEEL**.

Too late, he feels! — the eye, that wakes for
ALL,
Foredoom'd his anguish, and enjoys his fall;
Points, to his trembling view, that Wiseman's
school;
That God-given law th' all-temp'ring GOLDEN-
RULE!

Bids him thank bitterness — for due despair,
And — since he could not pity — learn to bear.

FROM our last age's Play's exemplar aim,
Present, and past (we find) too much, the same:
Stern, unrelenting, interest's partial will
Reign'd, then, resistless: — and it reigns so, still.
How happy were th' effect, could miseries (here)
From pride's correction; mourn'd by pity's tear,
Teach the dry rock to melt, in pain-touch'd flow!
And ease th' unhoping crowds — that sigh, in woe!

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE, *to the same Play, spoke by
the Person, who represented Amelia.*

I 'VE 'scap'd, to-night, *two* terrible disasters,
My honour's indignation — and my master's :
And heaven best knows, what hapless, hole can
hide me,

If (to crown all my woes) YOUR help's deny'd me.

LADIES! — you see, how much *expos'd* our
sex is :

Sleeping or waking — some sad chance perplexes.
Man's a more wily SNAKE, than mother Eve's
was ;

In his *own* shape — and *others* to — deceives us :
Hungry devourer ! never tir'd, with *snapping* ; —
Shun him, with *open eyes*, he'll catch us *napping*.
Rise, fall — run, stay — standing upright, or
lying,

One way, or t'other, he's forever trying —
And, how to 'scape him, if I know — ne'er let
me

Break thro' th' entangling *nets*, that thus beset me.

Now,

Now, Gentlemen! — to your *own* thoughts.

appealing,

(Fitter, I doubt, for *making* wounds, — than
healing !)

— What would you have have poor *woman* do
with HONOUR ?

When DANGER heaps such *monst'rous* loads upon
her !

— D'ye think, in conscience now — half-wak'd,
half-weary,

With frights fore-gone — for one's departed
deary —

T' had been *so strange a crime* ? — or worth such
pothor ?

— In *darkness* — to mistake *one's* *bus*s for *fother* ?

Pray think on't — put yourselves behind the
curtain :

What can't be *cur'd* must be *endur'd* — that's
certain.

'Tis a *fair* question ; — and 'tis plainly *ask'd* ye :

Answer it — or confess, I've *overtask'd* ye.

Suppose me, *bound*, in *sleep's* soft filken *fetter*,

And one of your *dear selves* the dark *besetter*.

Sight

Sight has no eyes, at *midnight* — and for *touches*,
 JOAN (says the proverb) in the *dark's* — a DUT-
 CHESS.

For *my* part — I can't find, we've any *senses*,
 Can furnish *such attacks*, with fit *defences* :
 If *Wedlock's towns* lie open, (foes too nigh 'em)
 E'en, let the *Liege Lord Husband* FORTIFY 'em,
 — Not *safe* in one's *own bed*, without concluding,
 That one of love's *stray gnats* will be intruding,
 Let trusty *spouse*, when bus'ness sends him packing,
 (*Safe bind, safe find*) — leave no *due caution* lacking.
 Let him place round, lest some night insect eat us,
Nettings of wyre — to keep of *Man-musketa's*.
Bold must *besiegers* be, who, *then*, dare venture,
 Where they must storm *two* forts, before they
 enter !

I SEE some *judge-like eyes*, that look too *sprightly*,
 To miss a *SHE* law-point, put to 'em rightly.
 Is *mine* the *court's* decree ? — I humbly move it,
 That, if your *hearts* affirm — your *hands* ap-
 prove it.

*An Entertainment, by Way of Epilogue,
in the Characters of Wisdom, and
Love.*

[PALLAS descending with Helmet, and
Spear, to an Overture of warlike Musick.]

PALLAS.

PALLAS, the guardian of the slighted stage,
Brings a complaint, that fires her into rage :
Stung to the soul, she cannot — will not, bear it,
But for the sex's honour must declare it.

Of fifty powder'd beaux, here, wedg'd, behind,
Not one fast friend can fading woman find !
They rail — they joke — nor their distaste conceal;
Unconscious of your power, from head, to heel !

CUPID ! thou airy God of empty dreams !
How fall'n thy empire ! and how false thy schemes !
Why weighs the sex, too light, in love's own scale ?
And why, thus faintly, does thy power prevail ?

[Cupid descends, with his bow, and his
quiver, to a change of soft musick.]

CUPID.

Goddeſs! I heard thee—thy reproachful pride
I, thus defy — and ſhade thy towery ſide!
I, too, dare ſtrutt!

[they caſt diſdainfully]

PALLAS.

— Proud toy! his wings he ſpreads:
But his blunt arrows, all, have loſt their heads!
Go, helpless, taſteleſs, thoughtleſs, powerleſs, Chit,
Thou ghhoſt of paſſion! and thou jeſt of wit!
Where are thy boaſts, of touching man with pain?
And, what is WOMAN, now? —

CUPID.

— Vain — ſweetly vain.

PALLAS.

'Tis thence love languiſhes —

CUPID.

— unjuſt complaint.

Love languiſhes, becauſe deſire grows faint:

And

And *that*, proud *scorner* ! I must charge on *thee*.
Thine are their *minds*. — *their* *beauties* busy *me*.
 Of late, e'en *there*, my *power* has been *unknown* ;
 All their *new* *modes* of *charming* are --- *their* *own*.
 I taught the *sex* their *art*, of *wounding* *sure*,
 But they *themselves* have taught the *arts* of *cure*.
 Each *amorous* *scene*, that fills this *active* *space*,
 Sees a *light* *laugh*, disarm some *angel* *face* ;
 No *serious* *sounds* can their *light* *hearts* engage,
 Sweet *separate* *Actors* ! they *despise* the *stage* !
Attention is beneath a *Beauty's* *care*,
 Her *whirlwind* *spirit* scatters *sense* in *air*.
Absent, in *presence*, they *unlistening* sit,
 Too *gay* for *meaning* ! and too *fine* for *wit* !
 Or, when they *grieve*, they bring their *cun* *chagrin*,
 Nor feel the *foreign* *sorrows* of the *scene*.
 Impatient, *five*, *long*, *acts*, they *loll*, *reclin'd* :
 And sigh for *Plays* of a more *winning* *kind*,
 All, of *one* *mind*, of late, *agreed* — they *fall*,
 Victims, to *one* *gallant*.

PALLAS.

— But *one*, for *ALL* ?Sure ! *he* must be some *rarity* !

CUPID.

CUPID.

— No doubt,

I'll draw his *picture*, and you'll *point him out*.

A painted, thin, smooth, pale-fac'd, tottering *beau*!

Deaf, dumb, blind, lame — too weak to *stand*
or *go*!

From hand to hand, *kind* souls! they stoop to
shift him;

For he can't *stir* a *limb*, but as *they lift* him!

Yet, more than *love*, or *wit*, their hearts he moves,

And *changes* oft'ner, than *they change their loves*!

PALLAS.

And do they *like* this monster?

CUPID.

Aye: — and *will*.

PALLAS.

What! *all*?

CUPID.

All — all

PALLAS.

PALLAS.

What is his *name*?

CUPID.

——— QUADRILLE.

PALLAS.

It has been said, that *love* and *folly*, fit :
 But *you're* a JOKER, *Cupid* ! and a WIT ;
 Let us, each, *singly*, — our *persuasion* try :
 Take you *one half* the house — the *other* I.

CUPID.

Alas ! 'twill never do — 'Tis *fruitless* zeal :
Passions, that move *that* sex, must make 'em *feel*.
 All — *you* can SAY, they *laugh* at ———

PALLAS.

Boy, be *still*,Yours, let the *Ladies* hear — the *men* MY will.[*Advances to the front of the stage*]If, *Gentlemen* ! you disregard the *Player*,Or hear him, coldly, and *with-hold* your *care* ;

For *your own sakes*, support his powerful ART,
That lets in *love*, and *pity to the heart*.

HERE, *first*, imprinted *sighs* an entrance find;
And the soul *opening*, leaves *disguise*, behind.
Taught by the *scene* with *gen'rous* warmth to glow,
To feel *another's joy*, and *share* his *woe*;
Your fair adopts each *suff'ring* lover's view,
And by the worth of *heroes*, measures you.

BUT if, regardless, of *your* cause, and *ours*,
You join the *enemy's* triumphant powers;
— Sly *Matadores* will each man's *hope* betray,
And melt his *mistress* down, the quite wrong way.
— Now *Cupid*, to the *Ladies* [stepping back]

CUPID.

— — — E're I go,
I'm sure, my labour's *lost* — — —

PALLAS,

— Despair not, *so*.

[Cupid comes forward]

CUPID.

Ladies! your rivals in *gay climes*, complain,
That *winds* and *frosts*, assail your charms, in *vain*;
'Twere *glorious envy*! could they, also say,
That, while *their* taste quits *love* and *wit*, for *PLAY*,
'Twere

*You, noblier-minded, and of sense more true,
 Scorn to be loveliest, and not wisest, too!
 That, form'd, like them, to be the themes of wit,
 You not, like them, forsake — but cherish it.
 Think of your glory, Ladies!*

[Pallas comes forward, again.]

PALLAS.

— Gentlemen!

*Think of your int'rest — and forsake the scene,
 At your own peril — Wives, who, from Quadrille,
 Return, with ruffled face, and fighting will!
 Would, at the scenes soft fire, new point their
 charms;
 And bring redoubled transport, to your arms.*

CUPID.

Enough — The prudent urge no wish, too high.

PALLAS.

E'en Love can counsel well when Wisdom's by!

CUPID.

*YOU, Goddess boast your power in man's
 strong breast;
 But I know woman's weaker bosom, best.
 Still what they will, they WILL ———*

C 4

PALLAS.

PALLAS.

Then, be it *ours*,
Perswasion failing, to exert *new powers*.
 Let both henceforth, our different influence *join*,
 And see reluctant beauty *forc'd* to shine.

CUPID.

Great *Pallas* ! I embrace thee : — Be it so —

[embracing]

Goddeſs of arts, and arms ! receive my bow :

[gives the bow]

Take, and *new-point*, Love's every *blunted* dart :

[gives the arrow]

And tipt with *reason*, wound, and *heal*, the heart.

PALLAS.

Cupid ! — associate God, of *smiles*, and *joy* !

Take, in exchange, *this spear* — no *feath'ry* toy !

And now, where'er thou see'st a fair one's breast

Flutter, too *lightly*, — *touch* — and give it *rest*.

But, where *some solid* virtue sighs, in *vain*,

Wound, with *my lance* : and *dignify* the *pain*.

CUPID

CUPID.

Now, woman's empire's fix'd!

PALLAS.

Confirm it, Jove!

CUPID.

Love softens Wisdom —

PALLAS.

— Wisdom strengthens love.

P R O L O G U E.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN, since all *transgression*
 Is promis'd *pardon*, when it makes *confession* :
 Know, that our Play—a *sheaf* of foreign *gleaning*,
 Dreads, to be damn'd, for its *excess* of meaning.
 What tho', to court kind judges, our *translator*
 Has let loose *Scandal*, and unbridled *Satire* !
Vain are his arts — that play was built for *sinking*,
 Where none can laugh — but at th' expence of
thinking. In

In a *free* nation, 'tis too like *subjection*,
To pay, for *mirth*, both *money*, and *reflection*.
Wise poets are content with *present* laughter,
And leave the *reason* for't — to rise *hereafter*.

OUR author's muse, importing *wit*, to charm ye,
Would, with a *Frenchman's* boasted *wildfire*
warm ye ;
Gives ye a *Play*, which, e'er it wander'd hither,
Brought *Paris* seventy crowded nights, together.
What it may do, in *London* — you'll inform us :
French batt'ries guard in vain — if *Britons* storm
us.

'Tis no gay *Opera* — but there's much, that's
smart in't,
'The God of *wit* vouchsafes to *act* a *part* in't.
I play the *ass*, in't — that, you'll say's *no wonder*,
'Tis a *disguise*, most men are *actors* under.
I grant it — *asses* in *men's* shape, are *common* ;
But *reasoning asses* have been heard by *no man*.
Yet, since he needs must change *me*. — would
 he had run it
Up to the *fashion's* height, not *underdone* it !
Had

Had my long ears, and hoofs 'scap'd transformation,
And one gay dance been learnt — I'd charm'd the
nation.

These empty Frenchmen of their wit may vapour,
But, what's a nimble tongue, without a caper !

THAT's one defect — another ten times greater,
Is, that his Ladies taste is out of nature ;
She doats on ruin'd merit, — loving honey !
And weds her Timon, 'cause he 'd lost his money :
Did men want wives, and for that cause would
take 'em,
What choice of blessings kind Quadrille would
make 'em !

THE rest I'll not anticipate — fit quiet,
And, if your taste delights in change of diet,
You'll meet it, in the plenteous feast, you came
for,
Dress'd in a foreign form, we have no name
for.

PROLOGUE, to The Cure for Jealousy;
spoken by a Woman, in Man's Cloaths.

TO cure *man's* jealousy, that *spleen*, too common,

Our author chose me, a firm friend to *Woman*!
 A willing *doctor* — But the downright fact is,
 In this *new* way, I'm but ill turn'd for *practice*.

YET, hang it — in an *age* unform'd for *daring*,
 What is there in the *breeches*, but the *wearing*!
 My outside's *man*, and I've seen many a *true one*
 Look — full as little likely — to *undo one*!

MARK, *Ladies*! and from this night's *scene*
 discover,
 What art's I'll teach ye all, to hunt a lover;
 Wind him, thro' fear to hope, thro' rage to
 smiling,
 Till he distrusts his truth, by my beguiling:
 Cruel, with *kind* intent, I'll first *inflame* him;
 Then, when he's quite *horn-mad*, look kind, and
 tame him.

Gall

Gall him with *pain*, to make him worthy *pleasure*,
And teach him, by *his TRIPS*, my *TRUTH*
measure.

This done — I'll *wed* — for, then should love's
ambition

Start some dim *cause*, that might deserve *suspicion*,
Sense of *past blunders* strikes his recollection,
And fear, of *new-ones*, shames him from *inspection*.

OH ! 'tis a glorious thing, when *poets* write
Thus, *usefully* — that we can *profit* by't !

They talk of *lessons*, drawn from *tragic scenes*,
Where *tyrant* lovers *stab suspected* queens;
Where one imperious ranting, fierce, *Othello*
Roars *Lordship*, into every *tiny* fellow.

But, give *me* *COMEDY*, the world's true picture;
There, when the jealous *doubter* thinks, he's *nick'd*
her,

Up starts the sex's *wit*, to aid our nature,
And then, poor spouse, *himself*, is prov'd the
traitor.

AH *Ladies* ! — If you dread the *side-long eye*,
The *low-brow'd squint*, of joyless *jealousy*;

If

If, in the *pangs of innocence*, oppress'd,
 You e'er have sigh'd, untrusted and unblest'd :
 Smile on this friendly band, that serves your
cause.
 And crown his favour'd scenes, with just applause.

Epilogue, to the same Play.

I F only *novelty* can give delight,
 I fear, we've lost that favourite *plea* to night :
 What meant the *Poet*, when he hop'd *success*,
 From making *man* and *master* change their *dress*?
 'Tis now so long, since *this* was thought a *wonder*,
 That none but *men of taste* know 'em asunder.
 Fam'd, for associate *airs*, the rivals *quarrel*,
 Which shall *trip tightest* in its next *apparel*.
 Improving, each by each, so fast, that *neither*
 Excells — but all are charm'd, alike, with *either*.

WELL ! 'tis an *humble* age, when *pride* and
greatness,

Give up *ambition*, for long *sticks* and *straitness* :
 When conscious, none were gentry by creation,
Peers drive out *pomp*, and level all the nation ;

And

And *crop-ear'd* knights instruct the herald prater,
Tom and *Sir Thomas*, are the same, by nature.
 Joy to the *pulpits* — now, there needs no railing,
 At vanities, o'er *head* or *foot*, prevailing;
 Declaiming faints would all their satire lose,
 Who once preach'd *laces*, from the lady's *shoes*.
 'Twould make the *holiest*, of those good men, *stare*,
 To see my *Lady* buckled, like her *mare*,
 And, free from mincing *modesty*, walk strong,
Jut frank, and *elbow* nervously along.

As to the *Play* I'd praise it, if I could;
 But e'en the *title* proves, it can't be good:
 A *Cure for Jealousy*! — 'tis useless quite,
 'Till *charms* grow strong, our *passion* to excite:
 But guardian *fashion*, now, so models *dress*;
 It cools *desire* and keeps down love's *excess*.

PROLOGUE, spoke by Mr. Johnson.

AS painters mingle *shade* to set off *light*,
 So contraries are *mix'd*, when poets write:
 All *shadow* would be *darkness* — Too much *blaze*
 Would *dazzle* — each, by each, new force *displays*.
 Form'd

Form'd, on this *principle*, to night, we show,
An unbred *brute*, against a wrong-bred *beau* :
Our sprightly *fop*, to *froth* and *France* inclin'd,
Fills his gay *vacuum*, with *Parisian* wind.
Heavy by *nature*, volatile by *art*,
Be-dull'd to *briskness*, and mis-call'd a *smart*.
Oppos'd to this *extreme*, our home-grown *shoot*,
Whose *sense* wants *breeding*, thinks himself to *brute* :
Wise without *pity* — without temper *plain*,
His friendship *festers* — and his love gives *pain*.
His rough *sincerity*, ill-dress'd, *uncouth*,
Offends by *coarseness*, whom it charms by *truth* :
All *virtues*, if unprun'd, some *folly* blights ;
The rugged *kindness*, wanting *sweetness*, frights :
And *pert* good-nature, coxcomb'd o'er, with *flame*,
Provokes, like *insolence*, and stings, like *shame*.
Betwixt these *two*, our author had design'd
A *third*, fix'd, stedfast, *English* medium mind :
Fram'd, like his *country*, with just *hand* to sway
Th'unresting *balance* — byas'd neither way :
But here deficient — he *submits* his cause,
An humble *stranger* to the *worth*, he draws :
Had some of *your* accomplish'd *minds* supplied
His failing skill — he had not *err'd*, so wide,

Judge

Judge but his *aim* — and, if his random *throw*
 Falls short, condemn not the *unreaching* blow.
 Should his *imperfect* scheme your *spleen* provoke,
 Be kind, or all his *balance* will be broke.

PROLOGUE.

*Spoke by a young Gentleman, who play'd
 the Part of CASTALIO in the Orphan,
 for the Benefit of his Friend, who play'd
 POLYDORE.*

IN, for one night, receive a volunteer,
 At a friend's call — Who would not, arm'd,
 appear?
 Danger looks lovely, where the Cause invites,
 And the near prospect rather charms, than frights.
 Yet, since the task is arduous, and requires
 A sea of passions, and a storm of fires,
 For strength, a borrower to your stores I come,
 And EVERY bounteous hand shall lend me some:

Teach me, ye FAIR, how love and pity charm;
 Your eyes can light me, and your influence warm:

Triumphs, and joys, *your smiles* can best supply;
But from *your lovers*, I must learn, to die.

NEXT — with *your spirit*, Sirs, MY breast
inspire,

Lend me your eloquence, your air, your fire.

Teach me your SOFTNESS, when in love I *sue*,

And, to *encrease* it, if I *conquer*, too.

But your inconstancy and lightness — those
Keep to yourselves, I *want* 'em not — Heaven
KNOWS !

THUS far, self-mov'd, and heedless of my
trust,

I, guardian like, serv'd my own interest, first ;

Now, I your smiles for POLYDORE exact,

Should I not SPEAK for *him*, for whom I act ?

Foes to all craft in love, your spleen express,

And nobly hate him, for his dark success ;

To-night, forgive him — he BUT *acts* a part,

Far from his wish, and foreign to his heart :

He wears the blush of virtue on his face,

And rather would be wretched, than be base.

Ir,

IF, in the *stage's* gathering night, we stray,
 And (all its guides, now lost,) mistake our way;
 Be THIS my *Polydore's*, and my defence;
 Indulge us — 'tis our *first*, and *last* offence.

EPILOGUE,

To the same: Spoke by Monimia.

I WAS just plotting, as the curtain fell,
 To hit the general taste, and please ye well:
 'Twere a sure way, thought I, their frowns to
soften,
 Should I, oft kill'd, and brought to life, as often,
 Now, in good earnest, draw oblivion o'er me,
 And die — as TRAGEDY has done, before me.
 Troth! it were no untimely resolution,
 Had one a heart dispos'd for — execution:
 Since there's a mode in minds, as well as dress,
 'Tis too old fashion'd now to give distress.
 When you're resolv'd to laugh, and to be easy,
 Why should unsummon'd sense break in, to
teize ye?

Once, we had tuneless times — so out of measure,
That wit was business, here — and thought was
pleasure.

Naked of song, dance, farce,—or HARLEQUINING !
A plain, dry Play, then charm'd, good heaven !—
by meaning,

Well ! since it comes affirm'd — we must re-
ceive it ;

But, 'twas so long ago, I scarce believe it.

THIS age, thank heaven, is wiser — Pit and
Gallery,

Treat their good, grave, forefathers taste, with
raillery,

What ! fit three hours, to hear dull Actors
prating,

NO ENTERTAINMENT, after all that waiting—

I'd give a dozen such Plays — for one Bear-
baiting ?

Your humble actors, slowly stretch ambition,

To top these arts of Play-house erudition :

How e'er unapt by time, and you conducted,

We too, shall mend, grow wise, and be instructed :

Would I were six yards taller tho' — to charm ye !

Or PETITE MADemoiselle en Chienne t'
alarm ye. Something

Something, I soon, must learn above plain speaking —

Teach me, some *pig of taste*, thy art of *squeaking* !
No *Patentee*, now, holds us worth contracting,
'Till we have learnt *more ways than one*, of acting.
What *thinking face* will any *praise* ordain us,
Whose *climbing eyes* have *scal'd* — MYNHEER ·
CAJANUS !

Give place *Great Alexander* ! — Go, retire —
We have enroll'd a *HERO* — *Three foot higher* !
From *CÆSAR's death*, no *future grief* shall flow,
Since every joyful *night* restores *PIERRO* !
While poor *Monimia's* and *Castalio's* die,
Aye, let 'em go — the *improv'd spectators* cry ;
Mind what a *cunning fellow* — *HARLEQUIN* is !
And what a *charming plot* in every *scene* is :
Well ! in *our turns*, we yet may *entertain ye* ;
We shall be *soon struck dumb* — and, then we
gain ye.

P R O L O G U E.

WHEN *love's* taught *dangers* animate the
stage,

Let the *soft scenes* your *hearts*, ye fair ! engage :
Let each bright *list'ner* mark the *wiles*, we show,
And catch dumb *caution*, from the pictur'd woe,
Guileless of *farce*, to night, the *meaning* player
Courts not your *laughter*; but alarms your *care*.

MAN, the *deceiver*, veils his *cruel art*,
And *skreens* himself within th' *attempted heart* ;
There, to ungen'rous *empire*, climbs, e'er long,
Help'd by the *confidence* he means to *wrong* :
This to detect, we *act* his *falsehood* o'er,
And the *deluder* known, *betrays* no more.

SUCH the *best business* of the *comic muse* :
Love has a thousand *lessons* to infuse,
Not always *lightness* should *ungrace* the scene ;
To laugh at *folly*, but indulges *spleen* :
COXCOMBS and FOPS, in *harmless error*, stray,
And trip, *undangerous*, out of *passion's way* :
MISERS and SOTS, less *mirth* than *pity* move,
And *dulness* brings an *antidote*, for *love*.

But

But there's a TRAITOR, arm'd in *amorous mail*,
Born to attempt, and fashion'd to prevail :
Disguis'd in softness, by *deep art's* endear'd,
And *always dangerous*, because *never fear'd*;
HIM in our *glass of life*, to night we *show*,
Nor stoop the condescending scene, too low.

HENCE, if *too grave*, for Comedy, we *seem*,
Think us *but suited* to our *serious theme* ;
'Tis *no light loss*, when *charming woman falls*,
On our *defence* the sex's *merit calls* ;
We, who the *picture's* of a *world* impart,
Neglect not, what concerns its *fairest part* ;
All *danger* to *that sex*, thus *frankly shown*,
At the same time, *does honour* to our *own*.
Nor let *neglect of laughter* move the *pit*,
To dread, in consequence, a *dearth of wit* :
Unmeaning mirth may live, in *empty noise*,
But *solid converse* swells our *softer joys*.
Once, in an age of TUMBLING, DANCE, and SONG,
Suppose not *two short hours of sense*, too long :
Not e'en the *fashion*, change of *taste* denies ;
Oft *merry here*, let us be, sometimes, *wise*.

EPILOGUE,

To the same.

BAULK'D, as I am, my heart's *best hope*
miscarry'd,

Try'd, cast, and sentenc'd, to be *hang'd* — *that's*
marry'd!

E'er I'm *turn'd off* — I think it but my *duty*,
To *warn*, in my *last speech*, fast-falling *beauty*.

First, MAIDENS, — Let my *sad example* teach ye,
To put *no trust* in *Man*, till he can't *reach* ye ;

For, if you strive, too *near*, his *strength's* so
mighty,

That *down* you come at once — and then, *good night*
t'ye ;

NEXT, O ye WIVES, trust not in beauty's
merit,

But, to your *body's* influence, add your *spirit* :

With your eye's *light'ning*, mix a tongue, that
thunders ;

Believe me, love, so *double-arm'd*, works *wonders*.

Yet, if nor *charms*, nor *eloquence* can *save* ye,

But your good man *will* break the faith, he gave
ye, Be

Be you *before hand* with him — *that reprov'ing*
Will make him *owne* — there's *guilt* in *too light*
loving.

As for you, *WIDOWS*, — you're *too wise*, for
teaching,

But *suff'ring malefactors* must be *preaching* :

So, take *one word* of *counsel* in your *calling*,

Though you're *too brave*, I know, to *fear a*
falling,

From your *old yoke* set *free* — admit no *new one*,
Unless, with some, poor, brisk, young, kind, and
true one :

The *conscious youth*, long mindful of your *favour*,
Will make up *all defects* — with *good behaviour* :

Loth, that his *wants*, his *gratitude* shou'd *smother*,
What he can't give you *one way*, he'll give
another.

AND now, good people, what I've more to
say t'ye,

Should be a *doleful tune*, and *figh*, and *pray* t'ye :
But — *doleful tunes* of late, are grown *so common*,
They move more *sorrow*, than a *dying woman* :

And

And sighs, and pray'rs, are *best*, when made in
private,
 As you *all* know — who have good ends, to
 drive at.

WHAT shall I do then? — shall I *hang* and
tarry,
 Or bold, in *saving faith*, go on — and *marry*.
 'Tis *both* ways, *bad* — But I've at once *bethought*
 me,

Of a sweet *lesson*, dear *revenge*, has taught me :
 I'll stay, and see Sir *Harry* in his *fetters*,
 Nor be so *rude* to SWING, before my *bettors* :
 Pass but his *honey-moon* of *sunshine* weather,
 And he, and I, may *then*, go *hang* together.

PROLOGUE,

For Mr. JOHNSON, in the Character of
 CATO.

E'ER I presume, to try to night's *fam'd*
part,
 Kind to the *modest*, cheer a *doubtful* heart :

No *vain conceits* too *rash a speed* create;
I bend, *all conscious* of a CATO's weight;
Calmly content, by *measur'd* steps, to rise,
I view the *distant goal*, with patient eyes:
Fond of the *stage*, where *life's* strong passions
glow,

But *shun* the *choaky weeds*, that o'er it grow.
Unpush'd by *pride*, climb *slow* *care's* due degrees,
Humbly *aspiring* — and — but *long* — to please.

WELL can my *mem'ry* — to my *blush* — restore
WHOSE *steps* I tread in — WHO was *here* — *before*.
Him have you SEEN — A CATO, *worth* your
praise !

Fill'd with *Rome's* fire, and form'd, to grace her
BAYS !

Ill, to supply such *absent splendor*, sent —
Receive me — in the light — *His* lustre lent.
Judge me not *vain*, while lengths, *unwish'd*, I
run ;

See, the faint *shadow* — and *suppose* — the SUN.

SUCH, I *would* be — such — if *time's* future day
Frowns not, on hopes too bold — perhaps — II
may :

Try,

Try, with kind confidence, what *praise* can do :
 Think it, but, *possible* — and *make* it — TRUE ;
 Stoop, when I *fall* — support me, where I *stand* ;
 Weakness grows *strength* — in *Pity's* guardian
 hand.

NOT at *one step*, far distant heights we
 climb :
Merit and *favour* — are the gifts — of *Time*.
 Gradual in growth, and kindling at *your* flame,
 So, might you teach *my taste* to meet *your aim* :
Rais'd by your *smiles*, to touch the *point* in view,
 You *make* your CATO — and he dies — for you.

PROLOGUE,
 To the Fatal Extravagance : *spoke* by
 Mr. RYAN.

WARM'D by a kindred sense of *England's*
 woes,

'A Caledonian muse, with *pity* glows :
 From *ruin'd* hopes a *saving* moral takes,
 And paints th' *unhappy*, for the *happy's* sake :

Scotland's

Scotland's new taste our meaning scene supplies,
 And a *first flight*, on *tragic pinions*, tries,
Brave and *long-fam'd* in arms, her *warlike race*
 Have trod the *fields of death* with *dauntless grace!*
 Fierce and untir'd in *blood*, have nobly dar'd,
 And every *toil* and every *danger* shar'd:
 Now, fir'd by rising *arts*, she grasps the *Bays*,
 And her *old cant*, like *falling stocks*, decays:
 Her long-lost MUSE *new-lights* her *antient flame*,
 And our scene *blazes* with *recover'd fame*.

WE teach to-night — ah! would 'twere not
too late,
 How rash-believing *avarice* galls a *state!*
 What *private sorrows*, from *wild hazards* flow!
 And, how *false hope* produces *certain woe*.

THIS, the most *natural* business of the
stage,
 Will all your *generous hearts*, 'tis hop'd, engage:
 None can their *pity* for those *woes* conceal,
 Which most, who *bear*, perhaps, too deeply, *feel*.
 The *rants* of *ruin'd kings*, of *mighty name*,
 For pompous *misery* — small *compassion* claim:

Empires

Empires o'erturn'd, and heroes, held in chains,

Alarm the mind, but give the heart no pains.

To ills remote from our domestic fears,

We lend our wonder, but with-hold our tears.

Not so, when, from *such* passion, as our
own,

Some favourite folly's dreadful fate is shown;

There the soul bleeds for what it feels, within,

And conscious pity shakes, at suffering sin.

O! give *attention* to the *moving scene*;

And shun, what yet *may* be, by what *has* been.

EPILOGUE,

To the same, spoke by Mrs SEYMOUR,

*Y*O U've seen the *PLAY* — and I'll *unfold* the

POET,

To whom (*stray'd* sheep of a *pure* flock) we

owe it;

He's a *chance* blessing — somewhat *strangely* flung

us!

Dropt, from the *clouds* of *innocence*, among us!

Slipt,

Slipt through the KIRKS loose pale, we gave him

quarter;

Poor soul! he had like to've been the *musé's*

Martyn!

When *stage-plays*! and *abominations*! took him,

Grace, and the *shepherds* of the *SAINTS* forsook

him.

'Twas given thenceforth, to SATAN's power,

to win him;

— The root of the *sound matter* was not in him.

Yet, tho' *rebuk'd*, full sore—he's no *huge sinner*.—

You'll scarce see one of his *pure brethren*, thinner.

Most *sanctified* of face! troth — I'm afraid,

If his *looks* lie not — the poor man's a *mad*!

THE *Bard*, not *carnal-minded*, (say the curious,

How come th' *unfleshy* folks, to be so *furious*?

Judge *you* the quarrel, right — we'll briefly

show it:

— *Good Plays* give *good instruction*, said the

POET:

Vanity! cry'd the *brethren* — gross *defilement*!

And, so, the *war* broke out, past *reconcilement*.

YOUNG *Bays*, provok'd, *here* drew his wrath-
ful pen ;
Shine forth, said he, my *muse*, on these dark ,
men :
And prove, by dint of fair *example*, whether
Much goodness is not learnt, by coming *hither* .

BUT what *he* teaches, be to *him* alone :
I'll teach a *secret* lesson, of my *own* .

SAY they, of *Plays*, that men *learn nothing*
by 'em ?
I stand the *stage's* champion, and defy 'em :
Who that has seen, to night, how *I*, a *wife*,
Gave *counsel*, fit to've sav'd my *spouse's* life,
Learns not this *moral*, past all contradiction,
That *disobedient husbands* — meet affliction ?
That he's *most happy*, who his *fetters eases*,
And lets his *wiser wife* — do — what she *pleases* .

THIS, for *our sex's* fame, his *Play* produces,
You see, all *doctrines* have their *hidden uses* :
To this — if the bluff *brethren* preach *resistance*,
Let 'em, as they love *safety*, keep their *distance* ;

For,

For, should *we* catch 'em, in our *wrong'd* dominion,

Stiff, as they are, we'll make 'em *change opinion*.

Writ on a Window, in the Highlands of Scotland.

SCOTLAND! *thy weather's like a modish wife!*

Thy winds and rains, forever, are at strife:

So, **TERMAGANT**, a while, her *Thunder* tries,

And, when she can no longer *scold* — she *cries*.

ORRA MOOR.

A SONG, *alter'd*.

I.

STAY, stay, O *Sun!* whose chearful *Ray*
Has drawn my *Orra's* feet astray:

O! chase the *Fogs* — O! clear the *Skies!*

And guide my **ORRA**, to my eyes.

II.

O! were I sure my *Dear* to view,
 I'd climb the *top* of that tall *Yew*!
 Aloft, in *air*, I'd quivering stand,
 And round, and round, explore the land.

III.

Where, ORRA MOOR! where art thou *stray'd*?
 What *wood* conceals my sleeping *maid*?
 Torn by the *thorns*, enrag'd I'll tear
 The *trees*, that *bide* my silent *fair*.

IV.

Oh! I could *ride* those clouded *skies*,
 Or, on that *Raven's* pinions rise!
 Ye *Storks*! ye *Swans*! — a moment, *stay*,
 And waft a *Lover*, on his way.

V.

Far! far! from *me*, my ORRA flies,
 While, here, forsaken *Summer* dies:
 Come, *Winter*, come! no *frost* I fear;
 Her *icy heart* has bound me, here.

VI.

No, no — I'll *burst* each wint'ry bar,
 Thy chain, O *love* ! is strongest far !
 By *steel* may *bodies* be confin'd,
 But *love*, my ORRA, chains the *mind*.

VII.

Cease, cease thy *pain*, O throbbing *breast* !
 When thoughts are *woes*—the *first* are best :
 'Tis *Death* to go — 'Tis *worse* — to stay :
 I'll *die* with ORRA — haste away.

VERSES *made for Mr. S—V—GE ; and
 sent to my Lady M—LS—D, his
 Mother.*

H OPELESS, abandon'd, aimless, and oppress'd,

Lost, to delight, and, every way, distress'd :

Cross his *cold bed*, in *wild disorder*, thrown,

Thus sigh'd, *Alexis*, friendless, and alone.

WHY do I breath? *what joy can BEING give,*
 When *she*, who gave me *life*, forgets I live!
Feels not these wintry blasts — nor heeds my
smart:

But *shuts* me, from the *shelter* of her heart?
 Saw me *expos'd*, to *want*! to *shame*! to *scorn*!
 To *ills*! — which make it *mifery* to be *born*!
Cast me, regardless, on the *world's* bleak *wild*:
 And bad me be a *wretch*, while yet a *child*!

WHERE can be hope for *pity*, *peace* or *rest*,
 Who moves no *softness* — in a *mother's* breast?
 Custom, law, reason, *all*! my *cause* forsake:
 And *nature* sleeps to keep my *woes* awake!
Crimes, which the *cruel*, scarce believe can be,
 The *kind* are guilty of, to ruin *me*!
 Even *she*, who bore me, blasts me with her *bate*,
 And, meant my *fortune*, makes herself my *fate*?

YET, has this sweet *neglecter* of my *woes*
 The softest, tend'rest *breast*, that *pity* knows!
 Her eyes shed *mercy*, wherefoc'er they *shine*,
 And her *soul* melts, at every *woe* — but *mine*.

Sure,

Sure, then! some *secret fate*, for guilt *unwill'd*,
 Some *sentence pre-ordain'd* to be *fulfill'd*!
Plung'd me, thus *deep*, in sorrow's searching *flood*,
 And *wash'd* me, from the *mem'ry* of her *blood*.

BUT, oh! *whatever cause* has mov'd her hate,
 Let me but *sigb*, in *silence*, at my *fate*;
 The *God*, *within*, perhaps, may *touch* her *breast*,
 And, when *she pities* — who can be *distress'd*?

On Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's
bringing with her out of TURKEY,
the Art of Inoculating the SMALL-
Pox.

WHEN Greece, reviving, into short *delight*,
 Felt *pride*, and *comfort*, at our *muse's*
fight,

The rival'd *nine* no sooner saw her *face*,
 But e'en their *envy* gave their *wonder place*!
 Charm'd, into *love*, of what eclips'd their *fame*,
 They wak'd *Apollo*, with her *powerful name*.

SEE ! — God of *Grecian* wit ! *Urania* cries,
 How sweet a *MUSE* the Western World supplies !
 Say, should she ask some favour from your
 throne,
 What could you bid her take, that's not her own ?
 Sparkling in charms, the heavenly stranger view,
 So grac'd ! — she scarce can owe a beam to you !
 Beauty, with love, her power to your's prefers :
 And wit, and learning, are, already, hers !

Rous'd, at her name — receding, from her eyes,
 The gazing God rose slow, in soft surprise !
 Fair miracle, he said, — and paus'd, a while :
 Then, thus — Sweet glory of your envy'd Isle !
 Charm'd, and oblig'd, lest we ungrateful seem,
 Bear, hence, at least, one mark of our esteem.
 One of my three great claims, your wish may fit ;
 Whose voice is musick, and whose thoughts are
 wit !
 Physic, alone, remains, to grant you, here —
 A skill ! your godlike pity will endear.
 Form'd, to give wounds, which must no ease pro-
 cure,

Atone your influ'nce, by new arts, to cure.

Beauty's

Beauty's chief foe, a fear'd and fierce disease!
 Bows at my beck; and knows its God's decrees.
 Breath'd, in this kiss, take power, to tame its
rage,
 And, from its rancour, free the rescued age:
 High o'er each sex, in double empire, sit:
 Protecting beauty, and inspiring wit.

To CLELIA, in the Country. On the pul-
 ling down ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH.

WHILE, from the noisy croud, you lean,
 retir'd

In silent shades, by love of thought inspir'd;
 I, vex'd by various cares, to business chain'd,
 Mourn'd your lost converse, and in town remain'd:
 Dark, as the midnight world, your sunshine gone,
 Guideless, in sullen gloom, I wander'd on:
 Passion's wild influence ebb'd, and flow'd, my
 mind,

As seas drive diff'rent, with the changing wind:
 But to what point see'er, my will was bound,
 In vain, I turn'd th'unresting compass round:

Doubtful, a while, the way'ring *needle* hung,
Then, *trembling*, backward to *your image* sprung.

PENSIVE, I view'd a *sacred pile*, of late,
Which *falls*, like *man*, to rise, in nobler state,
The *Doors* thrown wide, it seem'd *unveil'd* to
lie,

And reverend ruin struck my startled eye.

Ent'ring, amidst the busy *hammer's* sound,

I saw *time's* dusty trophies scatter'd round :

Each violated *pillar* stood, *bedew'd* ;

And *wept* in solemn grief, a fate so rude.

From *tombs* by force disjoin'd, reluctant *stones*

Roll'd, mix'd with clouds of *dust*, and human
bones :

From *faithless* walls, *defac'd* inscriptions fled,

And, to long night, consign'd the *nameless* dead :

The *pews* pale *squares*, in their whole *lengthen'd*
row,

Gave way, and open'd a sad scene, below

Beauty, youth, wealth, and power, reduc'd to
clay,

Larded with *bones*, yet moist, unshelter'd lay :

Remnants of *eyeless* *Skulls*, with hollow stare,

Mock'd the proud looks, which living *charmers*
wear : Coffins

*Coffins rose broke, unfaithful to their trust !
 And flesh flew round me, in unjointed dust.
 Scarce a short span, beneath that opening floor,
 Where kneeling charmers pray'd, the week be-
 fore ;*

*Where forms, like yours ! rejoic'd th' admiring
 eye,*

Forms, once, like yours ! in naked atoms, lie.

O ! fate of failing life ! O ! flatt'ring dream !

What wint'ry sunshine is thy shadowy gleam !

*Thus, while I mus'd, thy soul approach'd my
 ear ;*

Thy soft-wing'd soul ! that, always, hovers near.

See'st thou, it sigh'd — How these sad relicks lie !

And do'st thou fear, that CLELIA, thus, can die ?

No — She's all mind ; and her immortal name,

Eluding death's short reach, shall tread on fame.

Tongues, yet unthought off, CLELIA shall adorn,

And charm adoring nations — yet unborn.

Heroes, at whose resolves, the world will shake,

Shall treat thy sex with reverence, for thy sake ;

And each fair tyrant, who would 'Empress be,

Form but one wish — to think, and look, like thee.

*To a Lady, who lov'd Angling, from a
Hint, out of Dr. DONNE.*

I.
SOME, by the bending reed's slow aid,
May boast th' unwary fish betray'd:
Others may *sinny* shoals beset,
And sweep 'em, with the treach'rous net.

II.
But, why shou'd SYLVIA use *deceit*,
Who is, *herself*, her own *best bait*?
Step but, *undress'd*, within the *brook*,
And smile at every *needle's hook*.

III.
Each *willing fish* will, round thee, *swim*,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou *him*.
Or, if *one fish*, *uncaught*, goes by
That fish, is *wiser*, far, than *I*!

*To a Lady, who had a very fine Shape,
and fine Complexion.*

CAN forms, like yours, want Ornament of
dress?

Beauty, like *truth*, shines most in *Nakedness*.

Dressing may screen deformities from view,

But, e'en, *adornment* does but shadow you!

Most, but by what they wear, are lovely made,

You, Madam, lose, whene'er you seek such aid.

While others dress, their lover's hearts to warm,

You put off nothing, but what veil'd a charm!

Answer to the Resolve.

WHILST empty coxcombs blast a wo-
man's fame,

In every state, and every age, the same:

With their own folly pleas'd, each FAIR they
toast

And, where they least are happy, swear they're
most;

No diff'rence marking, 'twixt the gay and lewd,

But dreaming, ALL, who fly, would be pursued:

While,

While thus, they vainly *think*, and vainly *live*,
Lost, to that *reverence*, love's *soft lessons* give;
 Let this great MAXIM be my *passion's* guide;
 May I ne'er hope, where I am ne'er deny'd,
 Nor gain a *Woman*, willing to be try'd.

Answer to a scurrilous, obscene Poem,
entitled, An Epistle from Mrs ROBIN-
SON to SENESINO.

FROM thy *loose* lines, I turn my eyes away,
 Nor know, o'erspread with *blushes*, what to
 say :

The modest *muses*, wounded, by thy *strain*,
 For me, and for *themselves*, do thus complain.

O THOU ! our country's *folly* and *expence* !
 Dull foe to *Tragedy* and *God-like sense* !
 Too long *mean*, *mercenary* shade, too long,
 Has't thou these ISLES enchanted with thy *song*.
Musick's soft GOD *unbinds* the charm, he rais'd,
 He *blest* thy tongue, and while he *blest*, we prais'd :

By

By thee *polluted*, he disclaims his choice,
 And will no longer *warble* in thy voice.
 His *trembling* notes, where *melting* softness hung,
 And every *grace*, will seek a *chaster* tongue.
 No more, the *lover* shall thy song repeat,
 No more, the FAIR ONE sigh — 'Tis wondrous
sweet!

OH! guilty SENESINO! thou, no more,
 Shalt *bravo! bravo!* hear — or *loud encore*.
 The *loose* and *dull*, shall *all* thy audience be;
 The *chaste* and *witty* shall *resent* for me.
 All *unattended* shall thy *awkward* form,
 To *sad*, *uncrowded* scenes, or *whine*, or *storm*.
 Thy wretched *ba* — shall unapplauded, grow,
 And *ill-plac'd* bays fall, *with'ring* from thy brow.
 Know, Songster, *Julius*, Godlike chief disdains
 Thy *shrill*, *unnatural*, *ungraceful*, strains:
 With rage redoubled, *Pompey's* ghost must burn,
 To find such tears *profane* his *sacred* urn.

REMEMBER, *Echo*, soon thou'lt know the time,
 Stript of thy robes, thy *legions*, and thy rhyme;
 Thou poor Machine, of mean delusive sound,
 When I shall see thy *temples* all unbound,
 And those who heroes *act*, like heroes, crown'd }

THOU

THOU to thy famish'd *Italy* shalt go,
And rival *Faustus*, to the *shades*, below.

The Choice, to a Friend.

O H, greatly *blest*'d! who can, as *fate* re-
quires,

By ductile *wisdom*, temper your *desires*!

Balanc'd, *within*, you look *abroad*, serene,

And, marking *both* extremes, pass, clear, *between*.

Oh! could your lov'd *example* teach your *skill*!

And, as it moves my *wonder*, mend my *will*!

Calm would my *passions* grow: my *lot* might
please;

And my *sick* soul should think itself, to *ease*,

But to the *future*, while I strain my eye,

Each *present* good slips, undistinguish'd by.

Still, what I *would*, contends with what I *can*;

And my wild *wishes* leap the *bounds* of *Man*.

If in my *power* it lies, to limit *hope*,

And my *unchain'd* *desires* can fix a *scope*:

This

This were my choice — Oh, friend, pronounce
me poor :

For I have *wants*, which *wealth* can never cure !

Mean is that *soul*, which its own good can fill ;

A prosp'rous *world*, alone, could feast my will.

He's *poor*, at best, who *others* misery sees,]

And wants the *wish'd-for* power, to give it ease.

He's *rich*, who sole-supreme, and unconfin'd,

Can, with unbounded influence, *bless* mankind.

A glory this ! *unreach'd* — but on a throne !

ALL were enough — but less, than ALL, is none.

This my *first* wish—But, since 'twere *wild* and
vain,

To *grasp* at glitt'ring *clouds* with fruitless pain ;

More *safely* low, let my next prospect be :

And life's mild evening this fair *sun-set* see.

Far, from a LORD's sloath'd neighbourhood—a *state*,

Whose little greatness is a *pride*, I hate !

On some lone *wild*, should my strong house be
plac'd,

Surrounded, by a vast, and healthy, *waste* :

Sterile and *coarse*, the untry'd *soil* should be ;

But *forc'd* to flourish, and subdued by me.

Seas, woods, meads, mountains, gardens, streams,
and skies,

Shou'd, with a *change*ful grandeur, charm my eyes,
Still

Still, where I mov'd, new marks of my *past* pains,
Shou'd *plume* the mountain tops, and *paint* the
plains :

Greatly *obscure*, and shunning courts, or name,
Widely *befriended*, but escaping *fame*.

Peaceful, in *studious* quiet, would I live ;

Lie hid, for *leisure* ; and grow rich, to GIVE.

To the Editor of CLARISSA.

PAINTERS to POETS, owe their noblest *praise* ;
Mute are their tints, 'till *voic'd* by living *lays* :
Passive, the semblant forms but *seem* to breath ;
Delusive surface holds no *depth* beneath.

FAR other lines CLARISSA's painter drew !
Far other force his *pensive* colours knew !
There, in round fulness, *active* pictures glow,
Turgid with *speaking* life, and *thinking* woe.
His, the *soul's* pencil, whose warm strokes im-
part

Mind, to the form, and *passion* to the heart.

A delegate Creator ! calm, he lies,

And sees the *worlds*, he calls for, round him, *rise*.

OH !

OH ! might he *live*, 'till his CLARISSA'S death !
But life *immortal* suits not *mortal* breath.

Let him but *live*, 'till all, who read, are taught,
What aided influence, *beauty* draws from thought !
Then, would his length'ning years all bounds defy,
And *nature*, and her friend, together, die.

So, would he *charm* whole time — yet, vainly,
too :

Reach every conscious heart — to change — how
few !

Let him not *hope* too much — nor *heaven*, nor
he,

Sets human *minds*, from human *frailties* free :

Tho' each can own, where all the rest are hit,

And every *flaw*, remote from *self*, admit :

Tho' marks, external catch the *visual* ray,

All in-shut objects *skun* the *search* of *day*.

Each ugliest *likeness*, for *another*, shown,

Strikes *all* : but none find eyes, to note *their own*.

Yet *his* — whate'er stage, press, or pulpit *can* !

Whate'er the heart's touch'd feelings lend, to
Man :

All, that from *all* is learnt, *one* genius gives,

And, in collective right of virtue, lives.

WHENCE was his *more than magic power*
 supply'd,
 So skill'd, to start *life's game*, on every side !
Where could his *line* th' *unmeasur'd vastness* find,
 To *fathom* all the *depths*, of *all mankind* !
 Piercing, as *light*, from *heaven*, to *earth*, he flows,
 And every *stain*, and every *beauty*, shows !

THE *three great powers*, that *shake* the human
 heart,
 Are *musick*, *eloquence*, and *paintive art* :
Picture and *eloquence*, already, charm,
 In every *tearful page*, *divinely warm* !
 Oh ! let tun'd *numbers* fill th' *illustrious trine* :
 In some *new work*, let added *musick* shine,
 Let his *next wreath*, the *Poet's Ivy* claim :
 And his *own verse* immortalize his *name*.
Verse, so inspir'd, inspiring, and combin'd,
 Would pour th' *enrapt'ring virtues*, o'er the *mind* ;
 Rouse, from their *roots in earth*, hearts, *hard as*
steel,
 And *teach*, once more, the *trees*, and *beasts*, to
 feel !

Honest

Honest TOM TAR's Prayer.

HONEST Tom Tar, of unpacific *fist*,
Plunder'd by Dons, he must not dare re-
fist;

Longing, unlicens'd, to *revenge* his smart,
Curs'd 'em in valiant *bitterness* of heart.

G O D grant us *grace*, he cry'd, old debts to
pay,

And give these *rogues* their *own* another day!

God teach JACK SPANIARD *cowardice* and *flight*,

And teach OLD ENGLAND, in exchange, to *fight*.

Kind Heaven, with *pity*, *heard* the brave bold
fellow,

Gave his *curse* force — and Spain his FARINELLO.

Miss A——N——L's Circle.

I.

IN all the *state* of sovereign *love*,

See, see the worshipp'd *Goddess* shine!

While crowding *suppliants* round her move,

And every hope, too hard, for mine.

II.

Easy and sprightly, near her, see
 The Son of titled L—N—LE plead!
 Without a *sigh*, he *smiles* his plea,
 And brings a *heart*, too gay, to *bleed*.

III.

Mark, next, a *youth*, more close, than he!
 'Tis C—R—L, in his *dawn* of day:
 Softly bold, and humbly free,
 His *French* adroitness paves the way.

IV.

S—L—N no dangerous *rival* seems,
 While he, forsaking *love* for *wit*,
 All unadoring, just, *esteems*,
 Crows, claps his *wings*, and leaves the *Pit*.

V.

In *earnest* struck, and sick, *within*,
 Young C——n with *woes*, would move;
 Tells *real* pains, and thinks, to *win*
 A *Woman's* heart by *infelt* *love*.

P——H's

VI.

P.—H's noble *Duke*, with *shape*, and *air*,
 Adorning *dignity* with *grace*,
 From every *look* assaults the *fair*,
 And carries *courtship*, in his *face*.

VII.

In *rear* of these, and yet to come,
 Her *namesake*, next, his *fate* to prove,
 Stops short, and turns, in sight of *Rome*,
 And quits the *Saints*, to bow to *love*.

VIII.

What has poor J—RN—N to hope,
 Dim-shining, in so *bright* a crowd?
 Shall he, despairing, court a *rope*,
 Or hopeless flame be still avow'd?

IX.

Hang mean *distrust* — The *Charmer* knows,
 What *rapture* dwells, in *life* and *fire*!
 And never *beauty* wrongly chose,
 That crown'd warm *truth* and met *desire*.

IV
*To the two generous Masters ST. QUIN-
 TIN, on their tender Affection to each
 other, in their Progress through, and
 Recovery from, the Small-Pox.*

S E X E S are needless aids, in love's pure
 claim,
 Since *souls* (not *bodies*) light our *social* flame.
Lamps, of imprison'd life, *misplac'd*, we shine,
 Leap, lean our lengthening points — and long
 to join!

III
 So, long'd your brother minds, to *mix* em-
 brace;
 As light meets *light*, and space is *lost*, in *space*.

DEATH, with *suspended* hand, beheld your
strife,
 Call'd off *disease's* rage, and set free *life*.
 Why should they *die*, the ghastly *Pauser* cry'd
 Whom *names* but separate, and but *forms* divide?
 See, with what *spring* th' elastic strugglers *flew*!
 Clung to their fate, and to *death's* horrors grew!

In

In *vain* eruptive *fires* their faces *skreen* :
Fever's hot anguish, vainly, *burnt*, between.
Wolves, that behind some *thicket*, scent their
prey,
 Not with more fierce *delight*, o'er *thorns* make
way,
 Than, lur'd by *danger*, one, with *rapture* sought
 Th' *infectious* grasp, that his *best half* had caught :
 There smil'd, their *twisted souls*, farewel, all *fear*;
 We rise, *together*, to a *HEAVEN*, not *here*.

No — let 'em *stay*, to *earth's* dim dust confin'd,
Cross'd, in their *clouded* way, t'ward' realms of
mind.

'Twas not *Death's* drift to strike for — *added*
bliss,

In next world, *ANGELS* — You're but *MEN* in
 this.

*Sent to a Lady with a Pocket-Looking-
Glass.*

SEE! my *soul's* serene invader!
See the *face*, I first, ador'd!
Heaven, for *love*, and *pity*, made her,
And with *angel's* graces, stor'd,

Mark her *forehead's* awful rising,
See her soul-subduing eyes!
Every *look*, and *air*, surprizing!
Modest, lively, soft, and wise.

Next to *you*, I own, I love her;
But your sweet, discerning, eye,
Must not, now, be *jealous* of her:
She's ne'er seen, but *you* are by.

*To DAVID MALLET Esq; on a mistaken
Supposition, that I had forgot him.*

WIT, like *yours* — and yet forgot?
Dreamy doubt? believe it not.

Faith

Faith, in silence, loves to dwell,
Fill'd with sense, it shuns to tell.
Shoaly waters loudest dash ;
Distant light'nings longest flash :
Spare pretence's empty drum,
Deepest joys are, oft'nest, dumb ;
Bodies part — but mutual mind
Stretch'd immense, continuous *join'd,*
Ever tangent, always seen,
Souls embrace, with world's between,
Pride, indeed, avows it fit,
Men, *forgotten,* should *forget :*
Reason more to justice owes ;
Reason loves — because it knows.
Debt can ne'er for traffick stay ;
Unreceiving, it, must pay :
Taste of *other's* worth — shou'd none
Lend a weight, to aid our *own —*
Don't, howe'er, the balance *fail,*
Toss in *self* to turn the *scale.*

PROLOGUE: To EU-
RYDICE.

IN Youth, when *modesty* and *merit* meet,
How rare the *union*, and the *force*, how
sweet!

Tho' at small praise, our humble author aims,
His *friend* may give him, what his *blush* disclaims.

LADIES! — to you, he makes his *chief* ad-
dress,

Form'd, to be *pray'd to*, and e'en born, to *bless*!
He *feels* your pow'r, *himself*, and makes it *felt*,
His *scenes* will teach, each *stubborn* heart, to
melt:

And each fair eye, that, now, shines *softly*, here,
Anon, shall shine, still *softer*, thro' a *tear*:

Let not *constraint* your generous sighs *repress*,
Nor *veil* compassion — nor *repel* distress:

Your sex's *strength* is — in such *weakness* found,
And *sighs*, and *tears*, but help your charms —
to wound.

OF all the wonders, taught us, by the fair,
 'Tis strangest — *Tragedy* should lose their care!
 Where *love*, soft tyrant! in full glory, reigns,
 And sovereign *beauty* holds the world in chains.

LESS polish'd, and more bold, the comic muse
 Unkings your *Cupid*, or obstructs his views:
 Upholds presuming *wit's* familiar claim,
 And blots out awe, from *love's* diminish'd flame;
 Find, or makes, faults; and sets 'em strong in
 fight,
 And dares draw *woman* — false, or vain, or
 light.

While *Tragedy* — your servant, try'd, and true,
 Still to your *fame*, devoted, and to *you*,
 Enslav'd to love, subdu'd ambition brings;
 Firms *beauty's* power, and crowns it King of
 Kings.

LET wish'd attention grace our scene to night,
 And mourn'd afflictions move refin'd delight:
 Each tender light of life we recommend:
 Wife, husband, subject, parent, son, and friend,
 All,

All your impassion'd interests shall engage,
 And hopes, and fears, and pity, *fire* the stage.
 Then, when *soft sorrow* swells the *fair* one's
 breast,
 And sad impressions mix, with nightly rest;
 Pleasing *remembrance* shall our scene supply,
 And the sweet sadd'ning influence never die.

The Actor's Epitome.

IF *comprehension*, best, can *pow'r* express,
 And that's, still, *greatest*, which contains the
less;
 No *rank's* high claim can make the *player's* small,
 Since *acting* each, he *comprehends* them, all.

OFF, to due distance, *half* the *stalking* train!
Blots of a title, your *low* tastes *profane*!
 No dull cold *mouth* shares the *actor's* plea,
 Rightly to *seem* is transiently, to *be*.

ARDUOUS the *task*, and asks a *cimbing* brain;
 A head for *judgment*, and a heart for *pain*:

E'er

E'er sense, impress'd, *reflects* adopted forms,
And *change*ful nature shakes, with borrow'd storms.

T E N strong-mark'd *passions* signs external
bear,

And *stamp* assum'd *distinctions* on the player;
Joy, *grief*, *fear*, *anger*, *pity*, *scorn*, and *hate*,
Wonder, *shame*, *jealousy*, and *love's* soft weight.

THESE, when he *paints*, did he but first con-
ceive

Each, on his *fancy*, would its *image* leave;
Thence, ductile *fibres* catch the expressive *spring*,
And the *eyes* dart it, and the *accents* ring.

You, who would *Joy's* triumphant pride ex-
press,

What most you *wish*, imagine you *possess*.
Strait, flames th' *idea* to the kindling eye,
And every *nerve*, in concord, *braces* high:
Treading on *air*, each joint a *soul* displays;
The *looks*, all, *lighten* — and the *limbs*, all, blaze.

BUT you, who *act* unhoping *GRIEF's* distress,
Touch *fancy*, with some home-felt *wretchedness*.

Then,

Then, slack'ning *nerves* the loose *impress*ion take;
 Each sad *look* sickens: the shock'd *spirits* break:
 Dim falls the *faded* eye; — the *steps* drag, *slow*,
 And ev'ry heedless *gesture* heaves, with *woe*.

FEAR is but active *grief*, avoiding *pain*,
 Yet flies, too faintly, and *avoids*, in *vain*:
 While stagnate *spirits*, thick'ning, as they spread,
 O'er the *cold* heart, *crawls* *slow*, the living *lead*.
 What, tho' the *eye's* prompt ray *keen* *light'ning*
 dart!

'Tis fruitless: — loos'ning *fibres* *lame* the heart.

ANGER is *pride* *provok'd*, beyond *control*,
 When some felt *insult* fires the smarting *soul*:
 Then, the *will's* warmth, repelling *fancy'd* *shame*,
 Strings the *nerves* hard, and bids the *eye-balls*
 flame:

Then *marks* of *menace*, *air*, and *face* deform;
 And short, *thick*, *breathings*, paint the *infelt* *storm*.

PITY is active *sense* of *alien* *grief*;
 Think, some dear, dying *suff'rer* begs *relief*:
 Aidful *idea* springs, to succour *woe*,
 And ev'ry quivering *sinew* learns to *glow*,

While,

While, mild, as sighing *saints*, the sadd'ning face,
Clouds, into *anguish*, with relenting *grace*.

SCORN is cold anger, careless and at ease,
Calm sense of wrongs, too harmless, to displease;
Bold, in undoubted *safety*, 'twould disclaim
Defiance — and with proud *remissness*, flame.
Now *smiles*, now *frowns*; — yet both with eye,
serene;

And lets the *nerves* play loose, with *painless* spleen.

HATRED is sullen *fury*, long retain'd:
'Tis willing mischief, warily retain'd:
This to paint strong, the back-brac'd *nerves* should
toil,

In fetter'd *strain*; and heave in curv'd *recoil*:

While, with impatient *frown*, th'averted eye
Shuns the loath'd object, it *disdains*, too nigh.

PAIN-SEEKING JEALOUSY feels doubtful *rage*,
Which trustful *pity* struggles to *assuage*:
Thence, frets uncertain *pain*, with *pensive* glow,
And *look*, and *action*, share divided *woe*.
Sad, in the *face*, the heart's felt *softness* reigns,
While each tugg'd *sinew* angry *vengeance* strains.

WONDER

WONDER is *curious fear* — Suppose, by
night,

Some pale, met *spectre* cross'd the *moon's* dim
light !

Sudden, the *back'ning blood*, retreating swift,
Swells the *press'd heart* : — Each *fibre* fails, to
lift ;

Lost, in short *pause*, arrested *motion* lies,
And *sense* climbs *doubtful*, to the straining eyes.

LOVE is, at once, *intense* and *slack desire* :
There, *hope* inflames, while *reverence* cools the
fire.

Fear of *repulse*, bold *sense of joy* withdraws ;
Sighs in each *accent* ; every movement *aroes* :
Soft, *earnest* looks *blush o'er th' inclining face*,
And *finewy transport* borrows *shade*, from *grace*.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

To the LOVER :

THE *scene* now clos'd, and *Eustace* eas'd,
at heart,

Pardon six lines, in pity of poor *Smart* :

One play will bear *two morals* ; and I'll show,

There's something for *our sex*, e'en in a *beau*.

I HAVE, a *spark*, of captain *Smart's* fine airs ;

His *front white-border'd*, with a *fringe of hairs*,

His *new-print Hat*, like *Elziver* in *small*

Tips a huge *round O face*, in *CAPITAL* !

Short, and *hid*, *harmless*, hangs his *sword declin'd*,

While a *long tail*, *misplac'd*, struts out, *behind*.

STRANGE *contradictions* his *mixt dress* implies :

A *short*, *Dutch waist*, with *skirts of blue-coat*
size,

Two *barnes-buckles* his *poor shoes* must wear,

Yet be allow'd *no heels*, their *weight* to bear !

Narrow his *ruffles* — but in *broad* amends,

Up, to his *shoulders*, the *flap'd sleeve* extends !

And yet, while this *pert dress*, thus, *two-fold* ran,

His *short red waistcoat* — look'd but *half* a man.

IN my averted eyes, he read my *thought*,
And vow'd to *charm* me, the *first* glance he
caught.

Then stoop'd — hung *wriggling* back — *wav'd*,
smil'd, and *scrap'd*,
And *clos'd* his hands — and *cock'd* his *chin* and
gap'd.

MADAM, said he, 'twill *poze* your *wit* to *guess*
The *mysteries* of this *emblematic* dress ;
These *Hats* we wear, to prove us *free* from *pride* ;
Light, humble *measurers* of the brains, they *bide*.
This *round* head-crop, a *mystic* sign appears,
In due *detection* of our *meaning* ears.
Our *sword's* old *needleless* length away we *threw*,
As sworn, to *shun* all *battles*, but with you.
Inside and *out*, each mark your claim *insures*,
And every *inch* of every *Smart* is yours.
He bow'd and *sneer'd* ; — and I a *convert* grew,
Nor 'till that moment, *half* his *merits* knew.

LET *wives*, who wish *subjection*, marry *wits* ;
Women love *power* — A fool our *fancy* *hits* :
We can be *heads* ourselves — and want of *brain*,
Let him have no *worse* want, ne'er gives us *pain*.

PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Mr. JOHNSON.

TO night, no *languid love* shall dare complain :
Woe, far more serious, asks more serious
 pain ;

Critic, be ours ; 'tis now, the *patriot's* cause ;
 What *Briton* wars, on *liberty* — and *laws* !
 Sweet *liberty* ! thou *sunshine* of the heart !
 Thou *smile* of *nature* ! and thou *soul* of *art* !
 Without *thy* aid, no human *hope* could grow :
 And love, and wealth, and wisdom, were but
 woe !

Thine, in all ages, all the wise and brave :
 No *hero* ever was — or *wish'd* a slave.

BRITAIN, fair *Queen* of states ! feel if
 thou can'st,

Feel thy *own happiness* — 'Tis all thou want'st :
 Blest *Isle* ! while every groaning *nation*, round,
 Bows, to the *ferroile* yoke, ignobly bound,
 Thou, from their *confines*, and their *miseries*, rent,
 Safe, sea-set gem ! — thy own, great continent !

Shew'ft a tame, truckling world, *one* generous
land,

Where *power* ne'er prosper'd, in a *tyrant's* hand!

Live, ye brave *guardians* of your *country's* cause!

Live, and give *freedom* life, by living *laws*.

From your white *cliffs*, look round a *world* en-
slav'd ;

And hug th' asserted *rights*, your *fathers* sav'd.

BUT, while flow-rous'd, your dreaded *arms*
prevail,

And *commerce*, spite of *envy*, spreads her sail,

Stoop not to forfeit WITS all-bright'ning claim:

Sword, *Trade*, and *pen*, should guard the con-
qu'ror's *fame*.

Taste, for *yourselves* — be all *French* power dis-
dain'd :

Not e'en a *slave* wou'd bear his *fancy* chain'd.

Off with their *fripp'ry* *modes* — their *Kings*, in
vain,

Attempt us — shall their *cooks*, and *taylors* reign?

Cross 'em, in *taste*, *dress*, *politicks*, — and DANCE;

Scorn, e'en, a STEP, that leaves the *lead*, to
France ;

Smile,

Smile at the *pride*, their light *stage-cap'rer* feels,
Firm-standing Britons need no *flying beels*.

Rise, rise, *lost muse*! *re-wake* the *slumb'ring*
scene,

Teach show, to *animate* — and sound, to *mean*.

Solemn, and high, new-string the *tragic lyre*;

Tempt back the Poet's God, to lend his *fire*.

Here, must he *dwell*; his face no *slave* dares see,

And who, not *British-born*, is, now, left *free*?

HITHER, from *Rome*, *Rome's* antient *genius*
flies :

For *fancy* cannot live, where *courage* dies,

Hail, my *last hope*, she crys — inspir'd by *me*,

Wish, think, talk, write, and act — for *liberty*.

Yet — would you build my *fabrick*, to *endure*,

Be your *hearts* warm, but let your *hands* be pure.

Never, to *shine*, yourselves, your country *sell* :

Displac'd, *think* nobly : when in power, *act* well.

Agree, like modern, *fight*, like antient, *Rome* :

War but *abroad* — and taste sweet peace, at *home*.

Let no *self-server*, general *trust* betray ;

No *pique*, no *party* bar the *public* way :

Front an arm'd *world*, with *union* on your side,

No *foe* shall shake you — if no *friends* divide.

The LORD'S PRAYER in Verse.

ALMIGHTY father! of high Heaven pos-
sels'd!

Be thy *name* holy, and thy *power* confess'd!

Teach us, on *earth* to know, and do thy *will*;

As *Heaven's* bright train thy great *commands* ful-
fill.

Gracious, our daily bread of life, bestow:

And show us *mercy*, as we *mercy* show:

Guard us, from strong *temptation's* powerful
call;

Nor, when we meet with *evil*, let us *fall*.

*An Address, from the Statues at STOWE,
to Lord COBHAM, on his Return to
his Garden.*

FR O M every *muse*, and every *art*, thy own,
Thy *bowers*, our *Theatres*, thy *mind*, our
throne;

Hail

Hail to thy *virtues*, manumiz'd from *state*,
 Hail to thy *leisure* to be *wisely* great !
 Fetter'd by *duties*, and to *forms* enslav'd,
 How timely has thy life a *remnant* sav'd !
 To taste that *freedom*, which thy *sword* main-
 tain'd,
 And lead, in *letter'd ease*, a life *unpain'd* !
 So *Scipio*, *Carthage* fall'n, resign'd his *plume*,
 And smil'd, at the *forgetfulness* of *Rome*,

O, GREATLY bless'd ! whose *evening* sweetliest
 shines,

And in *unclouded* slowness, calm, *declines* !
 Now, free *reflection*, with reverted eye,
 Wan'd from hot *noontide*, and a troubled sky,
 Divides life well — the largest part long known
 Thy *country's* claim — the last, and *best*, thy *own*.

Go, like the *masters of the world*, go shine ;
 Be *Charles's* life, and *Dioclesian's* thine :
 Form thy *own* power ; dependent *peace* create,
 And shade *distinction* from the *storms* of *state* :
 With *pray'rs*, and *praise*, thy toil, (like *heaven's*)
 be paid,
 And guard the *growing world*, thy hands have
 made.

There, while detach'd, thy self-supported *soul*
 Resumes *dominion*, and escapes controul ;
 Moves, with a grandeur, *monarchs* seek, in vain,
 Above all *forms*, all *dangers*, and all *pain* :
 The *muse* shall find thee, in thy *blest*'d retreat,
 And breathe this *honest wish* at Cobham's feet :
 Fresh, as thy *lakes*, may all thy *pleasures* flow ;
 And breezy, like thy *groves*, thy *passions* blow
 Wide as thy *fancy*, be thy *spreading praise*,
 And long, and lovely, as thy *walks* — thy days.

What is God?

HOLD! — 'Tis too much for *thought*!
 decide no more :

But, in safe *silence*, awefully *adore*.

Lost, in th' immense *abyss*, *man* can but see,

That he, who *knows* God, right, must, first, be

HE.

Writ

*Writ on a Blank Leaf of ALZIRA, when
given to His Royal Highness the
Prince of WALES.*

GO, *Muse* ! nor vainly mourn *Britannia*
stray'd,
In *faction*, roughning, or dissolv'd, in *trade*;
Tasteless of *letters*; yet, to *Fame*, inclin'd,
Busily *viewless*, and profoundly *blind* :
Go, to thy *Country's* Hope, invoke *his* care ;
Watch, if *he* smiles, and, then, *suspend* despair ;
Bless his *protective* hand, that calls out *Arts*,
And hail his *Empire*, o'er a people's *hearts*.

*To Lady W——, on seeing her in the
Park, after her Recovery from a long
Illness.*

PLEAS'D, at your wish'd return, to cheer the
shade,
For your long life, a pensive neighbour pray'd ;
Shock'd

Shock'd, and disgusted, at the modern *fair*,
 Vacant of *thought*, and turbulent of air ;
 He hail'd your *health*, restor'd, who live, to prove,
 How, *women*, once, compell'd the *wise*, to love.
 How unaffected *ease*, in motion, *charms* !
 How *knowledge* holds the *heart*, that *sweetness*
warms !
 How thinking *Spirit* quickens every *grace*,
 Till the *soul* lightens, thro' the meaning face !

GRIEV'D, to observe, what, now, the *sex* em-
 ploys,

Whose *wit* is laughter, and whose *converse* noise :
 Who loudly *ignorant*, and coarsely *light*,
 Repel men's *reason*, and offend their *sight* ;
 Make *youth* distasteful, *dignity* despis'd,
 And every claim of *beauty* pass unprix'd :
 Charm'd, he beheld, once more, *your air* sublime,
 In all, but *wisdom*, still *unchang'd* by *time* :
 Patterns, like *you*, may teach the faithless *eye*,
 What, in *your* absence, wou'd be judg'd a *lye* ;
 Shou'd it be told these *quencher*s of Love's *fire*,
 That *woman*, once, was *soft*, and mov'd *desire* ;
 By modest *tenderness*, compell'd *respect*,
 And, arm'd with *Influence*, never fear'd *neglect* :

That

*Time and experience sunk, to speed thy way,
And genius grasp'd creation, in a day!*

NOR let malignant envy blast thy *claim*,
Since *wit*, and *virtue*, triumph, in thy fame.
Oh! let no rogue, of damn'd IAGO's race,
To wile-try'd torture, rack that honest face:
Seem, what thou art, brave, faithful, amorous,
gay;

The noblest passions please, the noblest way.
Heart humaniz'd, head clear, hands clean, soul great,
Sharp sense, mild manners, ease, adorning weight,
SUN of our Stage, shine on: we feel thy light:
Thy warmth how fruitful! and thy beam, how
bright!
Each guilt thou paint'st, by borrow'd art, is shown;
But every goodness native, and thy own.

On Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

O'E'R nature's laws, God cast the veil of night,
Out-blaz'd a NEWTON's soul --- and all was
light.

To

To the Learned and Worshipful, the President, Censors, the Fellows, of the College of Physicians in London,

*The Humble Petition of Thomas Trade,
of the said City, Wool-Stapler.*

THAT, in *rhyme*, I petition, you must not
complain,

For, I oft, have try'd *reason*, and found, 'twas in
vain :

THE known *sturdy beggar*, who, now, craves
your *aid*,

Was, once, a fam'd *citizen* — honest *Tom Trade*;
His father a *clothier*, his mother *Creole*,

Bid their *Son* — a blunt, *English*, impolitic, soul,
Always *think* what he *pleas'd*, and *speak* what he
thought;

And (a fool for my pains!) I e'en did, as I ought.
Hence it came — and, no wonder, you *Doctors*
will *say*,

That my fortune turn'd *tail*, and fell to *decay* :

How

How it happen'd, I know not ; but, soon, from
a *Tun*,

I was shrunk to a *Noggin* — and fairly undone !
From a fat, florid *cheek*, and an eye void of *care*,
With a *freeholder's* belly, and bluff *British* air,
I assum'd a lean, *Spanish*, lank, *leathery*, jaw,
And look'd dry, tall, and *yellow*, and light, like a
straw :

Well ! no matter, you'll say, for my *air*, or my
face ;

So, I hasten, to figh out my sorrowful *case*.

THERE'S a shameless old *quack*, by name Dr
Shift,

Who does very *strange* things, at a very dead list ;
'Twas to *him*, or to none, all agreed I must go,
If I meant any better, or *bigger*, to grow.

WHEN I show'd him my *bones*, as they peep'd
thro' my *skin*,

And complain'd, what a *dryness* consum'd me,
within ;

I must *fleece* thee, he cry'd, if thou wishest to *live*.

De'el a *lock* (answer'd I) have they left me to *give*.

Set

Set your *feal*, then, to *mortgage* the hopes of your son,
And the *cure* be my care, so the bus'ness is done.
For, I ne'er cou'd ask *fees*, nor be seen any more,
If my *patients*, so *peel'd*, were as *sick*, as *before*.

With a trembling weak *hand*, I comply'd
with his *will*,
While he *laugh'd*, in my *face*, at due sense of his
Skill.

Don *Mustacho*, he cry'd — (and with arrogant *mien*,
Came his *surgeon*, at call) "Here's a patient, too
lean ;

"Take and *purge* him, *one year* ; and then *vomit*
him, *two* :

"All the *third*, let him *blood* --- and, if that shou'd
not do,

"Sweat him, *fix*, *nine*, or *twelve* --- and, at last,
to work *sure*,

"Let a *blister all over* make short with his *cure*."
Oons ! a *Doctor*, said I ! --- and slunk back, in a
fright,

Don, the *Devil*, and *You*, will demolish me quite !
Where's your conscience ? D'you think such a
poor dog, as I,

Can be *tapp'd* at all ends, and yet never run *dry* ?

I'll complain to the college, and get 'em to trounce
A horse-doctor, whom all honest beasts would re-
nounce.

Now, ye learned and grave! you, who *think*,
for our *health*;

If a wretch deserves *life*, who has lost all his
wealth,

Let me hope due *revenge*, on this *foe*, to men's
breath,

Who wou'd cure a *consumption*, by bleeding to
death.

To CLIO:
On her praising Mr D——R, and shew-
ing me some of his Verses.

MATCHLESS inspirer of my muse, and me,
Thou heaven, of blended smiles, and Ma-
jesty!

Thou, by whose light, all *other's* worth is shown,
While thou art *dark*, as midnight, to thy *own*:

Praising desert, like *his*, you charm *me*, too,
And, for your blessing *him*, my thanks are *due*.

Mean

Mean are the *minds*, who but their *own* possess,
 And reap no joy, from *other's* happiness.
 I groan, beneath *their* pains, whom *sorrow* wrings,
 And, when *their* hope is rising, *mine* has wings.

O *Clio* ! to deserve such praise from *thee*,
 Points out *thy* friend, a bosom one, for *me*,
 My sympathetic soul *reveres* his name,
 And my warm heart beats *anxious*, for his *fame*.
 Sweet are his *thoughts*, and soft, as *evening* air ;
 Joy gilds his *smiles*, — his *sighs* invite *despair* :
 Strong is his *sense*, and his *reflection* deep,
 Wide, as his *prospects* — as his mountains *steep* ;
 Oh ! may he still be *blest*, with thy *esteem*,
 Oh ! may thy *charms*, forever, be his *theme* !

VAST is my *wonder*, at his *Fancy's* flight,
 Till I remember, whence his *store* was drawn ;
Clio, the inspirer *Clio* ! lent him *light*,
 And spread soft *influence*, o'er his wid'ning
 dawn :
 Warm'd, by th' enliv'ning *lustre* of her *beams*,
 His rip'ning *reason* burnt with conscious *glow* ;
 Blaz'd, in the radiant *charmer's* starry *streams*,
 And shed diffusive *beav'n* on all, *below* :

Oh ! thou soft *sun* of wit, and love's gay clime !
 Point but *one ray* of thy *broad shine*, on me,
 Then, shall my kindled *soul* flame out sublime,
 And glitter proudly, with thy friend and thee.

On Two Lovely and Loving Sisters.

WHEN *equal* charms, in *different* colours
 dress'd,
 Have *two* sweet *sisters* rival persons bless'd,
 How kind is *heaven*, their *minds*, with love, to
 strike,
 And teach 'em *both*, to look, and think, *alike* !

To the Editor of ALBANIA, a POEM :

*Address'd to the Genius of SCOTLAND, and dedi-
 cated to General WADE.*

KOWN, tho' *unnam'd*, since, shunning vulgar
praise,
 Thy muse wou'd *shine*, and, yet, *conceal* her rays,
 Think thyself *hid* ; and hope, in vain, to be
 Unseen, like *light*, that *shews* us all, we see.

But,

But, while thy *readers* are deny'd thy *name*,
 They *feel*, thy *genius*, and attest thy *flame*.
 They pity, too, in *death*, thy *noteless friend*,
 Poor by the generous *aid*, thy *wealth* wou'd lend,
 Prefac'd by *thee*, his feeble lights *expire*,
 Even, in *producing*, thou *obscur'st*, his *fire*.

Not, but the *muse* had warm'd his youthful
 song !

Bold were his *notes* ! and his *ideas* strong !
 But, where *domestic dearness* warp'd his *lays*,
 And partial *birth* misled the patriot *praise*,
 Wilt thou not *join*, to *blame* the bounded *zeal*,
 That bids us, *only*, for our *Country* feel ?
 Yes — Thou wilt *censure* this too scanty *care*,
 That shuts out *pity*, and appropriates *prayer* !
 Thou wilt *enlarge* affection, till it *sees*,
 Beyond *itself*, and pants for *public ease*.
 Stretch *liberty* — to disengage *mankind*,
 And, ev'n, from *nature's* byass, free the *mind*.

WHAT, tho' (we know not why) soft, inbred
pride,
 Makes *home*, seem *sweetest*, and can choice *misguide* ;

Till *native* darkness *erring* taste constrains,
And *Lapland* deserts rival *Persia's* plains.
Let the *soul's* reach the *heart's* restraint reprove,
And widen, to the *world*, our *Country's* love.

Base are these *local* limits to men's hearts,
That *canton* out *humanity*, in *parts*.
Truth has no *districts*, to divide her toil;
And *virtue* is at *home*, in every *soil*.
Since, on one *common* globe, we *neigh'bring*, dwell,
What *narrower* line shou'd *man*, from *man* expel.
Each, born *alike*, and sons of *nature*, all,
Human can ne'er, from *care of human*, fall.

BUT *passion's* rapine, *nature's* union *breaks*,
Not *soil*, but *int'rest*, all this *difference* makes :
Born *brothers*, each, from each, wou'd *something*
draw,

Till ravag'd *equity* is shrunk 'to *law* :
Blindly *forgetful*, that the *whole* is *dust*,
We *bate*, for *parts*, nor feel ourselves *unjust* :
Confine *repute*, to *place* ; and *praise*, or *rail*,
As *self*, or *stranger*, turns the *varied* *scale* :
Till, sense grown *harden'd*, in her *partial* plea,
Justice is crippled, into *bribery*.

THOU !

THOU! — son of *liberty*! — can't shun this
self;

Loos'ning *reflection*, and out-launching *self*:

Can't *burst* the chain of *custom*, round the heart,

And, from *worst slavery* — (that of *reason*) — start.

THOU, on thy country's *bills*, can't *praise* bestow,

Yet stoop not the *Encomium*, to her *snow*!

So, *wants*, *confess'd*, but strengthen *merit's* claim,

And *right*, from *wrong* distinguish'd, *fixes* fame.

WHEN *rock-fenc'd* Scotland boasts her *hardy*
race,

Or *English* beauty claims but *matchless* grace;

When *France* the praise of *sprightliest* wit assumes,

And *German plainness* spreads its *honest* plumes;

Concurring *plaudits* grant unquestion'd *dues*,

And *truth* and *reason* sanctify the *muse*.

BUT, shou'd *Teutonic heaviness* aspire,

From *French vivacity*, to ravish *fire*;

Or *Caledonia's* manlike virgins *vie*,

With the soft *sunshine* of an *English* eye,

Justice wou'd blush, at *nature's* erring *pride*,

And each *forc'd* trophy be, by *truth*, *deny'd*.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

MORE *just* thy mind, more gen'rous is thy
muse !

'Albanian born, this *English* theme to chuse !
No partial *flattery* need thy verse invade,
That, in the ear of *Scotland*, sounds a WADE !

SUCH, as thy *Muse*, such is thy *Patron's* aim ;
Nor *North*, nor *South*, can bound his spirit's claim.
Warm'd from *within*, he burns with *Roman* fires,
Shines for the WORLD : and, for MANKIND, as-
pires ;

Adorning *power*, he beautifies a *state* ;
Endears *dominion*, and absolves the great.
Kind, by his care, rapacious *license* grows ;
And polish'd *jealousy* no *hatred* knows :
Felt in their *hearts*, to love of *faith* he charms,
And, *softly conqu'ring*, needs no aid of *arms*.

WHEN (ages hence) his last *line's* length'ner
dies,
And his *lost dust* reveals not, *where it lies* :
Still, shall his *living greatness*, guard his *name*,
And his works lift him, to *immortal fame*.
Then, shall astonish'd *armies*, marching high,
O'er *causeway'd mountains*, that invade the *sky*,

Climb

Climb the rais'd *arch*, that sweeps its distant
throw,

Cross tumbling *floods*, which roar, *unheard*, be-
low :

Gaze, from the *Cliff's cut edge*, thro' *midway air*,
And, trembling, wonder at their *safety, there!*
Pierce, *fenny deeps*, with firm, unfinking tread,
And, o'er *drain'd desarts*, wholesome empire
spread.

WHILE *charm'd* the soldier dwells, on wonders
pass'd,
Some *Chief*, more *knowing*, and more *touch'd* ---
at last,

Shall (*pointing*) to the attentive *files*, explain,
How (many a cent'ry since) — in *GEORGE'S*
REIGN,

WADE's working *soul*, that grac'd his *Prince's*
throne,

Built these vast *Monuments* --- and *spar'd* his
own.

To CELIA, with a return'd Tragedy.

I.

TAKE, O *Celia* ! muse divine !
Take again the *tragic* tale :
Wit, so light, if weigh'd with *thine*,
Mounts, like *feathers*, from thy scale.

II.

Yet, 'twere *wise* O *soul* of verse !
Soft, to *smile*, upon his flight :
Blazing tapers, scarce, wou'd *pierce*,
Were there no such thing, as *night*.

III.

Di'monds wou'd be *less* admir'd,
Were not *brittle christal* known ;
And by *Poets* poorly fir'd,
Our rich *Celia's* wealth is shown.

But,

IV.

But, alafs ! I strive, in vain,
 Worth, *above* me, to *display* :
 Sunk, beneath thy *streamy* strain ;
 Like a *Glow-worn*, lost in day.

To Lady W——.

AGE has but one *defect* — and that's *decay* :
 Your beauty *fades not*, and your *graces* stay ;
 All the dear *difference*, that your *years* inspire,
 Is ripen'd *wisdom*, and *increase* of *fire* ;
 Bright'ning, by *age*, you glow, like *gold*, in *mines*,
 That length of time *corrodes not*, but *refines* !

YET, from this groundless *wrong*, you've done
 your *charms*,
 Let my instructed wishes catch alarms ;
 If your time's *short* — Ah ! *rob not*, while you
stay —
 Leave the *night* mine — or, you begloom the
day.

SONG.

P R O L O G U E

*For the third Night, at ZARA, when first play'd,
at the Great Musick Room, in Villars Street,
York Buildings.*

HE, whose wish'd service did *my help* engage,
(Nor *Actor* I — nor *studious* of the *stage*!)
To aid *whose purpose*, and support *whose cause*,
This scene unequal (to our ZARA) draws:
To night, by *sickness*, from this *presence*, held,
Mourns his weak will, by want of power repell'd,

WILLING to please — and *struggling* to succeed,
He's gone, from *acting* death — to die, indeed!
Exhausted spirits, *urging* on decay,
Wasted his strength, and wore his life away:
'Till from the *stage*, to his last *bed*, confin'd,
He left us — But, he left his *thanks*, behind:
Living, he owns his *gratitude* your due;
And, if he dies — in death, he *blesse*s you.

For me, mean while — who can but *what I can*,
To OSMAN's weight, is added LUSIGNAN!

Two

Two parts, at once ! — that height I fear to scale !
 Would he were here, to charm ! — for, I shall fail,
 Musick was his — But now, by woes oppress'd,
 Sad NIGHTINGALE ! the thorn is, at his breast ;
 His suff'ring virtue ! his undue distress !
 Learning, unprop'd ! afflicted manliness !
 Sickness, and pain, with patience, holding strife !
 Wrestling with merit ; and disjoining life !
 These are pretensions, which must, here, prevail,
 And touch your generous hearts — howe'er I fail.

EPIGRAM,

On Occasion of the General Mourning,

NOT I — I'll wear no black — why others
 do —

Ay — let them mourn the old — I love the new,
 Fie ! 'tis the fashion — Oh ! the fashion ? — well,
 News for your news, kind, courtly Sir — I'll tell —
 He, who but mourns, for fashion's sake, to day,
 To-morrow, will, for fashion's sake obey.

EPILOGUE, *For a Friend,**Spoke by Miss ROBINSON.*

LITTLE and *light*, myself like things in *vogue*;
 You'd guess me *fond*, of a *light Epilogue*;
 But you're *mistaken* — I've a *taste*, *improving*,
 And fancy *nothing* but what's *strong* and *moving* :
 You *Ladies*, too, *spite* of what *criticks* say,
 Lean all your *judgments* the *same natural way*.

WHEN *Orator* dos lull this *tuneful nation*,
 Who is not *mov'd* to *strong* — *commiseration*?
 When *Harlequin* jumps, *nimbly*, thro' the *case-*
 ment,
 All the *charm'd house* is *mov'd* to *wise amazement*!
 Then *mark*! — some *well-writ Tragedy* comes
 after ;
 And that *ne'er fails* to *move* — your *general*
 laughter.
 Pleas'd, that *we please* — next, *comedy*, we play,
 And, then, the *whole town's mov'd* — to *keep*
 away.

'TWERE

'TWERE endless, thus to *tire your ears* with
proving ;
 — Not a *toupee*, but's either *mov'd* — or *moving* !
 Gay *belles* are *mov'd*, to *talk*, — soft *beaux*, to
stare,
Players, to *fret* — poor *poets* are *mov'd*, to *swear* !
 And *I*, not last, in *will*, tho' least, in *measure*
 Am, in my turn, too, *mov'd* — to wish you *plea-*
sure :
 In fine, which way *soe'er your taste* may run ye,
 Our *MANAGERS* are *mov'd* — to get your *money*.
 Move ne'er so *strangely* — I'll be *short* and *pitby*
 We should move *poorly* — did not we move with
 ye.

EPILOGUE, *for a Friend.*

WELL! the *Play's* over, — and the *au-*
thor's waiting,
 To hear *his cause* supported, by my *prating* ;
 But, he *mistakes* the *favour* I *intend* him ; —
 Have at him — I shall *courtier like*, defend him.
 Oh !

Oh ! 'tis *provoking*, how these *poets* wrong us,
 When, with *imaginary loves*, they throng us,
 Like *girls*, they give us *trinkets*, to look gay with,
 Which, when *night* comes, we have no right,
 to *play with*,
 Strange *doctors*, these ! our *appetites* they quicken,
 And, then, remove the *feast*, for fear we *sicken*.
 To *think* of only *one*, when *twenty* love us !
 Can *flesh* and *blood* bear that ? — no — that's above us.
 We'd make a *shift*, with *one* — did but *one* proffer :
 If we try *ten* — the fault is *theirs*, who *offer*.
 Weak *woman*, push'd, and press'd, now here,
 now there,
 Falls, *not*, by *choice* — but *want* of *strength*, to bear.

SURROUNDED, as I was, by *slaves*, to night,
 Troth, I e'en thought, to take *all five* — was right !
 Since I'd *enough* for *all* — what harm, to *barter*,
 And deal with *each*, for his *own*, *separate* quarter ?
 WORTHY possess'd my *will* — my LORD my *eye*,
 GRINLY my *spleen* — my *scorn* SIR LUBBERLY.
 CHIP had my *laughter* ; — every Man his part,
 And room for *forty more*, in *woman's heart*,

As,

As, when some *City-Worthy* mounts *Lord-Mayor*,

Mere *dignity* requires, that folks shou'd *stare*,
Rob'd, he *looks big* — and rides the streets, in
state,

While, in *long order*, his *puff'd nothings* wait :

So, when a *toast* assumes her *envied reign*,

A *length of coxcombs* ought to grace her train :

Dear *Nixies* ! never heed, what's said, about ye,

Woman, is *woman* — and can't live without ye.

Fools are the *froth* of life — they give no merit,

Yet *brisk* it, like *champaign*, with *sparkling spirit*.

BRITAIN, the *QUEEN* of *nations* ! lets us see,
What the *world's offerings* should to *beauty*, be :
Bright, and *unrivall'd*, 'midst the *sea*, she stands,
Attracting *tribute*, from *remotest lands*.

From *Afric*, *Gold* — from *India*, *gems* she draws,

Yet, *mix'd* with *these*, come — *Parrots*, — *Apes*, —

Maccaws,

Civet and *assa fætida*, unite,

And all, that shocks or charms — *taste*, *touch*, and
sight,

From

From *these*, she chuses all, she *wants* — the rest
She leaves, for *poorer states*, who like 'em, *best*.

So, *gay coquets* shou'd *man's* whole *homage*
claim ;
Wits, fools, beaux, slovens — every *rank*, and *name* ;
All, should *adore, divert*, — *attempt* — and *please*,
Encrease her *business* — and adorn her *ease*.
Yet, among all, she *keeps* but what's *most taking*,
And *s pares* the rest, for *prudes* — whose *hearts*
are *breaking*.

PROLOGUE.

Spoke by young Mr. GIFFARD.

TH E *authors* Prologue having *claim'd* your
care,
Hear, next th' *address* of an *unfriended player*,
Forc'd, as in *war*, his *abler leaders* gone,
To fill their *ranks*, by *stepping boldly on* :
There, thrown too *forward*, into *points of fight*,
He *trembles*, conscious of th' *excess of light*.

YOUNG

YOUNG, and untaught as yet, *myself* to
trust,

I plead their *pity*, who have *tastes*, too just.
In *Plays*, which *practis'd* actors, long, have *fill'd*,
How *great* his *danger*, who succeeds, *unskill'd*!
The *self-known* difference must, with *terror*, strike;
The *part*, less *painful*, than your *due dislike*.

IN scenes, *untry'd*, he moves, with *easier* heart,
There, *uncompar'd*, he *shrinks not*, from his *part*;
Unprejudic'd — you aid his *first essays*,
And *push* his *panting hope*, with *generous praise*.

BUT, *task* us not, too *hard*, who *wait* our *day*,
Be *partial*, if at all, the *noblest way*:
Indulge some *notice*, where we chance to *touch*,
Nor think, who *longs* to *please*, *presumes*, too
much.

VOL. IV. I. E. P.

EPILOGUE, *for a Friend.*

OF all the *tricks*, these *Poets* bring in vogue,
 Methinks, their *strangest whim*, is Epilogue:
 Hard task, on *us*, *poor damsels* of the stage!
 A *Bard's* long, tiresome, *bauble*, fires your *rage*;
 And, when *that rage* inflames you, to *abhor* him,
 He *pops in* one of *us*, to *cool* you, for him.

'Tis an *ungentle* treatment, to *perplex*,
 With *strongest* danger, thus, the *weakest* sex;
 Troth, one wou'd *think* — but *custom's* hard to *stem*,
 That they shou'd *do* for *us* --- not *we* for *them*!
 At least, since *each* was *made*, to join with *either*,
 In downright conscience, *both* shou'd *move*, *to-*
gether.

But, be it so! — I care not, tho' I *venture*,
 Cou'd I but see, on what soft side to enter:
 Grave *Gentlemen*! — *some*, of you, look *so sadly*,
 That, troth! I *fear* — I shall come off *but badly*.
 Yet, hang it, I'm *engag'd* — th' *event* I'll try,
 And, if I'm *doom'd* to *fall* — why *there* I lie!

FOR our *new Author*, then, and for his *Play*,
 I have one vast, *important truth* to say:

Smile

*Smile, on his hopes, do — for my sake, forbear
 him, it provokes the power!*
 Not, that my wishes bid your Justice spare him:
 But shou'd you not --- you will but make me
 trouble!
 He'll write, till you approve, and plague me, double.

PROLOGUE, to Every Man in his Folly.

Spoke by Mr. QUIN.

YOU call the stage, a glass; and look, to find
 The *imag'd* passion, and *reflected* mind:
 Yet, in one point, *our* glass, but ill agrees
 With *yours*, where each his *own* resemblance sees:
 Whereas, in *ours*, each SELF is, *dimly*, shown,
 But, ev'ry *other's* likeness, *strongly*, known!

'Tis the same thing, in *life* — *Nature* is kind,
 And, to *home-follies*, keeps us *wisely* blind:
 Else, what *dejected* wits! --- what *crest-fall'n* airs!
 Shou'd none dare rally a defect, he *shares*!

Each eye, turn'd inward, less wou'd there be seen,
 To raise the *spirits*, than provoke the *spleen*!
 Yet, tho' *self-censure* might disturb the *gay*,
 And *pride* turn, startled, from the *sad survey*;
 Rightly conceiv'd, the oft examin'd *pain*,
 Wou'd slowly ripen, into solid *gain*;
 Each, losing something, to the *common store*,
 Wou'd, from the *general profit*, draw back more.
 What malice miss'd, benevolence wou'd find,
 And joy, and peace, re-fill the balanc'd mind.

Fix'd on this point, and bending to the *wise*,
 Our *Author*, not his *wit*, but *reason*, tries :
 Full, to your view, presents that *partial pride*,
 By which all weakness, but our own, is try'd ;
 Each can, with eagle's eye, the *frailty* see,
 Which none more practises, more loves, than he !

ALL, we propose ; all, we dare wish, or hope,
 Lies, circumscrib'd, within this humble scope ;
 Weigh the design, and, where small faults, you
 find,
 Let the clouds pass, and watch the light, behind.

EPILOGUE, for the Play, call'd
Much ado about nothing,)

Spoke by Mrs PRITCHARD.

HOLD her not *thankless*, that (oblig'd by
you)

She thus, with *nothing*, pays, your *Much ado* :

'Tis the *world's* frugal mode, and each *wise nation*
Keeps weights, and scales of *air*, for *obligation*.

Sunshine pretence ends, oft, in *rainy weather* ;
And many a *head's* best *boast* — is *hat* and *feather* !

Trust *nothing*, but your *wives* — we plot no *trea-*
son,

'Till *unkind husband's* cease, to do us *reason*.

But, as for *wit*, *fame*, *taste* — they're mere *de-*
ceivers :

Ev'n *politic's* shew *teeth*, but *bite* believers.

WHO, that has seen *high-posted* *zeal*, *peace-*
hating,

Raise dust for *Ins*, and *Outs*, by turns debating,
E're guess'd, till *time* and *chance*, set crowds a *sta-*
ring,

That *Outs*, and *Ins*, gave *coats*, with *all one bearing* !

Who, that, of late, saw bold REBELLION's stan-
dard

Rais'd, rounded, *common-soldier's*, and *comman-der's*,

Hop'd, at a *spurt*, to see such schemes, to *cramp* us
Scatter'd, and scouting back, to *brouze Mount*
Grampus!

WHO, ye bloom'd fair! most us'd to *soft pro-
testing*,

And hardly brought to *think*, love's wounds but
jesting,

Sees her scorch'd *victim*, at her feet *expiring*,

And *dreams* he'll come to *life*, for other's *firing*?

ALL, that you *see*, *touch*, *taste*, *bear*, *wish*, or
dream on,

Is but *deceit's* broad *bog*, to build *esteem* on.

Our *Shakespear* knew *mankind*, and rightly *drew*
'em;

And, as for *women*, faith he *peep'd* quite thro' *'em*.

I, and my *Benedick*, each *sex* emblazing,

Shew *neither* over-fit, for *either's* *praising*.

All brought to all, each lives to *gull* the other,

And *Disappointment* closes love's long *pothor*.

Tho'

Tho' *much ado* is passion's loud beginning,
'Tis *about nothing* — still, and not worth winning.

BUT, I forget my *cue* — thus humbly low,
Serious, I *pay* the *solid* thanks, I *owe*.

Warm'd, by quick *sense* of your *protective* praise,
Inflaming *gratitude* more worth may raise.

Bid unforc'd laughter rise, from *native* strains,
And *free-touch'd* humour shun *distortive* pains.
Bid tears, *unweaving*, find their source within,
And, from *touch'd* hearts, the *hand's* applause begin.

Un-borrow'd be my pow'r, or none at all ;

Let me, *on* pity, not *for* pity, call.

Failing to move your grief, were *judgment's* fault,

For *sorrow* moves me, first, by *nature*, taught ;

Nature, in *unaffected* freedom, drest,

By *plain* *simplicity*, hits passion, best.

Shown, like your *virtues*, [*to the gentlemen*]

strongest, without *glare*,

And, like your *beauties*, [*to the ladies*] without
paint, most fair.

*Verses written, on Windows in several
Parts of the Kingdom, in a Journey
to SCOTLAND.*

LETTERS, from *absent* friends, *extinguish*
fear,

Unite *division*, and draw *distance* *near*;

Their *magic* force each *silent* with conveys,

And wafts *'embody'd* thought, a thousand ways:

Cou'd *souls* to *bodies*, write, *death's* power were
mean,

For minds cou'd, then, *meet* minds, with heaven,
between.

OR D E R! thou *eye* of action! wanting *thee*,
Wisdom works, *hoodwink'd*, in perplexity:

Entangled *reason* trips, at every *pace*,

And *truth*, bespotted, puts on *error's* face

TE N D E R-banded stroke a *nettle*,

And it *slings* you, for your *pains*:

Grasp it, like a *man* of *mettle*,

And it *soft* as *silk*, remains.

'Tis

'Tis the same, with common natures,

Use 'em kindly, they rebel:

But, be rough as Nutmeg-graters,

And the rogues obey you well.

HOW is the world deceiv'd, by noise, and
show!

Alas! how diff'rent, to pretend and know!

Like a poor, high-way brook, pretence runs loud

Bust'ling, but shallow, dirty, weak, and proud:

While, like some nobler stream, true knowledge
glides,

Silently strong, and its deep bottom hides.

WHIG and Tory scratch and bite,

Just, as hungry dogs we see:

Toss a bone 'twixt two, they fight,

Throw a couple, they agree.

WOMEN

WOMEN talk of love for *fashion*,
 So they do, of *Spirit's* walking :
 But no more they *feel* the *passion*,
 Than they *see* the *ghost* of which they're
talking.

HA V E a care, gay, young, and wanton,
 Give no ground, for love to plant on ;
 Guard against the *fair* deceiver,
 See and *bear*, but don't *believe* her :
 Or, if nothing seems *unjust*,
 Than to *love*, and yet *distrust* her :
 On *your* side to turn the *laughter*,
 Try her, *first*, and trust her, *after*.

HERE, in *wet*, and *windy*, weather,
Muse, and I, two *mopes*, together,
 Far, from *friends* and short of *pleasure*,
 Wanting every thing, but *leisure* :
 Scarce content, in any one *sense*,
 Tell the *showers*, and scribe *nonsense*.

WHERE-E'ER

WHERE'ER the *diamond's* busy point could
pass,

See! what deep wounds have pierc'd the middle
glass!

While *partial* and *untauching*, all the rest,

Highest and *lowest* panes, shine, *unimpress'd*:

No wonder, this! — For, e'en in *life*, 'tis so:

High fortunes stand, *unreach'd* — *unseen* the
low,

But *middle* states are marks, for every blow,

AS, in a *journey*, just begun,
We think the distance, *vast*,
Yet, while we travel, *gayly*, on,
Insensibly, 'tis past.

So, in our *youth*, we measure flow,

Long views of promis'd breath:

'Till, like a *shadow*, out we go,

And *vanish*, into death.

WERE

WERE Women *wise*, their names on
glass,

Light froth of empty fashion!

Wou'd, to their lovers sorrow, pass

For proofs of brittle passion.

Love should, in *secret*, like the sun,

Burn, tho' a world should shade it;

But shows it source of heat, to none,

Except that God, who made it.

WHISP'RING close a maid, long courted,

Thus, cry'd Drone, by touch transported;

Prithee, tell me, gentle Dolly!

Is not loving long a folly?

Yes, said she, with smile reproving,

Loving long, and only loving.

The

The Distinction of Ages.

THE *seven first* years of life, (*man's break*
of day)
 Gleams of short sense a dawn of thought display,
 When *fourteen* springs have bloom'd his downy
 cheek,
 His soft, and blushful meanings learn to speak,
 From *twenty one*, proud manhood takes its date,
 Yet is not strength compleat, 'till *twenty eight*:
 Thence, to his *five and thirtieth*, life's gay fire,
 Sparkles, burns loud, and flames, in fierce desire.
 At *forty two* his eyes grave wisdom wear,
 And the dark future dims him o'er with care;
 On, to the *nine and fortieth*, toils increase,
 And busy hopes and fears disturb his peace,
 At *fifty six* cool reason reigns, intire,
 Then, life burns steady, and with temp'rate fire.
 But *sixty three* unbinds the body's strength,
 E'er th' unwearied mind has run her length;
 And, when, from *seventy*, age surveys her last,
 Tir'd, she stops short — and wishes, all were past.

Description

Description of a Tempest, from CVII

PSALM.

THEY, who, in *ships*, the *seas* vast depths
 descend,
 And, o'er the *wat'ry world*, their passage bend,
 They (more than *all*) their God's great works
 discern,
 And midst th' *unfathom'd deep* his wonders learn.
 There, from smooth *calms*, on sudden *storms* they
 rise,
 Hang on the *horrid surge*, and *skim the skies*!
 Now, *high as heaven*, they climb their *dreadful*
 way,
 Now, *sink in gulphy slants*, and *lose the day*!
 Giddy, they *reel*, to shoot the *frightful steep*,
 And their *souls melt*, amid the *sounding sweep*!
 Helpless, they *cling* to what *supports*'em, first,
 And, o'er 'em *feel* the *breaking billows burst*.
 Then, to their *last almighty hope*, they cry,
 Who *bears*, and marks 'em, with a *pitying eye*:
 He bids the *storm be hush'd* — The *WINDS obey*;
 And the *aw'd WAVES*, in *silence*, *shrink away*,

WOMAN'S

PROLOGUE, To Every Man
WOMAN'S Resolution.

O H!—cry'd *Arsenia*, long, in Wedlock blest,
 Her head reclining, on her husband's breast,
 Should death divide thee, from thy deating wife,
 What comfort could be found in widow'd life?
 How the thought shakes me! — Heaven my *Streph-*
phon save,

Or, give the lost *Arsenia* half his grave!

LOVE heard the lovely mourner and ap-
 prov'd:

“And should not wives, like this, said he, be lov'd?”

“Take the soft sorrower at her word, and try,

“How deeply rooted **WOMAN'S** vows can lie?”

'Twas said, and done — the tender *Streph-*
phon dy'd;

Arsenia, two long months — t'out live him try'd,

But in the third — alas! became a bride,

EPI T A P H.

Upon a Man, and his Wife.

STAY, Bachelor! if you have wit!

A wonder to behold!

Husband and Wife, in one dark pit,

Lye close, and never scold!

Tread softly though, — for fear she wakes;

Hark! she begins, already?

You've hurt my head — my shoulder akes:

These sores can ne'er move steady.

Ah, friend, with happy freedom blest!

See! how my hope's miscarried!

Not death itself, can give you rest,

Unless you die, unmarried.

EPI

EPILOGUE, To Every Man in his Folly,

Spoke by Mrs CLIVE.

SILENCE—*fit down, Sirs—bats off—that*
will do —

I know, you love a *joke*, if it be *new* ;
You *smart* ones of the *pit*— I speak to you,
Criticks — mistake me not, for I *protest*,
Not *one* of *you* are aim'd at in the *jest* ;
But, I perceive, among you, *some* of those,
Our *author* has, to night, thought fit t'*expose*,
You, *Virtuosi* — *Connoisseurs* — and *Beaux*.

A *poet* may — by just *Dramatic laws*,
Except *against* such *jurors* in his cause,
As *parties*, in the *suit*. — His humble *prayer*,
Is therefore *only* to the *wise*, and *fair*,
For this *first* fault, the *criminal* you'd *spare*.

'Tis from the *life*, his *characters* are shewn,
You're, first, *invited* here — then *pencil'd down* :
They, *only*, are to *blame*—who will the *likeness* own.

As for example — here's *my Lord* and I,
Perhaps, *this circle* may'nt the *like* supply;
O, yes, it does! — I have you, in my eye!

And, gad, — you're no *unfashionable pair*,
But, *bush* — sit *still* — you *own* it, if you *stir*.

In *Araminta*! pha! --- *ill-judging* creature!

He has not *bit* you; in one *single feature*:

To make her, *squeamishly*, reject a lover,
When ev'ry *trial*, that cou'd *shock*, was over,
And nought remain'd, but what, with joy,
shou'd move her.

She is no *woman*, faith --- who, in *that station*,

Cou'd run the *dangerous risk* --- of *hesitation*:

Gad! --- we're for no such *ticklish* situation!

Give us a *certainty*, however *small*,

It must be *better*, sure! — than *none at all*.

But hold — what need have I, *such truths* to tell?

You *penetrating devils*! — you *know't*, too well.

Next — of our author's humour, wit, and plot,

Style, chaste expression, and — I know not what:

I saw, how 'twas---and faith---I ask'd him, *plainly*,

If he propos'd *success*, from being *cleanly*?

I bid him, *here and there*, throw in a scene,

(But, pray says I — take care, 'tis wrapt up
clean,)

Of something, pha! — you *all* know, what I
mean.

I own,

I own, I *blush'd*, — but *he* blush'd *more*, than I,
 And said — if I can *tell* you — let me die.
 What do you think the *filly creature* said?
 That his *chaste muse* had yet — her *maidenhead*,
 And should not be a *prostitute*, egad. }
 But now — I have a word, or two, to say
 To you, who feel the *satire* of the Play:
 What! you expect — that I should *court* your
 favour,
Curt'sy and *pray*; — I scorn such *poor* behaviour:
 Don't you all *know*, when you, with us, *dispute*,
 We have an *argument* to strike you *mute*? }
 And, as friend *Bays* has said — look to't —
 we'll do't.
 Then *yeild*, at once — nor, 'gainst our *poet*, thun-
 der:
 I'll try, if *you*, or *I*, will be *kept under*.

PROLOGUE to the Tuscan
 Treaty.

NOW, mercy on our *poet*: — for the *pit*
 Will ne'er judge, *kindly*, of so *rash* a *wit*;

Who, 'twixt *two fairs*, untimely, makes pretence,
To please, by *Tragedy*, and *Common sense*.

Troth, 'tis a *wild adventure*! tho' his play
Were double-arm'd, and guarded every way.

What! tho' our scene does *tyrants* disapprove;
And smiles on *virtue*, liberty, and love?

What, tho' a *minion* meets with *ill success*,
While a *good statesman* helps his *King*, to bless?
Still, 'tis but labour *lost*, to hope *succeeding* :

Where the court's *empty*, what avails *fine plead-*
ing?

We reap no *summer* harvests, — *player* and *printer*,
Bloom, like your *Glassonbury* thorn, in *winter*.

And you, *yourselves*, (thank heaven!) have ne'er
found reason,

To bear with good instruction, out of season.

ALL this I told him, plainly — but he *bears*
not :

He knows your *tastes*, it seems — and, therefore,
fears not :

Tho' *half* the *world* runs *mad*, (says he) — de-
pend on't,

Good sense has *some* friends *left* — and there's an
end on't.

The *Muse* to the *Writer*.

A Translation from the French of DUBARTAS.

I.

SCARCE was the *April* of my life begun,
When anxious to immortalize my name,
Pleasure, and soft repose, I learnt to shun,
And lab'ring, upward, fought the mounts of
fame.

II.

But, as a traveller, in viewless plains,
Stops, amid crossing roads, and doubts his way;
Pensively searchful, and, unsure, remains,
Eager to journey on, yet, loth to stray.

III.

So stopt, and so unfix'd, I mark'd, around,
The flow'ry paths, that led to groves of Bays:
But, pausing doubtful, long confusion found,
Which, best to chuse, of all those tempting ways.

IV.

One while, my genius *plan'd* the glowing *scene*,
And from the *Grecian* source, *example* drew :
Taught pride to *pity* ; ignorance to *mean* ;
And form'd the *many*, by the suff'ring *few*.

V.

Anon *domestic discord*, snatch'd my *pen* ;
My COUNTRY'S *woes* I, now, aspir'd to *feel* :
Historic truths, and wrongs of *injur'd* men,
Impell'd my *justice*, and inflam'd my *zeal*.

VI.

Then *sinking* sudden, from the *glorious height*,
Low *mercenary praises* quench'd my *fire* :
Poorly, a *flatt'rer*, I for *profit*, write,
And, to my *fortune*, tune my tortur'd *lyre*.

VII

At length, grown *lazy*, I, by *love*, was caught,
And, finding *age*, and *taste*, and *will*, too fit,
In warm *light sallies*, *wanton lessons* taught,
And, to the *size of Cupid*, cropt my *wit*.

While

VIII.

While roving, thus, *uncenter'd*, and unstay'd,
I *lik'd*, by turns, and did, by turns, *refuse* :
Sudden, *before me*, a descending *maid*
Confess'd the *shape* of a *cælestial muse*.

IX.

All, that we dream of *angels*, form'd her *air* ;
Sweet was her *gesture*, and her step *divine* :
But, when she *spoke*, she would have charm'd
despair,
And taught the *gloom* of wither'd age, to *shine*.

X.

High, from her *head*, aspir'd a *starry crown*,
Immensely, beaming its *effulgence* round :
An *azure mantle* flow'd, obliquely down,
And, bright with *lamps of silver*, swept the ground.

XI.

MORTAL ! she cry'd, URANIA's face behold !
Urania — muse, of all the heavenly nine,
Best *skill'd* — the paths of *glory* to unfold,
And make the *poet* (like his *art*) *divine*.

XII.

I, thro' the *dancing numbers*, breathe a *soul*,
And, to the sound of *reason*, tune *mankind*:
I teach *true pleasures false* ones to controul,
And *warm* the yielding *heart*, to stamp the *mind*.

XIII.

Mark me, and keep my *image*, long, in *sight*,
And, when *departed* to my *starry sphere*,
Strike this *new harp*, and, from it, draw *delight*,
By sounds, that *list'ning angels* love to hear.

XIV.

Long, have I *mourn'd* my sister's *sully'd fame*,
By *friendless mirth*, or *cheerless malice*, stain'd;
Cramp'd by *cold flatteries*, that *blight* their name,
Or, by *wild warmths* of *loose desire*, profan'd.

XV.

But, *most*, I grieve that *rebel waste* of *wit*,
Which, boldly, pushing its *infernal claim*,
With *darkness*, for such *blind presumption*, fit,
Turns its *own arms*, on HEAVEN, with *impious*
aim,

LEARNT

XVI.

LEARNT are the vulgar *arts* — But POETS draw,
From *heaven alone*, the GIFT, that wings *their*
fire :

Not the *best lights*, that ever *learning* saw,
Could *living verse*, by *study'd* strength, inspire.

XVII.

Thence 'tis, that HOMER, powerless, poor, and *blind*,
Beggar, himself, has taught e'en *kings* to shine:
Buoy'd *sinking heroes*, by fresh floods of *mind*,
And stretch'd the human grasp, with reach
divine.

XVIII.

Thence 'tis, that OVID could not speak, in *prose*,
But wept in *measure*, and expir'd, in *verse* :
Thence, the *Jessæan lyre*, to *musick* rose,
Which *seraphs*, in their MAKER'S EAR, rehearse.

XIX.

Read, meditate, reflect, grow wise — in *vain* ;
Try every *help* ; force *fire*, from every *spark* ;
Yet, shall you ne'er the *poet's* power attain;
If *heaven* ne'er *stamp'd* you, with the *muses* mark.

Man

XX.

Man must be, out of *man*, sublimely swell'd,
 Whose wreckless verse wou'd swim the storms
 of time,
 By force, not fury, meaningly, impell'd,
 To scorn the puny prostitutes of rhyme.

XXI.

The warmth of *fury* but *compassion* moves,
 And less than *man*, makes *man*, to *man*, appear:
 But warmth of *genius*, *man*, from *man*, removes,
 And lifts his widening soul, to HEAVEN's high
 sphere.

XXII.

Mark this soft FLUTE — when, void of vocal
 wind,
 In tuneless silence, rests the sleeping sound:
 Yet, when thus breath'd in, hark! what power
 'twill find,
 To waft the modulated raptures round!

XXIII.

So, 'till the whisp'ring God-head bids — begin,
 The poet's silent spirit stands unbent:
 But, when he feels th' inspiring power, within,
 Tuneful, he spreads the transports, heaven has
 lent. But

XXIV.

Since, therefore, *all*, that makes his genius *shine*,
Is *heaven's* own gift, — how dares he *subjects*
chuse
Base, and *unworthy*, of that warmth *divine*,
And poorly *noxious*, to the *passive muse*?

XXV.

Why is his *pen* employ'd, on *idle* themes?
Why is his *fancy* *light*? his *purpose* *low*?
Why does he *waste* his *fire*, in *fruitless* *dreams*?
And, with a *tide* of *wanton* *wishes*, *flow*?

XXVI.

Why does he stoop to praise *unletter'd* *pride*?
Why *celebrate* *defects*, in those, who *rule*?
Why does his *wit* soft, am'rous *trains* provide,
And bid *love's* *wild* *fire* catch, from *fool* to
fool?

XXVII.

Ah! 'tis too much, that *he*, *himself*, has crimes,
Which, *unrepented*, ne'er *unpunish'd* go :
Why would he *lend* his *guilt* to *distant* *times*,
And teach an *un-born* *race*, to merit *woe*?

As,

XXVIII.

As, on the yielding *wax*, the *seal* we find,
Left in strong *likeness*, with imprinted glow ;
So does the *reader* steal the *poet's* mind,
And, to the *byas* lent, inclining go.

XXIX.

Shame on your *pens*, ye flexible of *heart* !
Whose *poorness* does not hurt *yourselves* alone,
But teaches *blockheads* to despise *your art* ;
Judg'd by *false patterns*, you have, *lightly*,
shewn.

XXX.

Conscious of *this*, wou'd you but turn, at last,
And bid *true genius*, with *true lustre*, shine ;
All would, admiring, lose th' *impression* past,
And *feel*, and own you, of a *stamp* divine.

XXXI.

Then, as *my Moses* his *JEHOVAH* sung,
And *ISRAEL*, wafted by the *guardian rod* :
POETS, from every *kindling country*, sprung,
Shall, in a thousand tongues, *uncover* God.

XXXII.

O, you ! who wou'd the deathless *laurel* win,
No *King's* vile *BADGE*, but *time's* all-rev'rend
crown !
High, as the *fountain*, of your verse begin,
And, with the *God*, you write for, share renown.

XXXIII.

This is a *subject*, that, out-stretching *thought*,
Thro' *depths*, unfounded, wit's long *plummet*
draws :
There, by immense *effects*, immensely taught,
Pour out your *straining* souls, and claim applause.

XXXIV.

There, and there only, find the road to *fame* ;
The *hardiest* themes, the *noblest* glory yield :
On low, *light* subjects, scorn to build a *name* ;
But, ent'ring boldly, plow th' *untrodden* field.

XXXV.

Vainly, shall *envy* blast your *budding* praise ;
Malice and *hatred*, vainly, press you down :
Slow shall you rise, indeed, but sure to blaze,
And, hourly broad'ning, reach decreed renown.

Envy's

XXXVI.

Envoy's a curr, that, at all STRANGERS, barks;

But, on the *known* and *licenc'd*, creeps to fawn:
It's hov'ring *smoke*, hangs hard, on *kindling* sparks,

But, when the *fire* burns up, 'tis, strait with-
drawn.

XXXVII.

On then, be mine — URANIA hears your pray'r;

-Glow, in your *breast*, and fans it's gen'rous
flame:

Write, to be read — be times to come, your care,

And bloom, forever *fragrant*, still the same.

XXXVIII.

She said: and breath'd, *ambrosial*, o'er my face:

The circling *sweetness* swell'd my *ravish'd* mind;

She rose; and left me, in an *empty* space;

But left her *pow'rful* influence, still behind.

As

*An ODE, to ASTRÆA:**From the French of DUBARTAS.*

I.

FAIREST *Pattern*, from above,
 Tho' I only live, for *love*,
 'Tis not for those sparkling eyes:

Tho' the *stars*, that gild the *skies*,
 When the *twinklers* shine *most* bright,
 So compar'd, have *lost* their light.

Tho' the *sun*, in all his blaze,
 Sees *that* smile, and *hides* his rays.

II.

'Tis not, that my *fancy* dips,
 In the *Rainbow's* red, thy *lips*,
 'Tis not ev'n thy *lips*, that *please*:

Tho' the happiest *Hybla* bees,
 When they *rob* the *flow'ry* spring,
 Never ply'd the busy wing,
 Charg'd with *honey*, half so *sweet*,
 As 'twou'd be, those lips to *meet*.

'Tis

III.

'Tis not your *neglect* of air,
Far out-charming others *care* ;
Nor those *locks*, that fall, resign'd,
Catch'd, and *courted*, by the *wind* :
Tho' the *drifts* of glitt'ring *sand*,
Strow'd o'er *Africk's* yellow *strand*,
Ne'er, to charm *ambition*, roll'd
Half such *tempting* veins of *gold*.

IV.

'Tis not to those *polish'd* rows,
'Twixt whose openings, *musick* flows ;
That I find my offerings *due*,
Vows, so *tender*, and so *true* !
Tho' the pearl-producing *East*,
Ne'er did *Europe's* wonder *feast*,
Spite of all its *toothy* store,
With *such* *Ivory*, before.

V.

'Tis not *that* declining *waist*,
Nor that *neck*, so sweetly *grac'd* ;
Nor the *pantings* of that *breast*,
(Soft as *pity*, and as *blest* !)

I cou'd

I cou'd even that *breast* defy :
Tho' were *Læda's swan* but nigh
All its *Down* wou'd fail to show,
Half so *white*, and soft a *snow*.

VI.

When that *forehead* I behold,
(Smooth, as *flatt'ry*, and as *cold* !
'Tis not its majestic *frown*,
Throws my *heart's defences* down :
Tho' the silver *moon*, at height,
Shines *less awful*, thro' the night,
Than the *meanings* of that brow
Shoot *correction* at me, now.

VII.

'Tis not, that this *azure vein*
Marks your *arm*, with *heav'n's* own *stain*,
While, along the *white*, it flows,
Swell'd with *triumph*, as it goes :
'Tis not this engaging *hand*,
Holds my *Heart*, in soft *command* ;
Tho', to hear it *touch the lute*,
Rocks wou'd *speak*, --- and *birds* grow *mute*.

VIII.

Teach me, then, mysterious *fair*,
What your power to charm? and *where*?
 If this *flame* of my desire,
 Did not, at your eyes, catch fire :
 If those *lips* (how *sweet* they be!)
 Have not, thus, *entangled* me ;
 Tell me, *what* my heart cou'd move?
 Teach me, *whence* arose my love?

IX.

If those *ringlets* of your *hair*,
 Did not *string* this *amorous snare*;
 If that *beauteous mouth* has fail'd,
 Nor those *ivory teeth* prevail'd :
 Tell me, *what* *resistless* cause,
 Felt unknown, my *fancy* draws?
 Still, *unpleas'd*, but where *you* are,
 Still untaught, *what* *pleases*, there!

X.

Since those *breasts* — (how *soft* they *rise*!)
 Reach no farther, than my *eyes* ;
 Since I count a *thousand charms*,
 None of which my heart *disarms* :

Let

Let your *still-uncounted* store
 Guide my search, to find out *more*,
 'Till the *cause* I learn to know,
Pleasing cause! that *charms* me so.

XI.

Ah! 'tis found — *delightful* truth!
Sense, with *beauty*, temp'ring youth. —
 'Tis that peerless *soul*, of thine,
 Breaks, like *daylight*, into mine;
 Charg'd, with *heaven's ætherial flame!*
 Full of *charms*, without a name!
 'Tis thy *converse*, turn'd to move,
 Claims *respect*, and forces *love*.

PROLOGUE, To the Double
 Deceit.

POETS misled by *fondness* for their own,
 Think, the *same fondness* actuates the town:
 Like the *charm'd* parent, that its *child* surveys,
 And wonders, any, with *less joy*, can gaze:
 Till *better taught*, both see their *weakness*, plain,
 And, by their former *joy*, now, *weigh* their *pain*.

CONVINC'D of *this*, (e'er an *example* made)
 Our *bard*, by no *self-love* will be betray'd :
 To your *free* judgments, he submits his *cause*,
 And asks, from *what you feel yourselves*, applause,
 Yet, from your *justice*, dares this *hope* maintain,
 You take no joy, to give another — pain,

JUDGMENT, oft, varies, as th' *affected* mind
 Is, from *within*, to joy, or grief, inclin'd :
 If *pleas'd*, the well wrote *play* affords *delight*,
 And each *gay* scene looks *gayer*, in your sight :
 If *vex'd* — (as sorrow disinclines the brain,)
 The poet suffers, for your *private* pain.

ABOVE each weakness, dare, from sense alone,
 To *praise*, or *blame*, what will, to *night*, be shown;
 If to the task *unequal*, he shou'd seem ;
 Th' attempt, to *please* you, merits *some esteem* :
 If he *should* please — *remove*, at once, his *pain* ;
 Applause will make him *grateful*, but not *vain*.

The

The humble Petition of PEGASUS to the
White Horse of H——R.

RIGHT humbly, fair *Cuz* ! in these presents,
 is shown,

By your kinsman most *loving*, tho' *poor* and *un-*
known,

That, since all your delight is in *bounding* and
prancing,

I have *wings*, at my *back*, that might *help* your
advancing.

Therefore, pray, tell your *owner*, who loves to
aspire,

He must cherish our *stud*, if he means to *ride*
higher :

'Tis the *gift* of our *breed*, and the *task* of our
calling,

Both, to *bear* men *aloft*, and to keep 'em, from
falling :

All the *plates*, which his *bounty*, bestows, on you
racers,

But encourage good **RUNNERS**, which ne'er make
 good **CHASERS**.

Not my *lord*, nor his *groom*, nor the *rat-catcher's*
mare,
 Can forsake the dull *earth*, and get foremost,
in air ;
 But were *Pegasus* spur'd, by *crown-plates*, to
move faster,
 He wou'd rise, from *this* world, and win *next*,
for his master :
 You'll forgive me this *scrawl*, tho' it comes the
wrong way ; —
 But S—R R — T's too busy, to mind, what I say,
 And, tho' oft, he spares *money*, to buy an *ass tra-*
ces,
 Won't subscribe a *gold plate*, for the *Helicon races*,

EPILOGUE, *To Zara*,
Spoke by Miss C——, in Boy's Cloaths.

LADIES, 'twill give but *very little pain* t'ye,
 When such a *tiny* thing, as I, *complain* t'ye.
 Were

Were I grown *big*, and bold enough, to *charm* ye,
I'd do't — but, for the *world*, I wou'dn't *harm* ye.

ALAS! — we've *lost* our *stage*; — whereon to
 strut,
 Was the *unlicenc'd claim* of LILLIPUT.
 Yet, *here*, where never *patent monarch* reign'd!
 We see our ground, by *strange usurpers*, gain'd!
 On *our own soil* condemn'd to *over laying*,
 By these *dramatic rats*, in *mouse-hole* playing;
 Ah! do us *right* — Since *like* with *like* engages,
 Give *little actors* way, on *little stages*.

ONE poor pretence they urge — but strain'd
 their wit for't,
 That *we'er too young*, for *business*, and *unfit* for't.
 Lord! *how some folks* WILL LIE! — from truth,
he flinches,
 Who measures *our ability*, by *inches*.
 You know—'tis *young and lively* — *old and crazy* —
 Then, *short*, and *sweet's* the word — but — *long*,
 and *lazy*.
 All things, that *please*, are SHORT — no — *short*
caressings,
 I fear, you'd, all, *give up*; — and chuse — *long*,
 blessings. L 4 Well!

Well!—*such* be *yours*, if after *they've* done *playing*,
You come, and make *our* troop *amends*, for *staying*.

EPIGRAM,

On giving the Name of GEORGIA to a
Part of CAROLINA.

WHILE, rip'ning slow, the future purpose
lay,
And conscious silence plann'd th'op'ning way;
Kind, o'er the rising scheme, an angel hung,
And dropt this counsel, from his guardian tongue.

Wish you, *this way*, the royal pair inclin'd?
To Carolina be a Georgia join'd —
Then, shall both colonies sure progress make,
Endear'd to either, for the other's sake:
Georgia shall Carolina's favour move;
And Carolina bloom, by GEORGE's love.

A Let.

*A Letter from a departed Spirit ; to the
Author (Mr. Pope) of a Lady's Cha-
racter, lately publish'd, in a Thursday's
Journal.*

STript, to the *naked soul*, escap'd, from *clay*,
From *doubts*, unfetter'd; and dissolv'd, in *day*:
Unwarm'd, by *vanity*; unreach'd, by *strife*,
And all my *hopes*, and *fears*, thrown off, with *life*:
Why am I *charm'd*, by *Friendship's* fond essays,
And, tho' *unbody'd*, conscious of *thy praise*?

Has *pride* a portion, in the *parted soul*?
Does *passion* still, the *formless mind* controul?
Can *gratitude* out-pant the *silent breath*?
Or, a *friend's sorrow* pierce the *glooms of death*?
No — 'tis a *spirit's* NOBLER taste of *bliss*!
That feels the worth, it *left*, in proofs, like *this*:
That, not its *own* applause, but *thine*, approves,
Whose *practice* praises, and whose *virtue* loves!
Who *liv'st*, to crown *departed* friends, with *fame*,
Then *dying late*, shall all, thou gav'st, *reclaim*.

The

The CIVth Psalm.

I.

LET my exalted harp be *doubly* strung!
High-tune thy praise, my soul! and let thy God
 be sung!

See! how around his throne the conscious rays
 Shoot quiv'ring, with continuous *curve*, and *trem-*
ble in their *blaze*!

See! what soul-shaking majesty, effulgent, he
 displays!

Cloath'd with embodied light, see! where he
 stands!

Pointing wide his dread commands!

As earth's dim flames, o'erwhelm'd by stream-
 ing day,

Beneath the *sun-beams* die away,

The *sun*, full met, with cover'd face, retires,
 Burns inward, and rolls *back* his frightened fires!

Gracious, th' unequal eye of man to screen!

See! where the maker kindly *shades* the too re-
 splendent scene!

And, like a *curtain*, widely drawn, spreads out
 whole heaven, *between*.

Look!

Look! now, amazing! where he glides!
Look! where yon gathering *host of clouds*, he
dreadfully bestrides!

And, awful, on those *self-roll'd chariots*, rides!

He moves! he *walks*, upon the swift-wing'd
wind!

He steps, from world to world, at once, and
leaves even *thought*, behind!

II.

MYRIADS of hovering angels croud the God-
grac'd scene to fill!

Angels! fit heralds for th' almighty's will!

Ten thousand fiery *light'nings* sweep his way!

Nimble *Couriers* of his sway!

And, round his temples, hissing *swift*, in blue
Mæanders, play!

The firm-fix'd balance of the self-poiz'd
globe,

To neither byas, partial sway'd,
Became thus *just*, at his great word, and *lastingly*
obey'd!

At *his* command, the covering *deep*, drew off the
world's wet robe;

Gave

Gave *back*, and fill'd the chanel, he had made !
But, peeping o'er the hills, reluctant staid ;
Displeas'd with its *new* bounds, but more afraid,
Its *old* to re-invade !
E'en yet the stubborn-hearted flood, no more
High-licenc'd, as before,
Disdains to give its proud *repinings* o'er :
Oft, with bold *murmurs*, it alarms the shore,
And, now and then, with rebel *rage*, breaks out,
in general *roar* !
But, when presumptuous billows swell, too high,
And sprinkle heaven's eternal eye :
Streight, all the thunders of God's voice, in loud
resentment, rise ;
The starting flood hears, shakes, and flies !
Down sinks the quash'd aspirer, from the skies,
And, *bush'd*, in humble flatness, lies !
Yet, if the sovereign *will* but *nods*, black oceans
quit their bed !
Foamy, they lash each other *on*, with high dis-
covering head !
And, curling, climb the steepy hills, and, o'er
drown'd mountains spread !
Thence *call'd* again, again they rush ! confessing
God's controul !

Again

Again let loose, reseek their sandy beds!

Tumble, for haste, o'er one another's heads!

And, sweeping with resistless breadth, o'er de-
lug'd kingdoms roll!

Fierce, as they are, they're subject to *his* check!

They know th' appointed bounds, and watch
th' *imperious* beck!

III. That does not

From the huge treasury of the briny deep,

Thro' thousand earth-form'd lab'rins, taught
to slide,

In search of *springs*, the salt-stript *waters* creep,

And trickling thence, into sweet *rivers* glide.

Smooth-travelling, to seek their mazy way!

And, devious, 'twixt th' enamour'd hills, slowly,
delightful, stray;

These God appointed thus to flow, exhaustless,
stores of drink,

Where every beast may quench his thirst, that
seeks the smiling brink!

And, in the shady groves, which on their bor-
ders, rise!

He hous'd the warbling songsters of the skies!
The

The pride-swoln mountains, which *ambitious*
 grow,
 And, neighb'ring *heaven*, disdain the world,
below,
 Nor will, to humble *brooks*, refreshment owe,
 He waters, with th' *ætherial seas*, or coronets of
snow!

Amazing goodness! where's the smallest space!
 That does not *feel*, and *boast* his grace?
 For *cattle's* food, green flourishes, the flow'r-
embroider'd mead:

For *man's* free use, is every *fruit* decreed:
 For *him*, th' inspiring *grape* was taught to *bleed*;
 Bread-bearing *corn* makes glad the labourer's
toil;
 And his rough skin grows supple, smooth'd with
oil.

IV.

When, at fix'd times, up rolls the changeful
moon,
 God shoots her shadowy gleam, thro' night's
 black noon!
 Rapid, as is the ever-wheeling *sun*,
 He dares not measure heaven, one thought,
too soon? Yet,

Yet, at *God's word*, the flag of day is furl'd,
And *licenc'd darkness* rises o'er the world !

Then, does the gloomy forest quake !
And all th' assembled savage kind their *holiday*,
then, make !

Leaf-trembling trees, in silent horror, shake !
And panting herds creep, terrified, away !
While the stern *lion*, hungry, roars, and stalks
abroad, for prey !

God suffers him the needful prey to take !

And, then, *new-wakes the day* !
Out breaks the *sun*, and, to their *dens*, the *beasts*
fly swift away !

Almighty power ! how dost thou *thought* con-
found !

What human search can trace thy mazy round ?
How wisely, and how *vastly*, Lord ! are all thy
wonders done !

Not *earth*, alone, does, with thy wealth, a-
bound,

But all, *above*, and all *beneath* the sun !

V.

THE *sea's* wild herds, as well as those, on *land*,
Rough-moulded sons, *too* ! of thy formful hand,
All *live* and *move* by thy command :

The

The horrid wonders of *that* scene, fatigue the
akeing eye,

There, wave-toss'd ships the op'ning depths defy!
And, circling, thro' th' imprison'd winds, their
diff'rent courses ply!

There does *Leviathan*, wide-wallowing, lie:
And, while his broad, unweildy sports, the *scaly*
people fly!

He, dreadful monster! sucks in *seas*, and spouts
'em, at the sky!

On *thee*, obedient, all thy creatures wait:
And, in due season, all, by *thee*, are fed,
Thy single bounty does their bliss create;
They gather, what *thy* op'ning hand has spread:
If *thou* but hid'st thy face, they fall away:

Thou tak'st their breath, and they decay;
At once, return to unform'd *dust*, and old *pater-*
nal clay.

Again! *thou* dost but speak thy potent will!
And life, rekindling, glows within 'em, still!
Forever, shall thy glorious power endure!

The pillars of thy majesty stand *stedfastly*, and sure!
Approach'd by *thee*, the conscious mountains *smoke*;
And earth, *dissolv'd*, flows loose, beneath thy
stroke!

Tho' truth, oft try'd, this known advice imparts,
 That noble blood *may* warm ignoble hearts!
 Hid in a cloud of pomp, which hems the throne,
 There *may* be greatness, to my hopes unknown!
 Howe'er unsought, howe'er unseen, by me,
 There *may* some soul-distinguish'd nature be!
 Some gen'rous breast, whose mind, divinely warm,
 Has taught him, how uncourted favours *charm*!

If such there be, so rich, so strong, a mind!
 And thou, blest muse, shall his bright bosom find!
 Whisper, in gentle notes, thy master's pray'r:
 And, in soft accents, this sad truth declare.

THERE lives, O, brightest gem, of honour's
 crown!

Thou angel-acted theme of just renown!

There lives, who, skill'd, in Fortune's wanton
 sports,

Hopes, with such faintness, for regard from courts,
 That, tho' not blind to worth, which all men see!
 He sends me, half-despairing, even to *thee*!
 No gain-polluted aim inspires his views!
 He seeks not office, nor reward pursues!

More

More nobly fir'd, his thoughts high schemes design,

To stretch dominion, and make empire shine!
 Oh! were his wishes blest! and thy kind ear
 Wou'd, once, impartial, his conceptions hear!
 Th' important moment might resolves produce,
 And cloath ideas, with substantial use!

Stop there, O muse! 'twere needless more to
 say!

And, with unwilling slowness, glide away:
 If, mov'd, he calls thee back, regardful, go!
 If not, return, ungriev'd: all vain complaint is low.

The Tears of the Muses: A Poem.

GERMANICUS, for love, and empire, born,
 At once to govern kingdoms, and adorn;
 Too good for greatness, but that kings can bless,
 Too firm for fear, but of his friend's distress:
 Fore-temp'ring pow'r by reason's generous plan,
 To task the monarch, meditates the man.

IN a town grove, whence dryads *noise* exclude,
 And hush loud streets, to sylvan solitude,
 Veil'd by a verdant skreen's incircling shade,
 Whose angly sides eight arching lights pervade,
 Friend to mankind, their pensive fav'rite stood;
 Revolving previous plans of purpos'd good.

SOFT, to his sight, a *female suppliant* press'd,
 In all the speaking marks of mis'ry dress'd:
 Down-look'd, relax'd of mien, oft bending, low;
 Now stopping short, now re-advancing, slow:
 Pardon, she cry'd, th' intruding sighs of grief;
 Hope is the friendless wretche's *last* relief.

GERMANICUS, who, when distress draws
 nigh,
 Catches quick sorrow, from the suff'rer's eye,
 With gentle waft invites her back'ning fears,
 And smiles the warmth of pity on her tears.
 Her, while advancing, heedful he survey'd,
 Chance stretch'd his eye to the remoter shade:
 Where, dimly obvious, from the bord'ring wood,
 Dark'ning the arches, eight new phantoms stood;
 All, like the first, thin forms of shiv'ring woe,
 Wept all --- in dumb, sad, solemn, circl'y show!

THINK,

THINK, cry'd th' approacher, prostrate at his
 feet,
 How sharp is insult ! and relief how sweet !
 Pity a wretched sisterhood of tears :
 Nine friendless mourners, whom no comfort
 cheers.
 All arts were ours, that polish'd life cou'd gain :
 But arts, and polish'd life, were ours in vain.
 See ! what reward wish'd knowledge cou'd impart !
 Where fool is fashion, ignorance is art.
 Urg'd by derision, and escaping hate,
 We, sad, slow, exiles, seek some gentler fate.
 To the bleak *north's* new-rising coasts we go ;
 Less *cold* than these, amidst eternal *snow*.
 Glory's gay beams, to whose felt warmth we run,
 More than supply the absence of their sun.
 There, mourning merit cannot miss relief ;
 Where watchful *pow'r* supplants *prevented* grief.
 Fam'd for munificence, thy princely hand
 Singly *absolves* an unbestowing land.
 Ah ! save the friendless - - + help the wrong'd a-
 way :

Too *poor* to go, yet too *un-lov'd* to stay !
 Pay but wish'd *passage* from this cruel shore :
 And never, never, will we trust it more.

SCARCE had th' imploring accents voic'd her
pray'r,
When the known sounds and recollected air,
Through the false semblance, natively convey'd,
To the charm'd prince, a speaking *muse*, betray'd,
Round, while, uncrediting the storied woe,
His curious eyes discov'ring glances throw.
Th' examin'd umbrage, as he turn'd, reveal'd
Each *muse*, that ev'ry distant arch conceal'd.
Waiting impatient, for the finish'd tale,
Quit your vain hope, he cry'd, by *want's* thin
veil
Unbid, to 'scape the rev'rence of my zeal,
Who all your power, thro' all your changes, feel.

JOYFUL, he snatch'd th' implorer from the
ground,
Then, turning graceful, bow'd progressive, round;
Press'd their joint access undisguis'd and gay;
And shone, receptive of each effluent ray.

SEATED, and circled by the beamy train,
Their shapes, resuming, and themselves again,
Tell

Tell me, said he — ye soul-inspiring *nine* !
 Ye living fires, that give the great, to *shine*,
 Who, quick'ning regal courage into flame,
 Guide it, by justice, to immortal fame !
 Why wou'd ye *leave* a land distinguish'd, long,
 For love of valour, and for hate of wrong ?
 Where freedom unrestrain'd her empire holds,
 And legal monarchy new bloom unfolds ?

He paus'd — and CLIO answering, thus began,
 Perish, pale *Malice* ! --- It oblit'rates *man*.

Where envy *blasts*, the muse inspires in vain :
 No human culture, there, extends its reign.

Loft in malignity by civil hate,
 Virtues, that clash with virtues, curse a state.
 Stifled in faction, arts unfriended sink :

Or, pigmy'd into partial flatt'ry shrink.

Hist'ry must blush, the wiles of *spleen* to pen,
 And grace the bloodless broils of angry men.

SMOTHER'D in *self*, there breathes no public
 soul, ———

Where sep'rate strugglings gen'ral strength con-
 troul,

There, Policy's old gen'rous straitness *bends*;
 And shifting *medium* crawls to sidelong ends.
 There, fraud *triumphant* tempts the just to fall :
 And every one man's gain is loss, to all.
 There, love, internal, checking sighs that roam,
 Begins, and ends, all charity, — at home.
 Each pray'r appropriates one man's modest aim :
 And humbly trusts to God the common claim,
 Crush'd by contempt of praise, *exertion* dies :
 And public spirit, laugh'd at, shuns to rise.

THITHER when hope misleads th' historic
 muse,
 Swift let her seek some scene of nobler views.
 Where guileless pow'r no praise to *craft* as-
 cribes,
 Where Courage scorns *deceit*, and duty — *bribes*.
 Where nervous meaning dares, *directly*, speak ;
 And crooked windings teach no truth to *sneak*.

'Tis *found* — for, see ! — the icy *pole* dis-
 solves !
 Honour's new warmth with sunny force evolves !
 There,

There, glows *event*! there, more than *Roman*
 arms
 Clash their *prophetic* thunder's fear'd alarms!
 There, the puls'd public beats, in ev'ry vein:
 Strong, to one purpose, lifts with equal strain.
 No *wile* pretension, there, at *titles* aims:
 No *Pride-sworn* lumber *lazy lordship* thames.
 There, shines the *sword*, in honour's guarded
 track,
 No knighthood blushes, on a *miser's* back.
 No bought emblaz'nings, eminence efface,
 No dirty dignity sublimed disgrace.
 There, *Heroes* multiply; and labouring fame
 Grows busy, — to record each sparkling name.

SHE ceased — the prince his patriot eyes
 withdrew,
 Weigh'd the long charge, and wish'd it, half,
 untrue.
 Sigh'd at the waste domestic discord made:
 And mourn'd unfriended arts, by spleen be-
 tray'd.
 Then view'd the sisters, re prepar'd to hear:
 While ERATO, soft sighing, charm'd his ear.

LUR'D

LUR'D, said the *am'rous* muse, from realms
 Above,
 Pleas'd, I descended on this land of love;
 Look'd and approv'd: and form'd aerial schemes,
 Of heart-felt ties, and hope's elusive dreams;
 Vainly propos'd — each sex by each to mend;
 And smooth the rugged paths of life, with friend.
 Snatch'd at one sweet example, new to fame,
 Urg'd its dear pow'r, th' *unhappier* to reclaim:
 Misguided millions hail'd th' acknowledg'd
 charms;
 And lov'd perfection, when it bless'd *thy* arms.
 But ah! too lost a length *themselves* were gone!
 They worship'd, and confess'd:--but still *sin'd* on.
 Yet I, vain hop'er! still new helps apply:
 And, ever failing, wou'd forever try.
 To slighted beauty wou'd new powers impart:
 And stretch the aided empire of the heart.
 Teach man, that woman's strength in softness lies:
 Teach woman, why the modest charm the wise.
 Useless to either, I from both, remove.
 Money's th' inspiring *muse* of modish love!
 O'er truth and passion, avarice prevails,
 All vows are venal, and all sighs are sales.

Int'rest

Int'rest and vanity, and self, disarm
 Mutual esteem, till neither sex can charm.
 Then, blanc unnat'ral whims pervert desire :
 Attraction failing, they exchange *attire*.
 Then, man's *lac'd lightness* apes the lady's air :
 And bluff, big, boldness, *masculates* the fair.
 With changing sexes, love's lost motives change,
 From wish to wish the short-liv'd passions range.
 Recorded constancy becomes *romance* :
 And, among millions, two may love—by chance!

Why should I, then, supporting present scorn,
 Stretch my too patient hope, to times unborn?
 When, to the *North*, where nature shines unstain'd,
 Confiding sexes love, with faith unfeign'd,
 Their native beauties, in no clime excell'd,
 To rising force by conscious worth impell'd;
 While thro' the sparkling eye taught spirit breaks,
 And the felt lustre of their fame partakes.

THE lover prince unwillingly believ'd
 Faults, which his nobler nature scarce conceiv'd.
 Touch'd for the honour of the human heart,
 His own glow'd painful, with ideal smart.

When

When loftier accents from URANIA broke,
And snatch'd his list'ning soul, while *science* spoke.

From heav'n's unfounded depth, she cry'd, I
stole

Angelic fire, and form'd a NEWTON's *soul*.

Taught him the secret walks of God to tread ;

And 'twixt the starry worlds his spirit led :

All *Æther* op'ning to a mortal's eyes,

Till earth sent colonies, and held the Skies !

What King, for this magnificently just,

Bless'd him in life, or dignified his dust ?

What voted honours *mark* the aspirer's race ?

What *thinking statues* emulate his face ?

He, who immortaliz'd his country's name,

Beyond ten thousand *conqu'rors* bounded fame,

He, who, to lift mankind, new heav'ns display'd,

And every human breather nobler made,

Did he to public fame all nature raise ?

And is he poorly left to private praise !

In such a land, ah ! what can arts expect ?

What claim has hopeless science, but neglect ?

O ! fate of wint'ry worth, by climate cross'd !

Budding untimely, to be nip'd in frost !

NEWTON

NEWTON has multiplied the *suns*! — yet pours
In vain, the light of all their orbs, on ours.

When will th' incurious courts, for which, he
found

New worlds, find will to trace an old one round?

What promis'd pension ships th' unshaken soul,
To dare discov'ry, and ungloom the pole?

What coasting keel, indenting *southern* strands,
Starts the long shores of cloud-benighted lands?

No annual bounty, persevering, kind,

Draws the dark veil, that covers half mankind.

What regal influ'nce, easing learning's birth?

Now, adds new stars to heav'n? or arts, to earth?

Who sows munificence, to root up sloth,

And call forth harvests, of eternal growth?

HAIL, to the land, where war makes *science*
room!

Where realms from desarts rise! and ruins bloom!

Where conquest, spreading to embrace distress,

Lets loose ambition, not to waste, but bless!

There, pow'r inverts destruction, into *birth*;

And the *prolific* sword empeoples earth!

There, desolation, fruitful in decay,

Fades, into opulence, and strengthens sway.

There

There, ports (un-native) indrawn seas confine;
And climbing streams o'er channel'd mountains
shine.

There, public splendor *swallows* private pride,
And claims, which all men share in, all men, *guide*;
There art, rewarded, strains excited skill;
Till dazling wonders wid'ning empire fill.

The fierce free *Tartar* sees the *Tartar* taught;
Grins, at advancing *rule*, and pants for *thought*.

Then, in long link, new nations forward draw:
And the drain'd wilds of nature crowd to *law*.

Hail, promis'd land!--All, now, that seems severe,
Is -- that, removing hence, we leave You here.

URANIA stopp'd and bow'd. -- The prince,
whose heart

Inly confess'd the pow'r of cherish'd art,
Nobly approving praise, so justly warm;
Smil'd, conscious of his inborn right to charm.

NEXT, rose TERPSICHORE, -- *melodious* muse!
Soft, her first accents, like descending dews:
Sweet, and flow swelling, till in livelier found,
Gay, to the ravish'd ear, quick transports bound.

Tim'd

Tim'd to the tuneful voice, each trembling tree
 Strain'd its tugg'd roots, and labour'd to be free.
 Warm'd thro' the wak'ning *stone*, the sculptur'd
 ear
 Of every starting statue seem'd to *bear*.
 Air catch'd, and length'ning back the mazy notes,
 Curls, while the undulating music floats.
 Earth list'ning to *inhale* harmonious pain,
 Sigh'd it, in soft vibration, back again.

PARDON a mourning muse, that leaves, with
 tears,
 The land, that lov'd GERMANICUS endears.
 But, ah! what toils, what anguish, shalt thou bear!
 What endless labour must o'erload thy care!
 Ere thy last views a taste, like thine, inspire,
 And sparkling kingdoms catch thy manly fire!

NEAR *opera's* fribling *fugues*, what muse can
 stay?
 Where wordless warblings winnow *thought*, away!
 Music, when *purpose* points her not the road,
 Charms, to betray, and softens, to *corrode*.
 Empty of sense, the soul-seducing art
 Thrills a slow poison to the sick'ning heart.

Soft

Soft sinks *idea*, dissolute in ease,
And all life's feeble lesson is, to *please*.
Spirit, and taste, and generous toil, take flight!
And lazy love, and indolent delight,
And low luxurious weariness of pain,
Lull the lost mind, — and all its powers are vain.

HENCE, to the realms of *fame*, ye muses, fly.
There, to the drum's big beat, the heart leaps
high.

There, fighting flutes but temp'ring martial heat,
Teach distant pity and revenge to *meet*.

The manly pipe, there, scorns th' expanded *shakes*,
That wind wav'd nothings, till attention *akes*.

There *now*, concurring keys and chords increase
The heart's soft social ties, and cherish *peace*.

Then, trumpets, answ'ring trumpets, shrill, and far,
Swell to the sounding wind th' inspiring *war*.

There, the rous'd soul, in exercise, grows strong:
Nor, *pools* to puddly foulness, stopp'd, too long.

Strength'ning and strengthened, by the poet's fire,
There, music's meaning voice *exalts* desire.

There, harmony not drowns, but quickens,
thought;

And fools, unfeeling words, by notes are *caught*.

SOFT sigh'd the prince, for suff'ring music,
pain'd,
And POLYHYMNIA, rising warm, complain'd.
Deign to be told, impartial, gen'rous, wise!
Why fruitless *eloquence* indignant flies.
Gall'd at lost time, in cases vainly clear'd,
At truths *untouching*, and at sounds, *unheard*;
Blushing, while Oratory's lab'ring strains,
On *præ-decision*, waste derided pains;
And flourish'd periods, to no purpose *fine*,
Like suns in deserts, without *notice*, shine,
Hating *grave* insult, I disdain to stay,
Where talk but trifles, and where tropes but play.
If serious rhet'ric sweats, where sneering *mutes*
Hast'ning the hurried *question*, crop disputes;
If *law* sells argument, yet *forms* must reign,
And, custom pleading, equity is vain;
If the dark *pulpit's* short mysterious art
Lifts *faith* to heav'n; and damns the *moral heart*;
Bear me, dishonour'd God! to some plain state,
Where truth, in spite of *aye* and *no*, is weight.
Where pleas of right a reas'ning bench persuade,
And justice scorns in *precedent* to trade.

Where no bold blasphemy wou'd faith enslave :
But, humble, honest, doubting, *works* can save.

EUTERPE, watchful of her sister's close,
Snatch'd her sunk cadence, and impatient rose.
Pleasure, she cry'd, is mine ; mine, the gay skill,
To paint the fancy, and adorn the will.
But where dry *avarice* has taste betray'd,
Pleasure is robbery, in *masquerade*.
Contending sexes push one common aim :
And youth, and wit, and beauty, meet, to *game* !
At cards to conquer, or at dice to sweep,
Is all the humble joy, the *polish'd* reap !

OR, if, aspiring to robuster praise,
Some livelier genius, warmth more *active* sways,
Then, frock'd in gloomy sleekness, tight, and
smart,
The pert, capp'd, *racer*, dares the *jockeys* art,
At stake and plate, his skill profoundly shewn,
He, from his *horse's* worth, presumes his own.

OR, nobly stung by *John* the *coachman's* claim,
Climbing th' advent'rous *box*, disputes his fame !
Scatt'ring

Scatt'ring malignant dust, cracks voice and thong,
Glows, for a livery's *right*, and burns along !
Proudly display'd, looks back, and shouts to find
Poor conscious *John*, less glorious, hang behind.

Not *so*, th' *Olympian* rivals charm'd, of old,
When fiery youths in whirling chariots roll'd !
Then, the watch'd signal bad the rank disjoin ;
And rushing wheels dissolv'd the breaking line :
Strain'd to th' expanded whip's impulsive sound,
Light leap'd th' exulting axles o'er the ground :
'Twixt crowding nations, partial, panting, gay,
The prais'd plum'd hero *skim'd* the leff'ning way,
The smoaking steeds obey'd the watchful rein,
And winding warlike, swept the shouting plain.
Now, graceful *rais'd*, now *pendent* in career,
High, and far-glitt'ring, shone the charioteer ;
Firm in his seat, superior in his mien,
Flew o'er the course, and flam'd along the green :
Martial in gesture, eminent in grace,
His birth and grandeur light'ning from his face,

Or, if to sweeter contest match'd he mov'd,
And, in some *ball*, led the kind hand he lov'd,

The modest fair, flow thro' the mazy dance,
Swam to the love-sick soul, in soft advance.
No light coarse *frisling* kick'd off woman's air!
No strong, stretch'd, limb, out-trod attraction,
there,

Decent their pleasures, and discreetly weigh'd;
Active the youth, and delicate the maid.
Honour, by elegance, its right maintain'd:
And, thought correcting rapture, prudence reign'd.

MOURNFUL MELPOMENE, with *tragic* frown,
Spoke next: and thus deplor'd a tasteless town.
Why strove the *scenic* muse to shine, in vain,
Where wit is levity, and art is gain?
Where law's blind hope wou'd curb corruption's
rage,

Yet, lest undue *contempt* to taint the stage?
Hence, Theatres, neglected into shame,
Catching at concourse, purity disclaim.
By pow'r deserted, make their humbler court
To rake, and rancour, or to fool and sport.
Piqu'd to reprizal, unconfed'rate wit,
Noting the *popular*, evades the *fit*.
Then, the play plots on state-craft, laughs at truth:
Misguides allegiance, or unfinews youth.

Thither

Thither crouds faction, to be taught complaint :
Where pow'r, the *martyr*, might have reign'd,
the *saint*.

There, wisdom bleeds, by pleasure's feath'ry dart :
And love's loose hand unstrings the slacken'd heart.
There, discontent, first, tries her tim'rous force ;
Hints, and finds *help*, and *dares* her dang'rous course.
There, froth, farce, flatt'ry, chance, sedition, rule :
And virtue scarce finds place, in virtue's *school* !

FAREWELL, forsaken stage — When *courts*
refuse

To urge wit's wand'ring rein, she *shames* a *musè*.
Hail ! from AFAR — thou, fate-foretelling light !
Beaming *prognostic*, through the eye of night !
Kindling a hundred realms, the' enliv'ning flame
Wings the wak'd energy of courted fame.
There, empire flashing into glory's blaze,
Conscious intention blushes not at praise.
There spurring virtue, wit has leave to *mean* :
And pow'r exciting passion, prompts the *scene*.

So *must it be*, ere tragic fire is felt !
But, where grave thoughts are marks, for fools
to pelt,

Where tir'd illit'rate viewless yawning pride
 Must hear, unlist'ning, and, untaught, decide,
 There, let lost *sentiment* mispoint no beam;
 To hope, were blindness: and to wish a dream!

UP leap'd THALIA, glowing red with rage,
 Fir'd and indignant at a farceful age.
 Shall *Comedy's* insulted muse, she cry'd,
 Hold *hoops*, to *tumblers*! —————
 She paus'd, —unable to proceed; —sigh'd strong:
 Repell'd the big disdain — and trac'd her wrong.

SHALL COMEDY, for sworded *harlequin*,
 Split *lathe*s? and arm him, for the mimic scene!
 While *he*, proud impotence! with modish strut,
 Cocks bluff, diffusive of his *wooden cut*!
 Must she *swing Gypsies* o'er the winnow'd pit,
 Mounting *posteriors*, in defect of *wit*!
 Or clap some *human whirlwind's* blust'ring rage,
 That o'er twelve heads descending, shakes the
 stage!

Stare, while th' unmanly reptile's wriggling twist
 Threads the stay'd ladder, and descends, *unbifs'd*?
 Or, for the rope-aspirer's jirkful tread,
 Shall she poize right their emblematic *lead*?

No,

No — Let implor'd expulsion wing me thence !
Far let me fly, to some fair seat of sense :
Where life's stol'n humour glows with mirthful
grace,

And comic picture copies nature's face :
Where imag'd passion, dear to the polite,
Leaves low buffoon'ry to the rabble's right.
Tir'd, yet untask'd, let me no longer wait,
Laughing unheeded — at the laughing great :
While, with the roar of boys, to tricks they run,
Which mobs shou'd shout at, and the wise shou'd
shun.

Gravely, good souls ! reserving solid scorn,
For thoughts, to feel whose *force*, themselves
were *born*.

WARM'D in wit's cause, lamenting genius lost,
Nor tasting ecstasy, at judgment's cost,
List'ning GERMANICUS, with pensive grace,
Revolv'd with'd soft'nings, for a pitied race :
When, like a trumpet pouring music's *flood*,
Speaking CALLIOPE thrill'd thro' his blood.

THERE was a prince ! ah ! bid me add, ere
long,

There is — impulsive of the *epic* song.
Flame, of imperial prominence, he shin'd :
Terror, at once, and *charm*, of humankind !
All the soft praise of social life his due :
All the rais'd pow'rs, of arms, and arts, he knew:
Fearless, impell'd his father's fortune on :
And, in youth's dawn, a dazzling victor shone !
In force resistless, yet undaring wrong :
Honest, in vengeance ! and in pity, *strong* !
Without, dwelt war, in all her thund'ring din :
While peace in all her stillness, wept, within.
Form'd for a lover, for a thinker taught ;
Bloodless *reflective* eminence, he fought ;
Born to be *greatest*, chose but to be *best* :
But heav'n, that knew his use, forbad his rest:
Then, from the calms of conqu'ring *thought*, he
rose,
Glow'd in tempestuous *war*, and scorn'd repose.
Uncrown'd, gave crowns, at will, their *thorns* un-
try'd ;
And *more* than reigning, *without* reigning died.

SUCH

SUCH, though the land I *leave* cou'd shew me
still,

Calm seasons call not for a Pilot's skill.
Peace is the blessing, commerce loves to chuse ;
But *war*, and *glory*, task the *epic* muse.
Farewel, sure subject of my future song !
When, rising shameful at a *people's* wrong,
In times yet distant, thy rememb'ring hand
Lets loose *correction* at some foreign land.
Then, loud as thy applause, reclaim us, all :
And every muse of nine shall wait thy call.

SPEAKING she rose : and, with her, rising
flow,

Her eight sad sisters, fighting, turn'd to go.
Lively upstarting from his shadow'd seat,
Stay, cry'd the prince, alarm'd, — suspend retreat.
Just though your anger, yet revenge forbear :
Left, taught by muses, man forgets to *spare*.
Too soon, degen'rate nature warps awry,
The bad to copy, and the good to fly.
Have you beheld wit's stream *discolour'd* glide,
And pour'd lost azure on th' unconscious tide ?

Think

Think the blame *yours*, who heav'n's best tincture
bring,

To stain the current, yet neglect the *spring*!

Wou'd you, at once, *Cærulean* depth renew?

And, gayly bright'ning, flush th' improvement,
through?

High, at the *source*, th' infusive *tinge* bestow:

And ev'ry downward drop shall tinctur'd flow.

BUT, while, a *vagrant*, inspiration strays,

And, here and there, unlicens'd pow'r displays,

Though sep'rate, individual *strollers* share

Some uncollective scatt'rings, of your care;

This way, and that, though some faint hint of
light

Gleams, like a meteor, and shrinks back in night,

Or, mingling beams, to form some deathless blaze,

Once in an age, you, POPES, or THOMSONS,

raise:

All the lost labour serves but to express,

How wide our wants! how thinly we possess!

Till the *day breaks*, expect no gen'ral glow:

For, the sky darken'd, keeps all dark, below.

HERE,

HERE, for wit's *fountain*, dream not of a *court*,
 False and injurious, slight th' unweigh'd report.
 Meant, for a clime, where *thrones* appropriate
 pow'r,

And one man's passions all mens rights devour.
 But, in free states, where liberty may *chuse*,
 Taste knows no *monarch*, and obeys no *musè*.
Senates their muses; *property* their aim :
 Their boast but *safety* — and their play-thing,
fame.

No — wou'd your willing culture waste no
 toil?
 Wou'd your bays thrive, in a reluctant soil?
 Ductile of form, and changing shapes at will,
 Assume *new sex*, new names, new views, *new skill*.
 Safe, in sage *politics*, conceal your *wit* :
 Then, by my bounty, *qualify'd* to *fit*,
 Nine *Cornish* boroughs might assign you place,
 Where, mix'd unthought-of, you may shun dis-
 grace.
 There, breathing unsuspected influence, *lurk*,
 Till patient progress crowns your arduous work.
 Thence.

Thence, shall descending radiance *taste* convey :
 And willing kingdoms make the *muses* way.
 Till, time slow fav'ring, you may quit disguise,
 And wear wit, *plain*, among th'unlaughing wise.

PAUSING, he smil'd humanity, so kind,
 That ev'ry muse was touch'd, and chang'd her
 mind :

All bow'd consent, to his grave purpose wrought ;
 And, thus, URANIA voic'd her sister's thought.

BORN to a people's *hearts*, their DARLING,
 shine !

Let ev'ry wish, and hope, and joy, be thine !
 Mov'd by the magic mercy of thy view,
 We feel good counsel, and embrace it too.
 One sole *condition* grant, and we obey :
 No dang'rous *notice* must detect our stay !
 Hid in *thy grove*, each menial muse shall claim
 Domestic shelter from reproach and shame :
 Till, by thy scheme, their yet unrival'd *friend* !
 Their influ'ence widens, and their suff'rings end.
 Then, shewn the world, and *privileg'd* to please,
 And, gath'ring face and fashion, by degrees,

Seen,

Seen at *assemblies*, belles may jokes forbear :
Nor, shocking modest *strangers*, turn and stare !

Thus, in his shade, from public pain exempt,
Sleeping, the visionary poet *dreamt*.
Then wak'd ; and found his sparkling PRINCE
was there :
But ev'ry empty *muse* was lost in air.

The CREATION.

A Paraphrase upon the first Chapter of GENESIS.

IN the beginning, the Almighty God !
Sending out his loud decree,
Begot existence, and bid being *be* !
Creation ! first-born child of un-nam'd night,
Swell'd slowly, upward, at his pow'rful beck :
Aloft, he wav'd his threat'ning rod,
And, strait, resistance fled the awful check !
And trembled, downward, from his dread-
ful nod !
Then,

Then, out of *chaos*, streak'd with sudden light,
Up roll'd the face of *form*, wrapt round with
night,

And, from the curling clouds, march'd out, mag-
nificent, and bright;

Loose earth, at first, was rude, and shapeless,
made,

And cover'd thick, with still, and empty shade;
For darkness, brooding o'er the *deep*, had motion
overlaid!

Out went the *spirit*, o'er the lifeless waste,
And breath'd, in breezy gales, God's high
command:

Let there be *light*, said he; and e'er the word
was past,

Pale, quiv'ring beams shot thick, on every
hand:

And gath'ring into lustre, devious, flew,
Ready to act, but ignorant what to do.

The spirit swift collected all, and rang'd 'em, on
one side,

And drove the sever'd darkness on a heap,
Curling black with wheely sweep,

In piles, immensely horrible, and steep:

Then

Then, passing flow, *between*, their borders to divide;

Henceforth, be this bright fluid, *day*, he cry'd,

And *night* this dusky mount, on my left side :

So saying, pleas'd with his own work, he shot himself away,

And *morning*, thus, and *evening*, join'd, made up the *first* great *day*.

II.

The *hand* of God, again, was stretch'd o'er all :

Ascend, he cry'd, ye *thin*, and subtile train,

That, *lightest*, in the mingled mass, remain.

The floaty *atoms* started, at his call,

And hasted to him all ;

Whose *voice* was never heard *in vain*.

High, from the grosser heap, they steam'd away :

A nimble host of springy bodies, curl'd,

In various forms, and struggling every way,

To be at ease, and fly unfurl'd ;

But each, obstructive to the other's care,

Together twist'd wide they spread, a liquid field of air !

Here,

Here, cry'd the mighty *Former*, draw a line,
 All above *this*, be mine!
Heaven shall be *here*, and, here, my throne shall
 shine!
 Hither, ye thinnest, purest, atoms rise,
 Possess, and fill my topmost skies!
 You second ranks, rest where you are,
 And call your fluid force the *Atmosphere*:
 But you, more heavy climbers! *backward* fall,
 Keep you the *humblest* post of all:
 Condens'd to *closer* substance, roll below,
 And, murn'ring hoarse, in *wat'ry* vastness flow.
 All, widely differing, hear alike, and equally obey,
 And so found end, the *second* formful day.

III.

Let all these *currents*, which, *divided*, run,
 Unite, says God, and gather into *One*!
 At once, with hollow roar, the back'ning flood,
 Unveil'd the reeking earth, and shrunk away:
 'Twas then the *third* astonish'd day,
 Disclos'd a swelling globe of naked mud,
 A lifeless bulk, which all unactive lay:
 And saw the channel'd *Ocean*, round it, play!
 Warm,

Warm, breath'd prolific spirit o'er the face
Of each *new dreary space* ;

Th' impregnate *glebe*, grown conscious of her
worth,

Conceiv'd at once, at once *brought forth*.

With mineral pangs, her stiff'ning bowels groan;

Her heaving mountains harden into stone.

The *muddy surface* brightens into green :

Sturdy *shrubs* are, this way, seen ;

Stemless *herbs* rise, there, *between*.

The opening *rose*, by nature gay ;

Blushes at the kiss of day !

Pale, hard by, the *lilly* blows,

Envious of the ruddy *rose* ;

And, pining at her sicklier *white*,

Hangs her head, to shun the sight.

Each verdant *vale* embroider'd beauty fills ;

And shooting *forests* crown the *waving hills*.

Carpets of *grass* o'erspread th' extended *plains* ;

And, here and there, for *ornament*, an *uncloath'd*
rock remains !

IV.

Well-pleas'd, the *Maker* saw his work succeed :
'Tis wond'rous fair, he said ! these charms
below,

With sparkling beauty seem to plead,
That *heaven* shou'd pay 'em back some *slow*.

Then, let there be *two* glorious *lights* :
Let *one* inspire the *days*, and *one* adorn the *nights*.

The *word* was God's ! 'twas *said*, and *done* !

Out-blaz'd, at once, the glorious *sun* !

All *heaven*, and *earth*, strait, catch'd the quick-
ning *fire* ;

And melted into warm, and new desire.

The *sea*, enamour'd with his *beams*,

Smil'd, upward, from a thousand streams ;

And, longing to approach him nigher,

Dissolv'd, in exhalations, to aspire !

Wide, this new *torch of heaven*, the world
adorns ;

The *crescent moon*, too, show'd her *silver horns* :

But, with a paler lustre shin'd :

For she, distasteful, that she ow'd her light

To a proud *rival's* envied fight,

At her inferior fate, repin'd,

And, as *he rose*, declin'd !

God saw her grief, and bent to ease her pain,

And ornament her shadowy reign,

Struck out a myriad of illustrious sparks,

The *Gems* of heav'n, her *starry* marks !

And, e'er the bashful *Planet* cou'd complain,

Bid her *light up* the *sun-left* world, with her *night-
twinkling* train.

V.

The *fifth* day dawn'd ; and, thus, *God's* voice was
heard,

Why shou'd this *world of waters* steril flow ?

By *inborn* offspring, let her *wastes* be chear'd.

Bring forth, O *sea* ! and fill the depths, below :

Loud ocean, hush'd to stillness, and afraid

To let *one wave* the shore invade,

Wonder'd, yet, to feel, *within*,

A kind of moving war begin !

Fermenting *vigour* stir'd the *wat'ry* heap,

Liquid *life* began to creep,

And half-form'd *monsters* flounder'd, thro' the
deep.

Panting *sensation*, by degrees, spread wide ;

Fishes, swift-shooting, from the bottom, glide,
To stem, in *scaly shoals*, the topmost tide.
The *shell-drest* tribe, of growth, and motion,
slow,
Crawl, humbly, on the *strands*, below :
Warm, and gay; the nimbler kind
Upward roll, the top to find,
And, leaping, cool their *livers*, in the wind.
In the mid-way, the plunging *whale* plays
round,
Wanton in life, he whirls, with antic bounds,
And, sometimes, to the *surface* mounts, and, some-
times, sweeps the *ground* ;
The *boiling deep* about him *foams*, and, with his
sport, resounds.
Thence, too, the *feather'd nation*, flutt'ring, rise,
Clouds of sun-obscuring size !
And, every bird, as from the wave he springs,
And tries his new-form'd throat, and sings,
Shakes the moisture from his wings ;
Then, drawn by instinct, upward flies,
And tow'rs, ambitious, to the tempting *skies*.
Be *fruitful*, all, *God* said, and *multiply*,
And fill the *seas*, and fill the *sky* :

Throughout the *ocean*, O, ye *Fish*! abound :
And let your *various* kinds, O *Fowl*! o'er all the
earth be found.

VI.

Now, *air* was *peopled*, and the roomy *seas* !
And *nesting inmates* fill'd the branchy *trees* !
Thou, *earth*, said God, shalt, yet once more,
conceive,

E'er our mighty task we leave :
Earth, trembling from her center, heard the
sound,
And felt, thro' all her chasms, inspiring *beat* !
Warm *germination* heav'd th' *enliv'ning* ground,
And, from the *forest's* close, and dark retreat,
Lynxes, and *Tygers*, on a sudden, *bound*.

From the silent, mountain *cave*,
Glaring round, the *lion* stalks !
And wond'ring, frowns, in fierceness grave,
To meet the clumsy *Camel*, in his walks !
The sprightly *horse* neighs, from the rugged
hill,
And, shooting downward, thunders o'er the
plain ;

Bounding along, strikes out his *heels* at will,

Till, in his way, encount'ring there,
Rais'd, on his *binder paws*, a grinning *Bear*,
Roughly fix'd, in *stupid stare*,
Snorting, he starts, and gallops back, again !
From the moist *fen*, th' unfinish'd *Frog*
Croaks faintly, yet but half-way freed ;
And, *struggling* with his *muddy clog*,
Drags out his limber legs, and *skips* along the
mead !

From the *bush*, the speckled *Snake*,
With high-rais'd head, astonish'd, glides ;
Hissing, he journeys on, from *brake* to *brake*,
Proud of the curly *folds*, whereon he slides !
From the high *precipice*, the bearded *Goat*
Looks down, with gravity, on distant *flocks* :
The *Wolf* discerns him, and, with barking
throat,
Springs *upward*, at him, and assaults the
rocks !

In every *plain*, on every *hill*,
The *busy* world is *stirr'd* throughout :
And, labouring with its *maker's* will,
In *breathing mists*, a *swarm of life* breaks out !

High,

VII.

High, on a mount of *Eden's* happy shore,
Thoughtful, at last, the great *Creator* stood :
I find, says he, there wants *one* labour more,
And, *then*, the *work* is good !
And, *be* it, so, e'er yet I give it o'er :
One shall be form'd, to rule the *millions*, form'd
before !
He said; and wav'd, on high, his awful hand,
Strait, from hot *Arabia's* sand,
And *Scythia's* wild, and frozen land,
A gathering whirlwind toward him blew ;
Sweeping, from *East* to *West*, from *pole* to *pole*,
Swifter, than *thought*, the circling eddies roll ;
And a long train of each land's dust, in clouds,
together drew.
Th' approaching *atoms* their *Creator* knew,
And guess'd his mighty meaning, too ;
And, *knitting* into close *embrace*, a *human* shape
they grew !
God touch'd the light, and unconnected frame,
And breath'd the *breath* of *life* throughout.
A sudden *flash* of *spirit*, thro' it, ran !
At once, the *dry conjunction* catch'd the *flame*,
And kindled into *man*.

The *jointed dust* look'd wild about, and *living soul*
 became ;
 He saw his *God*, and prostrate fell, oppress'd with
virtuous shame.

VIII.

Hear me, thou captain of my creatures ! thou,
 Whose nobler *form*, in my own *image*, made,
 Forbids thee, any where, to bow,
 But to my glory, in these works, display'd,
 I, thy great *Maker*, must be well obey'd :
 All else shall *thy* commands fulfil,
 Only subject to *thy* will :
 Look round those wide-extended plains, below,
 Whate'er thou see'st, is all *thy own* !
 Yon distant *mountains*, topt with *snow* ;
 Swell'd to that height, for *thee*, alone !
 For *thee*, yon winding *rivers* flow ;
 Fill'd, *within*, by finny shoals !
 There's not a bird of *heaven*, which shall not
 know,
 And stoop to thy controuls.
 For *thee*, yon wind-shook *forests* grow ;
 And

And all these lovely *flowers*,
 Enamel earth, and scent the breezy showers,
 Which give 'em strength to rise, and paint the
 leafy bowers.

The *fruits*, of various *herb*, are also *thine*;

For *thee*, yon rip'ning clusters shine:

The loaded *stems*, which bear 'em, bending stand,
 But to invite *thy* hand.

But, have a care, O Son of *dust*! thus rais'd,

That I am duly prais'd:

Remember, grateful, by whose pow'r thou art,

And, in the flowing fullness of thy joy,

Be mindful, he, who *made* thee, can *destroy*,

And curb the haughty swellings of thy heart.

CAMILLUS: A Poem.

Humbly inscrib'd to the Right Honourable CHARLES

Earl of PETERBOROUGH and MONMOUTH.

Writ, in the Year 1707.

WHEN *injur'd* HEROES suffer in their
fame,

Justice, unsummon'd, shou'd their wrongs proclaim:

But,

Here, *justice* summons — there, *my youth* denies ;
Duty, to *this*, to *that*, my will replies.

Resolv'd, at last, your *safe return* to greet,
I throw my *worthless numbers*, at your feet ;
Affur'd, the *generous goodness* of your eye,
Will see my *zeal*, and pass my *errors* by.

BUT, if my *feeble genius* chance to fail,
Nor *ardent pray'rs* can, with *the nine*, prevail ;
Think, Sir, how *various* your *great acts* appear !
There, war, and glory — wit, and honour, *here* :
One *glitt'ring* moment *spreads* your *wond'rous* fame,
Battles, and bloodshed, *celebrate* your name !
Now, the great *hero*, in a purple flood,
Plunges, thro' *stormy seas* of hostile blood.
Now, strides, with *skilful courage*, from afar,
To stop some *gap*, of unsuccessful *war* :
Another moment, smoothly, *gilds* his *face*,
With lovely *sweetness*, and delightful *grace* :
Calmly, he tunes his *mind*, to softer sports,
And lives the matchless PARAGON of *courts*.

NO wonder then, if my presumptuous eye,
Viewing thy SUN of excellence, too nigh,
Dazzled with *light*, is forc'd to look awry !

A tra-

A traveller, who, thus, without a guide,
 O'er some unmeasur'd tract, attempts to ride;
 Where thousand paths, of equal breadth, appear,
 And each fair course seems safe, alike, to steer,
 May, spite of strictest caution, lose his way,
 And, scarce, be justly said, to go astray.

IN peace, the fam'd HISPANIA, long, had slept,
 And free possession of her Indies kept:
 Made poor, by plenty, dull content she knew;
 Her strength declining, as her riches grew:
 Till, forc'd to valour, she begins too late,
 And climbs, unwilling, but to pull down fate.

THEIR second Charles resign'd his princely breath;
 And swift-wing'd fame proclaim'd th' expected
 death:

Sudden, the trumpet echoes, from afar,
 And friendly nations rise to furious war:
 The hardy veterans their arms prepare,
 And waving banners fan the beated air:
 The sprightly steeds, with lofty bounds, advance,
 And curb'd, by skillful riders, proudly prance:
 A wild confusion, o'er the globe, is hurl'd,
 And warlike earthquakes shake the christian world.

The

The *Austrian* prince, *heir*, in affirm'd descent,
 To grasp *the crown*, his strong endeavours bent :
 BOURBON oppos'd, and, in the *vacant throne*,
 Wou'd place a *royal offspring* of his own :
 Doubtful the right — but *pow'r*, which all obey,
 Appear'd, to justify the *second's* sway :
 The arms of *France* allure the voice of *Spain*,
 And *Anjou* seated, will his *post* maintain.

Sighing, the young prevented AUSTRIAN stands,
 And lifts, to gracious *heaven*, his eyes, and hands :
 Implores swift justice, to an injur'd man ;
 And *heaven* directs his prayers to *heaven's* vice-
 gerent, ANNE.

Thither, they fly, whom *pow'rful wrongs* oppress,
 And find a certain *shelter* from distress :
 By her, the proud *aspirer*, daily, bleeds,
 And *biass'd monarchs* wait her *dreaded* deeds,
 Aw'd, tho' displeas'd, to *her* decrees they stand,
 And own the fate of *Europe*, in her hand.
 Thither, with tow'ring *hopes*, and *longing* eyes,
 The young, *excluded monarch*, swiftly, flies :
 Whispers, in ANNA's ear, his weighty grief,
 And, from her *pitying* soul, extracts relief.

At her command, th' intrepid Britons fly,
 Exert their inborn worth, and proudly die :
 Pleas'd with their fate, they dearly sell their breath,
 And smile, amidst the raging pangs of death.
 A chosen band of these, who all things dare,
 For distant war, their mighty souls prepare :
 Thro' every ear, their glorious cause they ring,
 To curb proud France, and right an injur'd King.

O'ER these, a CHIEF, by art, and nature, grac'd,
 Renown'd in war, and policy, was plac'd :
 Beyond mankind, his judgement cou'd discern,
 And much improve what others could not learn :
 He ow'd no virtue, to a dread of shame,
 No seeming honesty, to promis'd fame :
 On its own base, in him, true honour stood,
 Wash'd, by a generous tide of noble blood.
 Him the great ANNA chose — CAMILLUS go,
 Revenge my brother, on his haughty foe :
 Guard him to Spain, — there, let my will be known,
 And seat the monarch, in his ravish'd throne.

THE valiant chief, without ambition, brave,
 Humbly receiv'd the weighty charge, she gave :

Destin'd

Destin'd, in spite of *malice*, to be great,
His daring *soul* contemns the *tricks* of *state* :
Swiftly, he bids his *glad commanders* meet,
And lead their *army* to the waiting *fleet* :
Their swelling *hopes* the swelling *gales* invite,
And *heaven*, and *they*, propitiously, *unite* :
In loud *salutes*, the deep-mouth'd *cannons* roar,
Answer'd, by zealous *wishes*, from the *shore* :
Whence mingled *crowds* their hearty *prayers* repeat,
'Till *rising waves* obscure the *sailing fleet*.

ON the extremest limits of that land,
Thro' which the *Tagus*, rich in golden sand,
His rapid course, in depth of waters bends,
And twice two hundred miles his stream extends ;
Old BARCELONA, strong by nature, stands,
And rules a vast extent of fertile lands :
With *rocky mountains*, half environ'd round,
The other half, by *bogs*, and *marshy ground* :
Beneath her *walls*, surrounding *trenches* lie,
Beyond those depths, rise *bulwarks*, vastly high :
Walls within walls, the solid place defend,
Where watchful Centinels their charge attend :
Whence trains of hollow brass, with fiery breath,
Vomit black sulph'rous messages of death ;

Ram'd

Ram'd with destruction, burst with horrid roar,
And scatter *terrors*, round the trembling shore.

HITHER, with crowded sails, the *Britons* bent,
Big with the message, their *great mistress* sent :
Their warlike souls to *emulation* rise,
And breathe out pious wishes, to the skies :
And, now, those powers, which brave designs
attend,
Had brought their voyage to a happy end :
From *Barcelona's* tow'rs, with wild affright,
The trembling *foe* beholds th' unwelcome fight ;
A mighty *fleet*, approaching, by degrees,
In graceful order, plows the smiling seas ;
Harmonious *music* spreads the joy, they bring,
And clam'rous *shouts* proclaim the coming king :
The sounding *trumpets* his intent declare,
And waving *streamers* flourish in the air :
Arriv'd, at length, the *cannons* loudly roar,
And *shake*, with panic *fright*, the wond'ring shore.

MEAN while, the *Spaniards* all their force pre-
pare,

And arm, confus'dly, for *defensive* war :

Blind

Blind, with *amazement*, and ignoble fear,
They *double* all the *Britons*, that appear :
All think with horror, *England*, now, had bent
Her utmost *force*, to form one *grand descent*.

BUT, when they saw so *small* a number land,
And boldly tread the surface of their sand,
The paler *marks* of *fear* forsook their face,
And *wonder*, far more *great*, supplies the place.
An *equal* force, *within* their walls, they found,
Yet, fear'd, to *meet* their foes, on *equal* ground :
They saw, with wonder at an act, so vain,
Th' undaunted *Britons* win the neighb'ring plain,
Where, soon, their *squadrons* form'd a camp, and
then,
They thought, or dreaded, they were more, than
men.

THUS had the great CAMILLUS forc'd his
way,
And, void of *fear*, in midst of *dangers*, lay :
Impatient of delays, the AUSTRIAN youth,
Deep-touch'd with *sorrow*, listen'd to the *truth* :
He saw the *weakness* of his daring few,
And, with concern, his foe's advantage knew :

The *brazen* tubes of *death* were mounted high,
And *clouds* of rolling smoke *obscur'd* the sky;
All *this*, and *more*, from his *small* camp, was seen,
And *death*, disguis'd with *horror*, stalk'd, *between*.

THE *aged chiefs*, in cautious war, grown old,
Wou'd rather be *too backward*, than *too bold* :
Therefore, advis'd the *Prince* to haste away,
Since 'twas scarce possible, to *live*, and *slay*.
The *Prince*, with melancholy *thoughts* oppress'd,
Came to CAMILLUS, and unlock'd his breast ;
Told him the pangs of *sorrow*, *shame*, and *rage*,
Which *shook* the blooming *comforts* of his age :
Told him the *flames*, in which his *soul* wou'd
burn,

Shou'd he thus, *unsuccessfully*, return.

WITH grief, the gen'rous *Briton* heard him
tell
The deep *misfortunes*, he but *knew*, too well :
He rolls his *eyes*, accuses *partial* fate,
And tells the *Austrian*, that he shou'd be great.
Resolv'd to *act*, the *council* speak, in vain,
And, by *debates*, protract the *fall* of *Spain* :

CAMIL-

CAMILLUS had a *soul*, whose *heavenly* fire
Cou'd *compass* all things, and to all *aspire*.
Himself, alone, cou'd *with himself* debate,
And mov'd, obscurely, like the *hand of fate*.

HARD by the towers of *Barcelona*, stands,
High, on the *rocks*, o'erlooking neighb'ring *lands*;
A strong-built *castle*, whose extended sway
Obliges ev'n the *city*, to *obey*.
Five hundred men the solid *ramparts* keep,
On *rocks*, beyond imagination; *steep* :
Whence rolling *stones* invading *foes* can chase,
When, with an *aking* eye, they climb the *dread-*
ful place.

THIS was the *source*, whence *vic'tories* must *flow*;
Hither the *British* chief resolv'd to go :
Unus'd to *fear*, and more unus'd to *boast*,
With *temp'rate* words, he *chear'd* his wond'ring
host ;
Strove not to *hide* the hazard of the *task*,
Nor cover *danger*, with a gilded *mask* :
He bids each *soldier*, like *himself*, perform,
And, by *example*, wins 'em, to the *storm*.

THE *rosy morning* usher'd in the *sun*,
Which was to see a *bloody* business done ;
His *beams* shone *bright*, to guide the *battle* well,
And *drank* their blood, in *pity*, as it fell :
Eight hundred *Britons*, on this glorious day,
O'er *pathless* forests, *force* their oblique way :
In *tedious* march, o'er *high ascents*, they past,
And won the dangerous *precipice*, at last.

WITH strange surprize, the *Spaniards* rush to
 arms,
And *bells* rung *backward*, in *confus'd* alarms :
The summon'd *soldiers* hurry to their *post*,
And *pour* whole *vollies* on the *climbing* host :
Repeated *charges* from the *cannons* fly,
Like *fiery meteors*, blazing, thro' the *Sky* :
The shatter'd *limbs* of *men*, who nobly *dare*
Are borne on *bullets*, thro' the *flaming* air :
The dismal prospect *shocks* the bravest hearts,
And adds *new motion*, to disjointed *parts* ;
The brave CAMILLUS, with a fierce delight,
Drives on the head-long *fury* of the *fight* :
Urges his bleeding troops, still *higher*, and *higher*,
And scatters death for death, and fire for fire.

THUS, when, of old, the mighty *giants* strove,
To *check* the boundless *power* of angry *Jove* ;
With *force*, like *this*, but, in a *cause*, less good,
The huge *BRIAREUS*, their *great leader* ! stood ;
The solid *centre* shakes, beneath his *weight*,
Who, all-unknowning, or, unfearing fate,
Kicks at the *thunder*, which, with *horror*, flies,
And, while swift *lightning* flashes, in his eyes,
Tears up a hundred *rocks*, and hurls 'em at the
 Skies.

BUT now, aloft, the mingled *war* grows high,
On heaps, promiscuous numbers *fall* and *die* ;
Rivers of *blood*, from the mix'd battle, *flow*,
Till *death*, scarce, sees, to guide a destin'd *blow*.

THE *walls* are won, the *Spaniards* lose the
 day,
And crowding *Britons* win the *cover'd way* :
While *some*, on high, the *conquer'd pass* defend,
Others, below, by *mutual help*, ascend :
No more, the driven *foes* their fortune try,
But *quit* their bloody battlements, and *fly* :

*Despair, and horror, fill the dismal place,
And terror sits, entron'd, on every face.
Destructive fate grows cruel, to excess,
And rages, blindly, in her blackest dress :
Matrons, and virgins, weep, with bitter cries,
And noisy sorrows pierce the distant Skies.*

BUT cease, *mistaken wretches !* cease your moan.
*Proud of your conqu'ror, your conquest own ;
Your friends, victorious, might tyrannic be,
Your foes but conquer you, to set you free.
No base design distains a BRITONS cause,
But pity guides the sword, which justice draws.*

WITH such success, was that great day begun,
Which not the army, but their general, won :
*While he, impatient his great task, to end,
Which heaven appear'd, so early, to besfriend,
Cheers his glad soldiers, with divided gain,
And leads 'em down, undreading, to the plain :
Ranges 'em, widely, near the city's bound,
Resolv'd to force a place, they scarce surround.*

*THUS, moves he, brightly, like some wand'ring
star,
And scorns the heavy arts of common war :*

In their *own* fire, his *matchless* actions blaze;
 He needs no *council*, and he seeks no *praise*:
 While *other* generals *tedious* projects form,
 He *thinks*, and *acts*, and *wins* applause, by *storm*:
 With *furious* courage *stands*, and *tempts* his fate,
 But *heaven*, still, spares the MAN, to bless the
 STATE.

WITH threat'ning look each ready Briton stands,
 And sharp-edg'd weapons grace their warlike hands:
 Obsequious silence waits the General's nod,
 As antient Grecians watch'd the Delphian God.

MEAN while, each trembling tow'r, with hor-
 rid dread,
 Loosen'd its walls, and shook its batter'd head:
 The lofty works, which shou'd the town defend,
 The shocks of hostile thunder, widely, rend:
 Amidst these crowds of terrors and despair,
 The Britons, for a sharp assault, prepare:
 The Spaniards see, and shun the lou'ring Fates,
 And, widely, open their submissive gates.

AND, now, the mighty deed is greatly done;
 A king reliev'd, and kingdoms, bravely, won.

The warlike *Chief*, with glory, fir'd his *breast*,
 Forgot his *pleasures*, and forsook his *rest* :
 The *Austrian* fix'd — He, bravely, onward *bent*,
 And conquer'd *rebel countries*, as he went :
 The stubborn *Catalans*, unus'd to bow,
 Gladly, *submit*, to firm *subjection*, now :
 With joyful *shouts*, their happy monarch greet,
 And leave their *mountains*, for the *regal seat* ;
 That strong-built *fort*, whose *state* the *rest* excell'd,
 And thrice ten thousand *Gallic* foes repell'd,
 Afraid to *strive*, her *iron gates* unlock'd,
 And gladly *open'd*, when CAMILLUS knock'd,
 To *his* successful *arms*, whole *nations* yield,
 And, *freely*, give him up an *untry'd* field.
 At *his* bless'd *feet*, the rich TORTOSA lay,
 And matchless *conduct* gain'd him LERIDA.
 VALENCIA's kingdom, gloriously, he won,
 And triumph'd, o'er the prostrate ARRAGON.

BUT hold, unwary Muse ! no higher *soar* ;
 He, who *did this*, alas ! *must do* no more !
 Oh ! that *thy numbers* cou'd but reach *my aim*,
 How wou'd I *celebrate* his glorious *name* !
 How wou'd I paint the *battles*, he has won,
 And all the *noble actions*, he has done !

How

How wou'd I *paint* him, *spilling gen'rous blood,*
 And *tempting* death, for his *dear country's* good !
 How wou'd I draw his *two illustrious* SONS,
Proud of their *mangled flesh,* and *shatter'd bones* !
 How wou'd I tune my *elevated* song,
 And *shame* the *men,* who do CAMILLUS wrong !

BUT, since *his* works, thro' *clouds,* are forc'd
 to *shine,*
 How cou'd I *hope success,* from *such,* as *mine* ?
 Let *virtue* be *rewarded,* if it can,
 When *gratitude* forgets *so great* a man.

Free Thoughts *upon* FAITH: Or the
 Religion of REASON.

O H, THOU ! — *who-ere, what-ere, where-ere,*
 thou art,
 Sole — or *associated* — *conceiveless* power !
 In search of whom, o'erstretch'd Idea bursts ;
 And sense rolls back, on darkness — *cause, uncaus'd* !
 Progressive *un-beginner* — without end !
 Giver, of thought, oh, *guide* it. — Arm a mind,
 Trem-

Tremblingly struck, — to *stem* but one short
glimpse,

One distant, transient, momentary, flash
Of thy keen light — and *live* ! — oh ! — far from
dream

To draw th' ALMIGHTY's deign'd approach too
near —

All, that my soul's touch'd sense aspires to tell
Is, — that *she dares not view thee* — thou, who
know'st

The muse's conscious rev'rence — *aid* her song.

AWEFULLY shrinking from th' assumer's hand,
That points me to thy *place*, thy *power*, thy *will*,
Astonish'd at his pride ! I start — and *fly*.

O, pityer of presumption ! whence aspires
Awak'ning *dust's* brief glance of shadowy life,
To launch its *little plummet* — into depths,
Profounder, than ETERNITY ! — how dare
O'erweening, mole-blind, furro'wers of *darkearth*
Engross, to their low *selves*, their God's whole
care ?

Slight *nobler orbs*, — as *skirts* to *this dim ball*,
That, day by day, rolls round its eye-less bulk,
To beg *light's* needful *alms*, from *one*, kind *sun* —

While

While tracts, superior to *conception's* bound,
See *suns, in millions*, o'er NEW WORLDS, pour
blaze —

Yet, reach but confines of NEW SUNS — and *die* !

REQUIRE not these vast works of God God's
grace,

Proportion'd to their *vastness* ? — how, then, dares
Conceit's proud pref'rence of its own *clay'd cott*
O'erleap those *azure voids* — where thought, and
space,

And number, and immensity, — are *lost* :

And comprehension *akes*, to scale *repulse* !

Whence had man's insect arrogance of guess

Such impotent out-starting — to presume,

His momentary *nothingness* of grasp

Cou'd know, task, limit, and describe — his God !

SAY, bigot boaster of unmanner'd zeal,

Thou, that art *impudently* SURE, of heaven !

And, cov'ring *blasphemy*, behind *faith's* name,

Sin'st deepest, where, most, *sanctified* ! — weigh,
pause,

Think — answer not, from custom's light assent :

But

But the try'd soul's true test, *un-warp'd*, within.
 — Is it in REVELATION's awful claim,
 That *dust* should dare mis-plead th' almighty's
 WILL,

For insult on his JUSTICE? — dare men pass
 For *intimates* of heaven, who, thus, *degrade*
 Th' all-gladd'ning Lord of ALL those wid'ning
 worlds —

To one poor partial care, of one poor part,
 Of one poor corner, of one world's poor *clan*?

OUT with this *av'rice* of fanatic *scrape*!
 That, pinching, to *itself*, God's nibbled grants,
Hedg'd in th' eternal's COMMON! Greedily,
Forestall'd all power of op'ning mystery's gate,
 For it's own pick-lock tribe — *un-key'd* by hea-
 ven.

— Why, if *enlighten'd most*, should will most dark
 Bid these few, fav'rite, hand-led, *spies*, of grace,
 Conceal from modest doubt their *arts to know*?
 — Why, if possess'd of some eductive *clue*,
 That shews lost diffidence *truth's* lucid ray,
 Claim they consent, *implicit*! — Why submits
 Belief, to bold *assumption*? — tasteless faith

Dishonours

Dishonours, where it *worships*. Heaven disdains
Obedience from the *blind* : and every *sect*
Were *orthodox* — if to *believe* is *PROOF*.

To *me* : — nor let the rev'rence of my *pause*
Offend the power that caus'd it ! — it shou'd seem
More impious, to *DECIDE*, of God, than *doubt*.

OET, when I pant for aid, to *shake* distrust,
Humbling imperious *reason*, while I bend
With meek attention, to the calls of *faith*,
Where pious fury lends the *pastor* gall :
And what falls short in *proof* o'erflows, in rage —
— While revelation, thund'ring on my ear,
Low-rates my *heart's* admission — help me, hea-
ven !

To check th' *impassive* struggler's infelt hint ;
That asks, *how* God's *ALMIGHTY* ? if *his* *WILL*
Who *made* this captious world, whereon we crawl
Cou'd to the worm call'd *man*, be shewn, *IN VAIN*.
— If 'twas the *maker's* law — to man proclaim'd,
By man's resistless God — my trembling soul
Whispers in shiv'ring horror, — *Oh 'tis strange!* —
God

God *will'd* --- God *spoke* that will --- yet, Man ---
proud *dirt* !

Divides, disputes, examines --- *disobeys* ! ---
--- Had heav'n *requir'd*, cou'd heav'n want force
to *cause* ?

Or, *not* requiring, why was heav'n *profan'd* ?

HUM, from thy dusky hive, unreas'ning drone,
Stretch thy tame wings --- heave thy dull search
along ;

Leave thy cav'd home behind --- and look, more
wide.

--- See'st thou not, every where, earth's *emmet*
swarms,

Scheming their busy *mount's* loose - crumbling
hope ---

For the next *cataract* shower, --- that sweeps down
all.

--- Such are the toils of *Mufti's*, *Popes*, *Pauwau's*,
Lbamas and *Rabbis*, *Morabukts*, *Bonzees*,
All the long-labouring *props*, of faith's lost boast ;
Fabricks of *tow'ry air* --- that *fright* --- and *die* !

O'ER worships thus *distinct*, have sep'rate Gods
Presided ? --- or, beneath but *sep'rate names*,

Did

Did *one* sole power inspire *divided* prayers,
 And smilingly *accept* 'em? --- Nature feels
 This question: and, methinks, I hear *her* voice,
 Bid *reason* thus reply — If but *one* light
 Insur'd salvation's course, — *un-socketed*,
Un-lanthern'd, It had known no *curtail'd* shine.
 All *dark* had been *illumin'd*; — ne'er withheld
 Just heaven, from more than half th' extended
 --- globe,
 All glimpse of *dawn*, yet curs'd, the *gloom* he
 caus'd!

OR, grant *some* race indulg'd with kinder smile,
 Why partial to the *proud*? Sin's *haughtiest* sons?
 Yet heedless of *unfolded* flocks, more meek,
 More aw'd, more simply serious, in faith's field;
 Anxious, in adoration's twilight gleam,
 And *prostrate*, tho' neglected? — Why again!
 In truth's *appropriate* and selected seats,
 Shoots *Eden's* heaven-watch'd tree, for-ever
prun'd,
 For-ever fruitless? into monstrous growths,
 Of *thorn-branch'd* *opposition*? --- If, to doubt
 Religion's lifeless *form* were to destroy
 The essence of her *purpose*, why, o'er lands,

That boast high claim to systems *heav'n-inspir'd*,
 Spread schemes, of *diff'rent texture*? — Each a-
vow'd
 God's own injoin'd *sole path*, reveal'd, to save?

ALAS! 'tis man's *proud heart* — that, idly fill'd,
 With self-paid rev'rence, for desert mis-claim'd,
 Grown *impious*, in imagin'd *rectitude*,
 Hugs his own day-dreams, idoliz'd within ---
 And styles 'em REVELATION! — Hence the *buzz*
 Of honeyless, and stingful *wasps of zeal*:
 Alike, on all sides heard — and felt on all!
 Each, charg'd, in *heaven's pretence*, with me-
nace'd bell!

Jews, Tartars, Bramins, bord'ring *Ganges' flood*,
 Swift *bords*, of hot *Arabia's swarthy sons*;
 Far *China's dateless race* — Long *Nile's old claim*
 To superstition's *childhood*. --- Each, heav'n's *choice*
 Yet, each from each distinct, all, spurn'd by all,
 Split *revelation*, into *canton'd snarls*:
 And *murder*, to shew *Mercy*! — damn — to *save*!

EVEN these *divisions*, sub-dividing on,
 Break from their center, like the *wind's wide*
points,

Yet,

Yet, every *radius* right! — and every, *wrong*!
 -- All err — *but* EACH, — peace be to that, alone!
 The rest, let war involve — and *curse* their creeds!

WHERE art thou found, fair CHARITY? —
 sweet power!

That *stills* the stormy soul! — soft *Cberub's* eye!
 That *weep'st*, at all this mischief — see'st man's
pride

Mistaken, for his *virtue*! — arguing, low,
 In the *calm* voice of pity's whisp'ring God,
 The od'rous breathings of thy balmy *bush*
 Fly, scatter'd, on the winds of keen debate.

Lost, and benighted, in this *warring* wild,
 How shall a *lightless* wand'rer find, *which* front
 Bears heav'n's commission'd *stamp*? — and which
 bold brow,
 Fright'ning *credulity*, miscals it *faith*?

BID MIRACLES decide contested claim.
 Where *are* they? call aloud. — They *shan* to hear.
 Prudent *restraint* forbids expectant prayer
 To court *renewal* of old eye-sight *proofs*,
 Which deign'd in *days long past* — to strike doubt
 dumb.

Dead time's departed *ghost*, recorded, holds
 Millions of *wonders done* — Faith's grey supports!
 — But, millions of *pretences*, too, — diffus'd
 O'er earth's contentious face, each *unlike* each,
 As night's dim veil, compar'd with sun-gilt day!
 Match miracles 'gainst *miracles*, array'd,
 And push back ev'ry Angel's *vain* descent,
 Who comes, on errands hostile to *their own*.
 Where *miracles* try truth, no faith is false.
 What nameless, corner of the world — untouch'd
 By *trade's* far-furrowing keel — even safely *new*
 To the unquenchable, and sacred, *thirst*
 Of *missionary* rapine's *holy ken* —
 But boast believ'd descent of some kind *God*,
 That chose their lov'd fore-fathers, blest their race,
 And taught 'em, for his *glory*? — Fill'd with trust
 In their transmitted *tale*, th' invited guests
 Take place, at heaven's high table — *upmost*, all.
 The white-fac'd, olive-hued, the sably *jet*,
 The grease-anointed, woolly-headed, thorn,
 Long-hair'd, and short-hair'd, curl'd and cropt
 ELECT ---
 All, sagely satisfied, *All else must err* ---
 Swol'n with inflative zeal, catch *martyr's* flame:
 And die --- *to live again* --- in scorn of *pain*.

SINCE then, th' extremest *polar* tracts, of faith,
 Where reason's *one eye* winks, unbeam'd for day,
 Plead MIRACLES in proof—which none can try,
 Because but, *heard* not *seen*—let LEARNING shun
 Such hoary feebleness of *palsied* plea:
 Which error must *assert* — or truth *disclaim*.

BUT, *off!* stand wide — make room, ye coarse
profane!
 Ye vulgar of religion's *suburb* world!
 Ye Goats *un-shepherded!* un-fish'd-for *shoals!*
 Un-melch'd, by mystic *union's* indragg'd NET—
 Of *never-erring* sweep, deduc'd from heaven!
 Room, for the PAPAL PONTIFF's *triple crown!*
 NOW—heretic *presumer!*—bow, convinc'd—
 INFALLIBILITY unwinds her scroll—
 —Saints, martyrs, angels, *seventeen cent'ries* down,
 Link power to power, and *length'ning* truth's old
rod,

Lend faith TRADITION's *line*—to hook mankind.

HAIL, *venerable weakness!* — *aweful dream!*
 Shade, of a *shadow!* — thou, that blindly hop'st,
 Q² By

By *twice nine* age's loud-concurring noise,
 To drown soft *reason's* evidence! — yet, shun'st
 To recollect, how *thrice ten cent'ries* join'd
 Their vain support — yet saw Jove's fabrick
 FALL!

PLEAD'ST *thou* duration? plead'st *thou* breadth
 of *space*?
 What art thou, but an *infant's* tott'ring STEP,
 Compar'd to *mightier* growths, now found no
 more?
 — Where are the *Deities* of muse-tongu'd GREECE?
 Greece, from whose *hundred states*, strong science
 flow'd:
 And *arms*, and *arts*, in one mix'd blaze of power,
 Held out high FREEDOM'S torch, to *half* man-
 kind!

Where is her *Phæbus*? — where her *Neptune* —
 now?

TURN thy sight *Eastward*, o'er the time-hush'd
 plains,

Now *graves*, of vanish'd empire — *once*, gleam'd,
 o'er,

From flames on *hallow'd* altar's, hail'd by hymns
 Of

Of *seers* — AWAKENERS of the worship'd SUN!
 — Ask silent TIGRIS — bid EUPHRATES tell —
 Where is the grove-crown'd BAAL, to whose
 stern frown
 Bow'd haughty BABYLON? — *Chaldea*, fam'd
 For star-taught *sages* : Hard PHOENICIA's sons,
 Fierce, fear-surmounting, *curbers* of the DEEP!
 Who stretch'd a floating scepter o'er the *seas*,
 And made *mankind* one empire? — Where is, now,
 EGYPT's wide-homag'd ISIS? — where the MARS,
 That shook, the *shakers* of the ROMAN world?
 Where the Teutonic WODEN! in his name,
 Alone, still reverenc'd, each revolving week,
 Even in fair ALBION's *isles*! — If AGE bore
 proof,
 Why have *these* sunk? why *all* the lifeless Gods,
 Lost Demi-gods, long, nameless, countless, pow-
 ers!
 That fill'd th' adoring world, with fabled fame?
 Are they not *dead*? whelm'd o'er in time's black
 tide?
 And known, but by *contempt* — to men's claim?
 How was this POSSIBLE — had *noise* been *proof*?
 Of faith's extent in *space*, with realms, for guard,
 Mellow'd

Mellow'd mistake, to equity? — Far short
 Of *heaven*, fall TIME's *perspective*—vainly climbs
Guile-founded God-craft. Let proud fortune spread
 The *lye-tipt* pyramid's broad covering *base*,
 Till earth groans wounded, at th' oppressive
 weight,
 Still, but, the *wider ruins*, mark its fall.
 —Let him, who boasts blind *multitudes convinc'd*,
 Or builds on *time*, for truth's imagin'd *test*,
 Ask his unjudging rashness — what *rent* heart
 Of *celtic DRUID*, but had *shook*, more *bow'd*,
 Than his storm-lab'ring *oak* — cou'd some *pale*
 shade,
 That scann'd *futurity*, pointing thro' fate,
 Have *shewn* him his *insulted God-head's doom*!

Nor let vain pref'rence of *our own* touch'd
 sense,

Our *own-seen* surer lights, our own *safe* trust,
 Degrading antient *stubbornness in faith*,
 O'er-rate attachment's warmth, as, *now*, most
 strong.

— What aw'd *allegiance*, what more firm *belief*,
 What haughtier *sureness*, more imprints the soul,
 By modern truth's new cast of thought inspir'd,

Than

Than sway'd the *solemn Pagan's* breast, of old,
 When bow'd, before his *Idols*?—*Idols*, (now)—
 But (then) — vindictive Gods, who shook man-
 kind.

WHERE are faith's CERTAINTIES — if time's
best boasts,
 Sacred to arts, arms, numbers, learning — *all!* —
 All, fam'd, beyond fate's *dread*, found, all UN-
 SURE?

WHENCE, then, th' imperious, positive, disdain,
 That spurns back *modest doubt* — and *damns de-*
bate?

Where, the foundation, of that holy *scorn*,
 Which lifts the Bigot's brow, to *scowl* reproach?
 To *pity*, sects, that hurl his *pity back*,
 And hate him, — for his hatred?—If nor TIME,
 Nor NUMBERS, who sustain'd th' attested cause,
 Nor MIRACLES, renown'd in reverend hoards,
 So *aweful*, that no sacrilegious *mouse*
 Dare satiate hunger on the dust-veil'd roll,
 But dies, to leave, untouch'd, the *dry* record —
 If evidence, like *these*, falls short of proof,

Where, in what dark domain, of thought's deep
maze,
 Shall reason — through doubt's crooked windings
 drawn,
 Find truth's white face, *un-spotted?* — Think:
 and tell.

WHAT, if we seek her, in man's MORAL walks?
 Judge her by LIFE's try'd *practice!* — what,
 more just,

Than to conclude, the Saint's uncensur'd *deeds*
 Lend sanction, to his *doctrine?* — Here, methinks,
 Truth loves to chuse her *test.* Yet, here, (*again*)
 We *wander* — into new defect of plea,

That proves *too much* — or *nothing.* — Cou'd loose
life

Infer FALSE *faith,* — how stain'd even *Christian*
zeal!

Where avarice, and revenge, and pride's big
 bloat,

Taught guilt's blood-colour'd *bat* to hint *church*

SPLEEN :

Whence, murders, robb'ries, treach'ries, perj'ries,
 rise,

Like *taints* effluent from infectious *fens,*

Dis-

Dispeopling, in their progress! — un-aten'd,
 Till death-bed sanctity absolves remorse,
 By fear'd conformity, to faith's flat modes —
 To mock'ries of belief — and rites of prayer!

SINCE then, BAD life, must leave no stain on
 faith,

Try, if life's PURITY refines coarse creeds?
 Try, if the good man's virtues *church* his claim?
 No — If they cou'd — then pole from pole but
 bounds

Th' extensive, true-nam'd, CHURCH's general
 pale.

Dreadful indeed were (then) th'excluder's power!
 Then — excommunication's reachful hand
 Had push'd off exiles, to new worlds — ere dead!
 For, *this* had, all, been CHURCH — one truth's
 known claim:

Turks, Jews, wild AFRA's Wood-men, — India's
 MOPES,

Who pine, in pang-ful abstinence from sin,
 And shudder, but, to crush the trodden fly:
Australia's art-untasting solitudes,
 Where all ambition's *wealth* is ease from care;
 And hope's *consumptive* diet starves desire:

Columbia's

Columbia's many-peopled bow'ry groves,
 Fanning, in feath'ry pomp, her tawny tribes,
 From the sun's down-driv'n ray:—Cold Zembla's
 cots,
 Of fish-fed shiv'ers, furr'd in shaggy mail,
 Trampling the ice-bound ocean, whiten'd o'er
 With endless *snows*, to spoil the spoilful Bear:
 All, among THESE, who love not *vice*, draw claim,
 From LIVES, of simplest sanctity—to heaven:
 And multiply th' elect—were virtue *faith*.

PAUSE here, encompass'd soul? Look round,
 reflect.

Engulph'd and central to this whirl of tides,
 With each proud vortex THREAT'NING—all, to
shun
 Seems safer, than *trust* either. Hark! they roar.
 Look, with what rage they whiten!—All foam
sure:

All climb, to *drown* each other. None recede:
 None conquer. Universal uproar reigns—
 And *faith's* a FIGHTING CHAOS—Is *this* truth?
This, revelation's word, disclos'd by heaven?
 Boldly, refuse consent—It *cannot be*.

WHAT,

And know him for himself

WHAT, then, must be BELIEV'D? — Believe

God KIND —

To *fear*, were to *offend* him. Fill thy *heart*

With his *felt* laws : and *act* the good he *loves*.

Rev'ence his power. Judge him, but, by his
works :

Know him, but in his *mercies*. Rev'ence, too,

The most *mistaken* schemes, that *mean* his praise.

Rev'ence his PRIESTS — for, every priest is HIS, —

Who *finds* him, in his *conscience* — by what name

So-ere distinguish'd — howso-ere *mildrawn*,

They *deviously* believe — What, tho' they preach

Perdition to the *mod'rate* ! Truth dares owe

Respect, to ERROR ; if its *end* is *grace*,

And aims at *reformation*. Mindful, yet,

Men are but *men*. Where most thou *trust'st* —
beware.

Stretch not esteem, to *homage*. Be, nor *slave*!

Nor *censurer* : but, hear strong REASON's voice,

Tongu'd, by the power who *loves* it. And, since

THAT

Crys LIBERTY, too loud for *law* to *drown*,

Free thy chain'd thought, from fears *unworthy*

God,

And

And know him for HIMSELF — Were *one* prim
form,
 One forc'd *identity*, the maker's *wish,*
 Ne'er had that with *prov'd frustrate.* Dare not
 doubt
 But he, whose will was *power* — whose with *com-*
pels,
 Had *moulded* all, to that *one form,* he lov'd.
 — Loves he not UNITY? He does. — But, *know,*
 The unity, God loves, is lodg'd in MIND.
 'Tis the *heart's* conscious glow — that beats to
thank,
 Not *scrutinize*, his bounty. 'Tis the chain,
 That links INTENTION — in one warmth of
 WILL:
 Not binds to one forc'd *act*, of outward FORM.

Thus thinking — thou wilt feel the Godhead,
right :
 Unclosing, in a *house of jointed stone,*
 Him — in whose *temple* twenty thousand SUNS
 Serve but as *lamps* — and all their *spangly* WORLDS
 Form *footsteps* to his altar ---- THIS, believe :

And

And dread no *vengeance*, on mistaken *man*,
Unadequate, to man's brief power in *sin*,
 Offending *grain*, of animated *dust* !
 'Gainst *HIM*, beneath whose *smile* the *STARS*
 catch fire !

FILL'D with ideas, thus becoming *heaven*,
 Pity the *bag-ridd'n quiv'rer*, who contracts
 To superstition's gloom, religion's *Joy*,
 And humbles *adoration*, into *dread*.
 Who, *eke-ing* his *inch'd* measure, from within,
 Peeps thro' his narrow soul's dim *loop-hole wink*,
 And insolently, by his *own scale*, takes
 The altitude of *HEAVEN* — But, if, compell'd
 To lend thy patient ear, — and press'd too hard,
 By self-sufficiency of teasing faith,
 — That — nothing knowing, — will be *sure* of
 all —
 Hear, with dumb *smile*: and, ask'd, why rea-
 son's *range*
 Acquits *dissent*ion — teach thy judging *EYE*
 To read *God's answer*, in his works for *man*:
 Where do *THEY* tell thee, *SAMENESS* was his
 choice ?

How *various* are his creatures ! *various*, all,
His *animal*, his *vegetable*, tribes :
Earth's, air's, wide ocean's products— all, *un-like*.
In qualities, forms, colours, *diff'rent*, all.

— Tread but th' enamell'd MEAD — or, o'er
yon FIELDS,

"Twixt the wind-waving CORN, indent thy way.
Or, partial to the GARDEN's painted proofs,
Lend there, thy first, pleas'd *noting* — Snuff this
air :

How numberless the *scents*, yet each *distinct*,
Of every tree's known bloom ; — Lean o'er these
flow'rs —

Lowliest, yet loveliest ! Excellence, depress'd !
Worth trod on by despisers ! short-liv'd sweets !
How oppositely soft, the streak-touch'd *shades*,
That *tinge* their fragrant families ! — Turn short,
From pity due, to life so lov'd, so brief !

Wish'd *long*, by ev'ry *shortner* ! — Now, look out,
On yon fair op'ning *plain* — There *herb* meets
herb,

All green—yet none *resembling* ! Shades, less deep,
Touch lights, more soft'ning: feastful to the eye,

How 2

That

That *dwells*, on their distinctions! — Still, new
glows
Diversify the verdure's fluid Surge:
 And dance, delightful, to the *breezy bend*!

NEXT, up this steepy *shelve*, ascending slow,
 Win we the Down's high top --- whose carpet
 mound

Ends at the jutting CLIFF, that shades the *shoar*.
 Hence, to the wing-divided *air*, extend
 Survey's charm'd outlet --- O'er this *upper sea*,
 Where meditation *founders*, --- flights immense
 Cross-cut the winnow'd *Æther*. Black, white,
 grey,

Red, blue, brown, golden, verdant, motley-stain'd ---
 Distant in *size*, as *colours*! --- 'Mongst 'em all,
 None *looks*, nor *calls*, like other. No sweet bird,
 That beats the pathless *void*, but pours *new notes*;
 Distinct, from every *plumey rival's* song.

STOP thy endanger'd *foot*. Recal the range
 Of thy recovering *eye* --- bend o'er the brow
 Of this touch'd *precipice*: and, hence, look down,
 Where the broad *sea*, scarce *heard*, rolls murmur-
 ing, in.

Ponder

Ponder the DEEP's dumb legions --- Infinite
 Their numbers ! still *more* infinite, their shapes,
 Bulks, movements ! -- Swift, slow, timid, fierce,
 horn'd, barb'd,
 Coatless, finn'd, scaly, shell'd, wing'd, motionless:
 All *diff'ring* --- till immensity grows *tir'd*,
 To note their *changeful* natures ! --- *Can it be*,
 That he, who fill'd each crowded element,
 With unressembling sons of endless change ---
 Peopled each puny drop, with varied *states* ---
 Each *leaf*, with new-shap'd *nations* too *minute*
 To dread ambition's ravage -- veil'd each path
 To heaven's *blue lawns*, with clouds, that *shift* each
 hour,

Form, texture, hue --- to suit their painted glow
 To man's *undazzled* gaze -- attempt'ring lights,
 That teach the sun's too fervid beam to *break*
 In coloury rays, and touch the fight, more *safe* !
 -- Can it be possible -- that HE, -- pleas'd power !
 Who o'er Creation's glebe, sow'd *seeds of change*,
 Shou'd, but from *Unity's* bald *harvest*, reap !
 And burn, -- for *tares* -- those beauteous growths,
 he rais'd,

To smile such lov'd *variety* ! -- 'Twere SIN --
 'Twere *blasphemously* blind -- to dream such wrong.

No — Let me, fill'd with *awe*, think *fear* a *fault*.
 Fear but *affronts* the God, I'm born, to *love*.
 I *am*, but by his *pity* : and want weight
 To *justify* his anger. — If I *err*
 'Gain't *in-lodg'd* impulse, by his goodness lent,
 To guide man's choice to *virtue*, some sure fate,
 From *suff'rings* adequate, must PUNISH guilt.
 But what, where, how --- he, who decreed, can
tell.

--- If, by *mistake*, on life's blind rocks I split,
 By no *safe* Pilot pointed out, to *shun*,
 There --- erring weakness meets *avoidless* sin :
 And needs no *pardon* : for it MEANT no *wrong*.

DOUBT all faiths, boldly, then --- *undoubting*
 God,
 Appendant to no pride, mis-rob'd like zeal,
 Hope all men blest'd alike — and injure none,
 Grateful, I'll *trace* the fainter lights I find,
 Un-envying other's blazing : — humbly, *own*
 My aw'd conviction, of man's reachless power
 To pierce omnipotence --- and know it, *near*.
 Let me, with distant rev'rence, pond'ring, dumb,
 Dread arrogant *dec'sion* ; persecute

No fancied *heresy* — but, closing, *calm*,
 Opinion's dazzled eye, bow darkly down,
 And hail th' *unfathom'd vastness*! Thro the dusk
 Thought fails to penetrate, *revere* what is —
 Undaring to *describe* it. Let no pomp
 Of positive *presumption* swell my soul,
 To self-preferring scorn, of *alien* creeds,
 Uncertain, in my own: Yet — *sure*, of *this*,
 That *virtue* CANNOT *err*, but *judgment* MAY.

PEACEFULLY patient, let me travel out
 Life's unoffending journey. Mark, well-pleas'd,
 New prospects, manners, tastes, beliefs, chang'd
 modes,
 New systems — *Every* view, that *sides* my way,
 Unprejudic'd to *any*: till — at last
 Death opening truth's barr'd gate, 'tis *time*, to see
 God's *meanings* --- in the light, *his presence* lends.

SAREPH

SAREPH and HAMAR: *An Episode.**From a POEM call'd GIDEON.*

JOASH from Ophra now was come, dispatch'd
by GIDEON's care,

Attended by the lately pardon'd ten;

These in the shortest roads, experienc'd were,

All grateful, brave, and dext'rous men:

But chiefly PHURAH had a soul too strong

For fortune's adverse weight to strain, or bend:

Though low his lot, his mind cou'd upward
tend:

He, much inur'd to grievous wrong,

Had mark'd, that *interest* was mens common
end;

And since his former happier life, such misery did
attend,

He little hop'd his woes wou'd make a friend:

But when by GIDEON's noble pity sav'd,

He look'd more nearly thro' the hero's breast:

No more he mourn'd, that he was once en-
slav'd,

But the delightful misery blest ;
Which, thro' the *worst* of human kind, thus led
him to the *best* ;

And burnt, impatient, with a gen'rous aim,
To serve his glorious lord's designs, and his high
worth proclaim ;

Well mounted, and well arm'd, a trusty guide ;
He follow'd Joash, with a chosen train ;
Who flow descending rough *Betbulia's* side,
Saw *Midian's* marching host o'erspread the
plain ;
And keeping near, had well observ'd the way,
Till now encamp'd on *Rama's* hills they lay.

Joash, unwilling to advance more nigh,
'Till he had weigh'd their aim, the following
day ;

Resolv'd that night beneath his tent to lie,
On a declining spot, which charm'd his eye ;
And sloping to the river's edge, was by a forest
crown'd :

Half wilderness, half garden, widely sweet,
Where self-sown rose-trees shade the well-
swarth'd ground,

And o'er the fragrant tops, thick-arching meet
Wild

Wild *Orange* trees, whose flow'ry breath perfumes
the breezes round,

Charms, which at once cou'd all the senses greet,
And did in unbought store for each, with boun-
teous care abound,

Low, on the river's grassy brink, he sees
A meadow, shelter'd round with branchy trees;
His mules and camels, there, he turn'd to graze,

While higher in the grove he stays,
Beneath the canopy to pass the night;

Where the highway, near bord'ring, reach'd
his sight;

Refresh'd by sleep, he rose serene and gay,

And walk'd abroad to see the breaking day,

With dawning lustre, thro' the boughs, in trem-
bling fallies play.

Where-e'er he pass'd, the golden fruit hung low

And dancing, wanton, bow'd to court his hand,

Proud of the native charms they had to show;

While, from above, the sweet wind-wafted
flow'rs,

Rain'd on his silver hairs, in milk-white
show'rs;

Modest, the blushing rose-trees round him
stand,

And, rudely shook, weep tears of pearly dew ;
And to his smell send soft complaints, and scent
the forest through.

Now, thro' the grove, the thirsty *Sun* did his hot
face disclose,

And drank the steamy nectar, as it rose ;
When *Joash*, looking out upon the plain,
Beheld a comely youth approach the grove ;
Weary he seem'd to walk, and full of pain,
As if against some inward woe he strove ;
Close after him an ill-shap'd afs he led,
Whereon sate pensive, as in deep distress,
A lovely woman, with declining head.
Rich in her charms, but careless in her dress ;
Often the youth look'd back with am'rous air,
And mix'd much tenderness with constant care,
Curious, and wond'ring what this pair shou'd be,
Joash fate low, against a bending tree,
Whence, 'twixt the bushes, he unseen cou'd see.
When they the close and sheltry umbrage gain'd,
Soft in his arms, the youth his fair companion took,
Proud of the burthen, his glad grasp obtain'd,
And with slow step, and love directed look,

Chose a well-swarth'd and shady spot, and having
plac'd her there,
Sate down himself, and seiz'd her hand, and sigh'd
with silent care.

Long on his face, with blushful innocence.
And unspoke meanings fill'd, she fix'd her eyes,
At last, with all love's natural eloquence,
Thus her soft soul, her trembling tongue supplies.

O *SAREPH*! how capricious is our fate!
Sure, I was doom'd to mis'ry from my birth;
While I was blind, and wou'd not know thy
worth.

Then I had power to give it a reward;
But now, when thou hast won my whole re-
gard,
When sick with shame, I see how much I owe,
And wou'd with joyful gratitude bestow;
I find myself distress'd and poor and loss'd in
wilds of woe:

Why wilt thou share in my afflicted state,
And by partaking give my griefs new weight?
Leave me, too gen'rous youth! to bear ill fate
alone;

Let pains to-come, past pride atone;

Why, *Sareph*, thou'dst thou die for me,
Who thought it hard to live for thee?

Alas! how hopeless thus unknown, to roam!

What can we meet *abroad* but *misery*,

Who found no friends at *home*?

Wide is the world, my *Sareph*, and but few
To pity the unhappy are inclin'd;

Vast is the sorrow, we must travel through,
And small the speck of hope we go to find:

Oh! 'tis too hard to fall from wealth and fame,
To pinching hunger, and to pining shame:

Why live we longer then, since life is curst?

The *beggar's* lot is bitt'rer, than the grave.

Misery's too patient, when she waits the worst;

By death, at once, the wretched and the brave

May mend their fortune, and their honour save:

More she had said, but rising grief her breaking
voice oppress'd

A-while, with speaking tears, she look'd the rest;
Then sigh'd, and with declining head fell soft
against his breast.

CHARM-cover'd *Hamar*, the sad youth reply'd,
And half his mantle o'er her gently threw;

Unus'd

Unus'd to want, nor yet in misery try'd,
Rest, now, in safety, by my guardful side:
Faint with thy toils, and damp and cold, with
night's descending dew,
Sleep will refresh thee, and thou then may'st
find
Courage restor'd, revive thy waking mind:
That heav'n, which help'd thee to escape thy
foes,
Well thy wond'rous virtue knows.
And will pursue thee with reward, where-e'er
thy beauty goes.
Nor fear, that, being *strangers*, and *unknown*,
We wander, *hopeless*, o'er the world's wide
breast;
Alas! *what* country can we call our *own*,
Who have at *home* been thus oppress'd?
Pity to *foreign* woe is soonest shown,
While fear, or envy, always robs *domestic* worth
of rest:
To flourish is the way to be distress'd;
And safe obscurity lives still most blest.
Want's heavy hand shall never drag thee down,
While I have life to lavish for thy sake:
Fear nothing, let storm-gath'ring fortune frown,

For

For ever, thus, thy rest in safety take,
And on *my* shoulders let the tempest break.
Ev'n while he spoke, swift to the grove there
came
Four straggling plund'ers, who, from *Midian's*
host
Stole out by night, with predatory aim,
To rob and murder on this peopled coast.
These had, at distance, watch'd the mournful
pair,
And, following to the shade, surpriz'd them there.
Sareph, resisting, was o'erpower'd, and all the
four agree,
That bound upright against a tree,
Pierc'd by their arrows he dispatch'd shou'd be:
And now with bloody speed, and fierce intent,
Their steely bows stood strongly bent;
The levell'd shafts were pointed from the eye,
And the strings *struggled* with desire to fly:
Hamar, beyond description, stunn'd with woe,
Kneel'd, trembling, dumb, unfit for pray'r or
flight;
She felt herself a stiff'ning statue grow,
Nor knew she liv'd, but by the *curse* of *fight*.
Sareph

Sareph, with swelling indignation choak'd,
Sometimes *beav'n's* help, sometimes the *four*
 least invok'd,
Then, with mad starts of heat, their rage provok'd;
Now torn with pity, now with grief, convuls'd,
 he rolls his eye,
Now looks on *Hamar* with despair, now hopeful
 on the sky;
Then stamps, and weeps, and strains his bands,
 and wishes but to die.

Just in the fatal point, one soldier thus,
With lifted hand his fellow's purpose staid:
What will this stranger's death advantage us?
For life perhaps a ransom may be paid:
If not — To kill him, will our bliss with this fair
 prize destroy,
 Make her distasteful, sad, and coy;
 And blast the very spirit of our joy.
But for his life she may, with willing arms,
Reward us with the fulness of her charms.
Whose she shall be, by lot may soon be try'd;
 Chance will impartially decide.
Brothers, reply'd another, 'twere a shame,
Shou'd *lots* determine in a soldier's claim:

And

With that he hurl'd a jav'lin from his hand,
Ynd pierc'd the trunk of a distinguish'd tree:
Now let us all, said he, at distance stand,
And he, whose arrow, hither shot, most near
this mark shall be,
His be the claim, and the possessor he.

The rest, with joint applause, consent declare,
And backward far, their station chuse, and their
best shafts prepare.

Thus they, suspicious of no danger near,
While *Joash* softly left his bushy seat,
And ran, with pity touch'd, his men to meet:
Soon he discern'd them, and with earnest cry,
Sent his swift summons to their willing ear;
They with a loud and general shout reply:
The *Median* archers hear the noise, and quit
their prize and fly.

Joash with cautious foresight, check'd the
haste,

With which his rushing guard pursu'd their
flight:

On the grove's border, closely rang'd, a trusty
file he plac'd;

Defensive there, to watch with reachful fight:

And

Then

Then to *Sareph* drawing nigh,
 And viewing the transported youth with a joy-
 sprinkling eye,
 From the flesh-furrowing cords his arms he
 frees,
 Who grateful bends with rapt'rous thanks, and
 clasps his feeble knees.

Hamar, mean-while, sunk spiritless away,
 And stretch'd upon the verdant surface lay;
 Unable passion's wild extremes, with temper to
 sustain;
 Excess of joy upon excess of grief,
 Drove back a tide of strong resisting pain,
 And overwhelm'd her with too fierce relief:
 But *Sareph* kneeling earnest by her side,
 Hung over her with love's officious care;
 A thousand soft and tender arts he try'd,
 A thousand times invoc'd th' unanswering fair.
 Waking at last, to love and life, amidst a warm
 embrace,
 Her opening eyes flash'd sudden on his face;
 Then round his neck her eager arms she threw;
 Unguarded nature, thus surpriz'd, gave way;
 Recov'ring life no nice disguises knew,

Passion,

Passion, unfetter'd by reserve, did its full force
display,

And extasy did modesty betray.

On either side supported, slow she went,

Guided by *Joash*, to his distant tent ;

There, soft reclining, sought a short repose,

Her scatter'd spirits to compose :

While *Joash*, curious to enquire,

What sad occasion plung'd them in their woe,

Address'd the youth, with mild desire,

The story of their mournful loves to know.

Sareph comply'd with the approv'd request,

And in these words, with mingled sighs, his

wond'rous tale exprest.

Tyre, fam'd for golden splendor o'er the east,

Gave birth to *Rekem* of a fair descent ;

But who, by honest industry, his wealth so much

increas'd,

That he, in fortune's race, all others far outwent ;

Yet was he not more blest, than innocent !

Rare were his virtues, and his soul as far excell'd

the rest,

As did his wealth — He was at once the richest,

and the best.

None from his friendly door were empty sent,
He us'd his heaps, but as a treasure lent,
To be dispos'd for others good, and not in pride
mispent.

He was the common father of th'oppress'd;
To him, 'twas merit but to be distress'd:
My self became an early proof, how pity sway'd
his heart,

In helpless infancy an orphan left;
At once of parents and of food bereft,
Rekem, that best of men, assum'd a father's part,
Sav'd me from want's foul-pinching smart,
And with a gen'rous care, and lib'ral hand supply'd
What my own lot, less happy, had deny'd.

This lovely *Hamar*, here, but now enslav'd,
This fainting charmer, whose dear life your time-
ly succour sav'd,

Was the good *Rekem*'s lov'd, and only child;
So soft her nature, and so sweetly mild,
That upon all the world, but me, she smil'd:
With bold, but fruitless passion fir'd, long time I
strove in vain,

The wish'd reward of lovers sighs to gain;
But she, who wept at others woes, took pleasure
in my pain.

Rekem's

Rekem's superior wealth, and virtue too,
On his just aims, the grievous weight of general
envy drew :

Out shining all, he stirr'd up all men's hate,
And stood a mark for the distrustful state.

They fear'd his virtues, and his wealth they
fought,

And secret means, to work his ruin, wrought :

But long their willing malice watch'd in vain,
His life, unsully'd, white and pure, disclos'd no
single stain,

Till fortune pointed out at last, a blind, but fatal
way,

At once her former blessings to betray,
And to the hungry grasp of power gave up the
long-wish'd prey.

Scarce past a month, since from the *Midian*
host,

Which now o'er-conquer'd *Israel* wasteful ways,

Zalmunna sent two captains to our coast,

To mark our strength, and well observe our

ways :

These to *Tyre*, with vent'rous aim,

Perhaps, not uninvited came ;

But

But while the city they with care survey'd,
They found themselves by some ill chance
betray'd :

The house, they lay in, was beset by night,
And one was seiz'd, and one escap'd by flight:

The cautious state hence took alarm,
And strait resolv'd, defensively, to arm :
Maliciously inquisitive they find,
That *Rekem* once, by public fame deceiv'd,
To strangers converse ever much inclin'd ;
Had the two spies, as travellers, receiv'd ;
And feasted them with hospitable care,
Tho'tless, alas! how dang'rous guests they were:
Vain was the just defence his virtue made,
They seiz'd his wealth, and on his ruin prey'd :
And as by nature men, who once have injur'd us
before,

Seek their own safety from new wrongs, and still
oppress us more,

So with a blind, and barb'rous speed,
They the good *Rekem* ev'n to death pursu'd;
Dress'd rapine in her solemn form, and publicly
decreed,

That on the morning, which ensu'd,
Beheaded in the market-place he should for trea-
son bleed.

But when to *Hamar*'s ear this news was brought,
Who can describe the sad effects it wrought?
Imagination *may* perhaps conceive her dreadful
state,

But 'twas a misery of too much weight,
Too sharp, too mighty to *relate*?
Long was her sad, her earnest pray'r deny'd,
To see her tender father, e'er he dy'd:
At last, the mournful favour she obtain'd,
And 'twixt two weeping maids supported went;
Far in the night together they remain'd,
And the dark hours in mutual mis'ry spent,
'Twixt loud complaints, and silent tears, and
wild astonishment.

When *Hamar*'s pious hope, by heav'n advis'd,
Wisely contriv'd her father's wish'd escape;
In *her* loose robes his body she disguis'd,
And cover'd with her flowing *veil* his grief-dis-
order'd shape;

Then seeming weak with woe, and drown'd
in tears,
The good old man with artful step, and bent and
cover'd head,

Safe 'twixt the faithful maids was from the pri-
son led:

While

While *Hamar* in *his* dress half dead with
fears,
Remain'd the hostage of his flight, and saviour
of his years.

HEAVEN knows what path the hapless *Rekem*
chose,
But he has since been vainly sought by his blood-
thirsty foes ;
Mean while, in council the grave chiefs of state
Weigh the surprizing deed with warm debate ;
Some, but, alas ! how few ! with generous heat,
Applaud the filial piety, and her discharge entreat.
But far less just the general voice agreed,
That, since regardless of the laws she had her
father freed,
She should again discover him, or in his place
should bleed.

This she, tho' not expecting, bravely met,
And sent for me her last long leave to take,
Saraph, said she, I die without regret,
Since my dear father has escap'd their net ;
Nor would I wish to live, but for thy sake :
Long thy love hath faithful been,
But thy great merit was too lately seen :

A worth, like thine, in such an impious age,
Might hearts less sensible than mine engage :
But fate denies me now all power of choice,
And all, that I can give thee, is my *voice* :
Were I to *live*, my life henceforth were thine,
Now *death* requires me, and 'tis vain ignobly to
repine.

By chance this jewel, rich in price, remains,
Sav'd from the general wreck, and secret kept,
Take it, said she, 'twill ease your life from
want's voracious pains ;

Perhaps your search (and there she wept)
May once again my now lost father find ;
'Twill somewhat comfort his afflicted mind,
In his distress to see *you* kind.

And even the little *this* may give to *share*,
The gratitude of you, his friend, and his dead
daughter's care.

I took the jewel, and o'erwhelm'd with grief,
Scarce found the pow'r these words to say :
Hamar, fear nothing, heaven's thy friend and
owes thee sure relief.

So saying, turn'd, and shot with speed away,
For in that point of time, &c.

—THE pair departed, and with busy mind
Wife *Joash* thro' the grove reflecting stray'd ;
Fill'd with *ideas* of God's power and goodness
unconfi'd,
In each event discern'd to act, in every place
display'd :
If downward on the *earth* he bent his eye,
The party-colour'd surface gaily dress'd,
Grateful, her scented off'rings breath'd to the
dew-shedding sky,
And heaven's indulgent hand confess'd.
If he lookt upward to the realms of light,
The glowing sun blaz'd copious to his sight ;
Illustrious proof of power immense, and essence
vastly bright,
That first cou'd light up day's broad lamp, and
guide the eyeless night !
If he the prospect *round him* view'd,
A vegetable nation widely spread,
With long, but humbler life endu'd,
Were in their seasons, by God's will, with genial
moisture fed,

The lowing *herds* in nature's lux'ry roll'd,
Wallowing in verdant beds of springing grass;
Air-failing birds, with broad-spread wings in
streams their flight behold,
And stooping wanton to the liquid glass,
With half dip'd pinions skim the floods, and sip
'em, as they pass.

In these, and in all objects, he cou'd spy,
Or with his gross, or intellectual eye;
The formful hand of God, distinctly read,
Amaz'd his thoughts, and o'er his soul a reverend
horror spread,

BUT while thus nobly he employ'd his mind,
Surrounding shouts swell'd circling in the wind;
The grove, on every side, resounded, with a-
larms
Of mingled voices, crackling boughs, thick steps,
and clatt'ring arms, &c.

The JUDGEMENT-DAY: *A* Poem.

I.

HOVER no more, my muse! o'er *idle*
themes,

Sliding shadows! slipp'ry dreams!

By *heaven's* high call, from *humane* bias freed,
Imagination *climbs* with dreadful speed!

Unfetter'd, from *earth's* humble heights, I rise,
And stretch sublime, a 'dang'rous flight, which
none, untrembling, tries.

Tremendous *maker!* arm my aking eyes;

Aid and *support*, O God! my failing power,
Teach my bold *thought* to wing the blazing
skies!

Fearless, to stem destruction's driving shower!

And safe, 'twixt *burning* worlds, ambitious,
tower.

O! let my hot, my struggling bosom glow,

Swol'n by a *bursting* flood of bright desire:

'Till the astonish'd soul is taught, with *starting*
dread to know,

How groaning *nature* shall, *dissolv'd*, expire,
 And *tumbling orbs*, with *orbs involv'd*, flow
 loose, in *seas of fire*.

How this *blue void's* immense, and concave
 frame;

Spangled with *starry worlds*, to pieces broke,
 Shall feel *heaven*, round it, *shrivel* from the
 flame,

And *melted suns*, from *distant spheres*, pour, liquid,
 through the smoke.

II.

Now, now, on fancy's *faily wings*, I rise,
 Aw'd, and confounded! thro' deep *wilds* of
air:

Millions of opening wonders strike my eyes,
 And reason's finite view is dazled here!

Globes behind globes, *unnumber'd*, hence appear!

The twinkling *stars*, that, from yon *earth* re-
 mote,

Seem heaven-set *gems*, and scatter'd *seeds of day*,
Here, wid'ning into flaming *worlds*, 'midst *seas of*
Æther flote,

And, o'er *blue kingdoms*, hold a fiery sway!

In

In distant Orbits, round each reigning *star*,
Huge *earths* and *moons*, their circling homage pay :
Millions of countless miles are lost between,
And sick'ning *thought* grows *tir'd* to stretch so
far !

How *vast* the concave spheres, which, hence,
are seen !

Th' enormous *vaults*, with wheeling *worlds*
glow round !

Rolling, *sublime*, they slide *oblique*, yet none their
paths confound !

A thousand bright *cross-currents* cause no jars,
Nor one the others progress bars ;
Wide, round their central *worlds* of *fire*, their
various *tours* they make ;

Yet no proud planet dares his line forsake,
Partial, an intercepted ray to break :
They take, and lend, by turns, the streaming
light,

And, silent, form, in solemn *round*, alternate day
and night !

Yet, beauteous, as this heavenly fabrick shines,
An hour shall come, when it must all decay ;
When starting *man*, from *midnight sleep*, shall see
th' incumbent *signs*,

That *time* is *sick*, and nature melts away.

III.

HARK! the *dissolving* trumpet roars! thunders
o'er thunders roll!

A trembling angel sounds th' *eternal* call!
The unbounded notes whirl *higher* and *higher*, and
rend my shiv'ring soul!

Echoing from *world* to *world*, they burst o'er all:
And gathering horrors, *cold* as *death*, in show'ry
shadows fall;

The conscious planets *start* to bear the sound,
And, from their orbits, *bound*;

Now, void of motion, and depriv'd of force,
Th' *arrested* systems stop, at once, their course!

The languid orbs, grown *dim*, their shine
with-hold,

And night *creeps* o'er them, in a deadly *cold*:

The *guardian* angels hear the alarming blast,

And, from their several stations, wing their
way;

Upward, in glittering crouds, they tower, in
haste,

And, looking back, sigh sad, and *feel* the *day*!

Thin

Thin troops of *naked ghosts*, long stript of clay,
 That, wand'ring 'twixt the spheres, admiring
 gaz'd,
Start, in loose shoals, and glide, like mists, a-
 way ;
 Gathering *above*, expecting and amaz'd !
Again, th' *intolerable* sound I hear !
 The dreadful summons *tears* my deafen'd ear.
 The trembling air, *unbracing*, lets me fall ;
 O ! save me, heaven ! I *sink apace*, to yon be-
 nighted *ball* ?

IV.

HAIL ! doom'd dominions ! hail ! my native
 clay !
 O ! what a blessing, *here*, were vanish'd *day* !
Again ! what *rumbling horror* bursts its way !
 Save me, my *God* ! — a flood of flashing light
 Gleams its *red* lustre, thro' the *depth* of *night* !
 The poles *start sudden*, from the frightful burst,
 And earth's snap'd *axis*, groaning, quits its
 trust !
 No more th' *ungravitated globe* goes round,
 Inward convulsions *power*, and *form*, confound ;
Wan

Wan desolation fades her cind'ry crust,
 And active life *creeps* thro' the *quick'ning* dust !
Vales aw'd beneath me, at th'impending doom,
 In billowy *beavings*, roll, *upright*, along th' *incumbent gloom* !

Torn from their roots, the groaning *forests* lie,
 And *bills* leap headlong, and invade the *sky*.
 Mankind, now, first united, join in prayer !
 Shrieks, from a thousand *kingdoms*, rend the
 air,
 And ghastly *horror* stalks o'er all, and leads on
 pale *despair* !

V.

SEE ! how destructive *flashes* wind their way !
 And point the following *thunder*, where to rend !
 Mark ! how the spouted rivers, upward, stray,
 And *bifs* against the *light'nings*, which *descend* !
 Heav'n ! how the falling *cities*, buried lie !
 Entomb'd, in their proud palaces, earth's hum-
 bled monarchs die !
 See ! thro' the flash'd distinction, *fires* can give,
 Naked crowds, who wish to live,
 Mix'd,

Mix'd, in confusion, to the mountains run;
 Mountains, which, more afraid than *they*, have
their own flight begun,
 And, rolling, o'er the swallow'd tribe, *bring on*
 the fate, they shun!

On every side, from every part,
 Disjointed realms afunder *start*;
 Wide gaping *cleft* earth's inmost entrails show,
 And, from th' uprooted mountain's chasms,
below,
 Unprison'd *seas*, in roaring torrents, flow.
 Commision'd *ocean*, breaking loose, disdains
 his crumbling bounds,
 And, hoarsely climbing, o'er the rocky
 mounds,
 Swallows *Pyrene's* snowy top, and *Alpine* bar-
 riers drowns.

VI.

Now *all* is *ocean*! and a dreadful blast,
 Bursts, from beneath, and swells it to the sky!
 Torn, from their seats, the sea-toss'd *bills* are
 'gainst each other dash'd,
 And, bulging, on the foaming surface, lie;
 On

On floating *oaks* the wond'ring *Lyon* rides,
 And clings, majestick, to th' unstable feat !
 The *Elephant* bears up his buoyant sides,
 And paws the groaning waves, with his broad
 feet!

Th' assembled birds, in clouds, skim, low, in
 air,

Wind-shaken, scorch'd, and wash'd by driving
 rains ;

In circl'y flight, shrill skreams their woe declare,
 To find no remnant of their sheltry plains !

Deep-swallow'd *earth*, mean while, still loos'n-
 ing more,

Lets in old *ocean*, to her central fires ;

Th' astonish'd deluge, ne'er so check'd before,
Shrinks from the *pain*, and in loud *roar*, re-
 tires !

Close in *pursuit*, the bursting *flame* breaks thro'
 th' unusual vent,

O'ertakes the rolling floods slow flight, and climbs
 th' *immense* extent !

On all sides, now, the fire-affaulted waves,
 Feel themselves *boil*; and *curl* to shun the heat;
 A *night* of *steam* climbs, dark and broad, from their
 voracious graves,

And

And plunging *Whales*, which no cool comfort
meet,
Spout the hot flood to *heaven*, in *rage*, and the
froth'd billows beat.

VII.

MELTING *within*, earth's sulph'ry solids flow,
Pierc'd by the force of her expanding flame;
Metals, dissolv'd, in blazing lakes, below,
With liquid burnings, dash her concave frame!
Victor, at length, out bursts the flooding fire,
And rolls, triumphant, o'er the bellow'ing sea!
Rivers of flaming gold, in spouts, aspire,
And struggling thro' repugnant storms, a lab'ring
passage free!

As when from furnaces, thick smoke expires,
And towers, in inky volumes, to the sky,
The warring wind beats down th' unyielding
spires,
And spreads the sable eddies, broad, and high:
So, rising hills of liquid flame, by cov'ring waves
oppress'd,
In glowing whirlpools, driving round, torment the
ocean's breast,
Furious,

Furious, the batt'ling elements engage,
 And twisting hostile, hiss, with mutual rage,
 Coated with fire, in strong and rampant tides,
 Reluctant ocean, less'ning fast, subsides ;
 Mix'd with the melted world, it flames all round,
 And seas, that drown'd the earth, themselves
 are drown'd .

VIII.

How low, proud earth, are all thy honours laid!
 Where are thy late-contested empires found?
 Where the big boasts of arts and arms display'd!
 Where are the dreadful pomps, which hemm'd
 thee round !
 What difference, now, 'twixt rich and poor,
 remains ?
 The ruler's sceptre, and the captive's chains?
 Where lie the properties of boastful wealth ?
 Distinction, and degrees, now clash no more !
 Pale sickness here, flows, mix'd with ruddy
 health,
 And scorn and pity, now, unite, which never
 join'd, before !
 Melting, like wax, thy kindled rocks in tow'ry
 flames aspire ;

And

And liquid kingdoms *undulate* in fire?
From the sad sight, tir'd fancy! turn thy eye;
See! what amazing *changes* blot the *Sky!*
Longer, and *louder*, the last trumpet's sound
Rolls its encreasing clangor to the *sun*;
The starting fires *convolve*, and, *backward*, run,
Struck to the *heart*, he darkens and decays,
And strongly *trembles*, thro' his *breadth* of
blaze;
As when, in living *man*, some swift surprize,
Chills the warm region of his beating breast:
The failing members *feel* th' oppression *rise*,
And *hang*, of force, and motion, dispossess:
So, when the sov'reign *sun* forgets his care,
Dependant *worlds*, in sympathetic *woe*,
Halt in their *course*, and sick'ning, with de-
spair,
Their vast, ætherial rounds *forgoe*,
And roll, in *devious* mischief, *down* the *air!*
Yon wat'ry *Moon*, dissolving broad, now, seems a
dusky *flood*,
And now, at once, O, horrid change! the *red-*
dens into *blood!*

IX.

WIDE from its center, *see!* th' escaping sun,
With random dread, revolves his loos'ning
spires ;

Cold orbs, which plac'd remote, his influence
shun,

Now feel th' attraction of his bordering fires.
Suck'd to his burning breast, averse they flow,
And icy regions rear, to meet his glow !

Plung'd in embracing frost, unquench'd, he
lies !

And the thaw'd clime, round his hot convex
fries !

Worlds, by his absence, from dependance freed,
Scud, in loose liberty, along the sky ;

Wild, and licencious, drive, with headlong
speed,

Till 'gainst some shoaly comet, bulg'd, they lie ;
So, rebel kingdoms struggling to be free,

Shun regal power, and split on anarchy !

See, see ! where blazing orbs, in spheres remote,
Wrecks of lost worlds ! thro' storms of Æther
flote !

With

With spiry climb, vast tongues of fire, stretch'd
high,
In dreadful cones, to sweep each other try;
While skies, between, shrink up, and warp their
frame,
As crackling Bay-leaves curl, in circling flame.

X.

Involv'd, at length, th' attracted planets throng,
And burn, confounded, with their central suns;
Tumbling, from every part, they strike, and,
thund'ring rend along!
Th' unhinging shock the list'ning angels funs.
Worlds against worlds, with clashing horror
driv'n,
Dash their broad ruins to the throne of heav'n!
Thro' flaming regions of the burning air,
Down rain distilling suns, in liquid rills,
Mix'd with red mountains of unmelted fire!
Hissing, perplex'd, with showers of icy hills,
And cat'raet seas, that roar, from worlds still
higher;
Mingled, like driving hail, they pour along,
And, thund'ring, on our ruin'd system fall!
Flames, grappling flames, combine, to grow
more strong,
And, in wild blaze, sweep, boundless, over all;

One firey deluge, wasteful, boils below,
And crumbled worlds, in liquid millions, flow.

XI.

Th' accomplish'd ruin sleeps, creation dies!

And untask'd angels rove o'er empty skies!

The soft'ning trumpet breathes harsh strains
no more;

But, in sunk sounds, grows sweet, and falls
its roar!

Celestial voices swell, 'twixt warbling notes,

And thrilling joy, on circling rapture, floats!

O'er the vast void, melodious praises flow,

And list'ning fiends, from the red lake, below,

Hush, for a while, the creeping flames, and half
suspend their woe!

But, while in deep, and fix'd attention, charm'd,

Their hungry souls devour the blissful sound,

By sudden silence struck, they start, alarm'd,

And mark a sad! an awful! stillness, round!

Conscious of coming judgment, down they sink,

Diving, by thousands, thro' the burning lake;

Calm with incumbent dread, from brink to brink,

Th' unheaving ocean scarce is seen to quake,

Nor swells one daring billow up, in firey foam,
to break!

FROM

XII.

Involv'd with rolling tides of *azure*, flow!
Currents of mingled *black, red, gold, and blue*,
In glitt'ring chaces, sport, *perplex'd* and *wind*,
unceasing, through!
Stream'd thro' the whole, a quiv'ring lustre
darts,

Which, as bright *groups* of angels interpose,
A twinkling change of *coloury rays* imparts,
And, from their wings, a *show'ry light'ning*
throws!

Far, above *all*, thro' the dome's op'ning *crown*,
Broad, as a world, th' *almighty's* *EYE* looks
down; T 3 Clouds

Clouds of deep glory, shadowing, round, his
 keen refulgence *hide*,
 And *dazled angels* turn their eyes *aside*!

XIII.

Hark ! what transporting *majesty* of *sound*,
 In solemn sweetness rolls its force along ?
Soft, and yet *loud*, it leads its thunder, round,
 And strikes chill rev'rence, thro' th' angelic
 throng !

'Tis the *eternal's* pow'rful *voice* ! that calls, to
waken death !

And *resurrection* waits th' *omnific breath* !
 The lake *groans deep* ! the *labour* will begin !
 O'er its broad face, *life-beaving* billows *curl* ;
 The burning bowels sep'rate, flow, within,
 And smoaky clouds expire in *pitchy whirl* !
Bodies of *men*, in ages, long since past,
 Whose wand'ring dust has chang'd a thousand
 forms,
 Purg'd, by the boiling fires, *evaporate fast*,
 And, *steaming upward*, rise, in *misty swarms* ?
 Sexes, conjoin'd in shoaly atoms, swim,
 And, sallying loose, the firey surface skim !

Kings,

Kings, slaves, and patriots, undistinguish'd flow,
 And mount, *entangled*, from the gulph, below !
 In the *mid-air*, dispers'd, unnumber'd ways,
 Each in his fellow's search, *instinctive*, strays !
 Circling, like flaky show'rs of driving snow,
 Which whirlwinds, into *mazy wav'rings*, blow;
 In endless intricacies, *winding thro'*,
 Atoms join atoms, and *lost forms renew* !
 With sympathetic *cling*, together fly,
 And *limb'd*, for *life*, in cumb'rous millions lie !

XIV.

ONCE more, sublime, th' enliv'ning voice I
 hear !

“ *Souls, descend ! your bodies join.*

Sudden, thin clouds of *bov'ring lives* appear,
 And *leaning anxious*, in soft squadrons, shine !
Loos'd, at th' Almighty's word, distinct they fly,
 Swift, as the light-beams of a human eye !

Ardent, with longing shoot, each strikes *his*
own,

And *smiles*, to fill his long-lost home again ;
Bodies supine, by ent'ring breath new blown,
Flash sudden, into *life*, and *start up men* !

They *wake* ! they *pant* ! they *try* their *limbs* !
 they *gaze* !

Lost, in short *horror*, and *severe amaze* !

XV.

Armies, unnumber'd, throng th' ætherial space,
 Paternal *Adam* views, at once, his whole *collected*
race,

And, with big tears, for conscious *woe*, bedews
 his reverend face :

Parents meet *children*, and, transported, *cling*,
 Long-parted *friends*, in mutual rapture, greet,
 Th' *obliger* and th' *oblig'd*, together spring,
 And trembling *traitors* injur'd *sovereigns* meet !
 CÆSAR ON BRUTUS looks, serenely, down,
 And cloudy CATO stalks, with *sullen will*,
 Glares on him, *envious*, with *inferior frown*,
 And wonders, that in *spite of death*, he feels him
conqu'ror still !

Majestic, in the solemn front, of STUART's *injur'd*
race,

The KINGLY MARTYR rears his awful brow !
 Pierc'd by the force of his *forgiving face*,
 A gloomy host of back'ning rebels bow !
 And fear, too late, that *sovereign pow'r*, they never
own'd till now !

Decrepit

Decrepit age, to more than youth, restor'd,
And pining sickness, freed from aking pain,
Exert the vigour, their new limbs afford,
And move, transported, at th' apparent gain!
Pale *murd'ers* meet, *alive*, whom, once, they
kill'd,
And rush thro' crowds th' alarming sight to
shun;
Usurpers fly from kings, whose thrones they fill'd,
And loaded with their guilt, *unwieldy*, run.

XVI.

Fancy, thou fail'st me, *here*! I feel thee *weak*!
I feel thee *sink*, beneath th' o'erpouring weight!
Aid me, O Saviour! teach my soul to speak;
Thron'd, on thy father's red right hand, in all thy
dreadful state!

Thou see'st the humbl'd pride of nature wait,
Mankind, collected into life! the *lowly*, and the
great:
And thus, th' eternal doom thou speak'st; the sen-
tence of their fate!

' Come, my blest remnant, ye selected few!
' Who practis'd, but, the obvious good, ye knew;
' Who

- ‘ Who, safely pointed, by the guide *within*;
- ‘ *Struggled* to virtue, and resisted *sin* ;
- ‘ Who, or, by *prophets*, or, by *conscience*, taught
- ‘ Have, or *discover’d* truth, or, humbly, *sought* ;
- ‘ Who, from the guilt of *choice* have still liv’d
free,
- ‘ Or *done*, or *suffer’d*, for my *name*, and *me* !
- ‘ Who, by no conscious weight depress’d, of un-
repented *sin*,
- ‘ Feel yourselves *light*, and uncondemn’d, *within*,
- ‘ Rais’d, from yon dark, and sinking crowd ! to
heaven’s high thrones aspire !
- ‘ Enter, with *me*, to joys, which *drown desire* ;
- ‘ And leave th’ *accurs’d*, to prove by *pain*, eternity
in *fire* !

XVII.

‘ *Tis spoke* : and, lo ! th’ *unroofing arch* rends
wide ;
Swift, descends a *radiant tide* !
An opening breadth rolls down, of sparkling
day ;
And, like a scroll, *unfolds* huge length, of *more than*
milky way !

They

They go ! th' admitted *saints* tread light, as air,
They mount, with more than 'human eyes, and
stem the streamy glare !

Bright, as they move, th' encircling angels
throng ;

Heard *Halleluja's* shake th' inferior sky !
In distant thrills, expiring notes prolong,
And with transporting *fall of sound*, in gradual
soft'nings, die !

See ! thro' the *Portal* ! how attracted *day*,
Like a swift current's spiral ebb, glides, after 'em
away !

Now, all is *dark*, and *dismal*, as *yon scene* ;
Ah ! why does closing heaven, so soon, th' en-
trancing prospect *skreen* ?

What does *beyond* those glitt'ring confines *lie* ?
And why no *room*, 'till *death* makes way, for such
a *wretch* as *I* ?

XVIII.

But murmur not, proud *thought* ! if, *here*, de-
lay'd,

A wand'ring *pilgrim*, through this life's cold
shade,

I must

I must not, yet, with heav'nly choirs, rejoice;
O! be the will of God, not *mine*, obey'd!
Wait, my impatient soul! his *wiser* choice!
Trust the strong hand, by which *those* worlds
were made,

And to *his* pleasure tune thy willing voice!
If I, not yet, shake off this earthy load,
Sure, there is *bus'ness*, worth my life's *best* aim;
He, who submits to *tire* upon the road,
Is faintly soul'd, or travels *not* for *fame*;
For *me*, suffice it, to have taught my muse,
The *tuneful* triflings of our tribe to shun,
And rais'd her warmth, such *heav'nly* themes to
chuse,

As, in *past* ages, her *best* garlands won!
He, who beyond the pow'r of *man* could write,
Wou'd still fall short of him, who *acted* well;
To flow in *sound*, or turn a *period* right,
Is, but in *fairy* tow'rs of praise, to dwell!
To pardon *wrongs*, and benefits *requite*,
Is, in *substantial* meaning, to excel!
Why are my *wishes* bent *beyond* my power,
But to *provoke* my speed, to reach that goal,
Whence on the *afflicted*, I may *comforts* show'r,
And, with eas'd pity, feast my hungry soul!

Be

Be ACTION, then, henceforth, my life's wide
sphere,

A thousand glorious things I wish to *do* ;

All has been SAID, that's worth a wise man's
 ear,

But much may be PERFORM'D, that's *greatly*
 NEW.

CLEON to LYCIDAS; *A Time-Piece.*

The Date not mark'd, by the Painter.

FAITH, and the muse, have err'd. 'Twas
 just advice,

Skill'd LYCIDAS! that check'd too hasty *praise*.

I shou'd have cool'd pre-currence, into pause,

And weigh'd the public voice, oppos'd to mine:

Then had I found the future, in the past;

Nor falsely charg'd contractions puny grasp

With compass, it conceiv'd not. Share, my friend,

In pity, share, the pain my soul sustains,

To find such hope so faded. Hope, too rais'd,

To stoop at humble self: Hope, wing'd for *all*.

All

All was my blasted prospect. Fond surmizè
O'er-rated, and out-stretch'd, a people's bliss:

BID throb, the muse's pulse — for THY sweet
call,

What muse, uncharm'd, can hear? — Bid burn,
the brow

Vindictive, and appeal due satire's frown.

Due, to the *stagg'ers*, that made drunk by power
Forget past thirst's dry promise: and presume,
Dark dreamers! that the world forgets it, too.

Bid the *priest Poet* consecrate the rage

Of a wrong'd nation's curses. Rage, at zeal
From ranc'rous gall, hot envy's acrid hell!

Long under cloak of patriot semblance hid,

Guileful to lurk in wait, till av'rice snapt

Corruption's watch'd-for lure: Then, off, at once

Flew wide th' obstructive virtue. Veil'd no more,

Scramblers, in broad exposure's blushless brawn,

Light from the dust, lick'd prone th' admmissive
gold,

Deep-stain'd with cank'ry *ordure*. Lambent
slaves!

Fiend-cloven tongues! grac'd, once, to shame
belief:

And

And make distrust seem virtue!—yet, vain truth!
 No sooner hears the muse her Poet's call,
 Than venal calumny whets every sting,
 To wound his honest purpose. Public sense
 With her, is private feeling; Satire's frown
 Mean warmth from disappointment. Spurn the
 hag:

Or, let her err, neglected. Perish warmth,
 That acts, or wills, or thinks from partial pique,
 Unfaithful to its seemings! Self avaunt!
 Self is beneath resentment; nor descends
 The muse, to note such waste of wild impute.

UNPERSONAL, the cheeks indignant glow,
 That blushes but for others. Fall disgrace
 On ears, of dastard *start*, that dare not hear:
 Or tongues, that dare not own, truth's boldest call!
 Fall, even, contempt on *worth*, where, fac'd for
 scorn,
 Tort of revulsive brow bids pride withhold
 Thy smile, cheap gratitude! which craft's low
 guile
 Oft lends the beggar'd heart, that wants, within.
 Shame on the painful *stretch*, that racks the great!
 Needless extension! dignity like light,

Dwells

Dwells in itself, displayer, undisplay'd.
How have I seen the native courtier shine!
Warp'd to no *sou're sublime*, enchant men's eyes;
Charm dress'd in easy honour's effluent air:
Fill out distinction's voids without pomp's aid,
Strike in descending: and attract, supreme

Oh, *thou*! to whom lost *Anna's* evening ray
Ow'd love's allegiant lustre: flame, of joy,
Wit, genius! tide of art! whence letter'd hope
Drew depth, to sail ungrounded. Soul of taste!
Shade, without *chill*! soft'ning superior height
With access and urbanity! --- what need
Thy *name* here added? Day's meridian blaze
Marks the known hour, untold. --- O, say, best
judge,
Thou, who so nobly trod'st th' illustrious steep,
Oft clouded, since thou left'st it! --- Teach th'
untaught,
Why are the rais'd look'd up to? 'Tis, to try
Their claim to sit, so mounted. 'Tis, to task
Their strength to lift low climbers. Down, proud
snails,
That, crawl'd too high, your slime-track'd shells
expose!

Out

Out with these snuffs in blaze, that shine, to
stink!

What have the *lame* to do, with wrestler's toils?

'Tis impudence, that prompts deformity

To prink itself, like beauty. Want of light

Were flatt'ry, to the *ugly*. Drag 'em out:

And leave 'em, in the eye of scorn, *impal'd*.

THESE are the minds, that disavow the Muse!

Dead to the formful glow, that figures thought,

Blots *low* sensation from the wid'ning heart;

Lends an elastic nerve, to every sense:

Pushes exerted virtue into act:

Feels, for a world embrac'd; and warms mankind.

—Nothing of this, poor souls! disturbs their calm,

Closing their tortois'd lump of cold content,

Distant, perhaps, they *hear* the poet's name:

Less probably, sometimes perhaps, half deign

To turn th'untasted *page*; there, lumb'ring on,

Find nothing in the noblest verse, but *rhyme*:

And equal *Durfey's* frost, to *Dryden's* fire!

Sleep, genius, sleep — the times invite repose.

No source, of all *Britannia's* silv'ry streams,

Shall feed hope's with'ring root, where hearts,

thus dry,

Have drunk, like sponges, fortune's *ponded* swell :
And o'er th' unmoisten'd virtues shake no drop.

O, LYCIDAS ! how climbing zeal will *lye* !
Come, help me to deplore those blust'ring gales,
Whose ventilative heave puff'd out their void,
With shows, of airy ardour : Till up-driv'n
O'er skreenful clouds, there *burst* the bubbly
forms !

There, shrunk their satiate bulk, to trackless *busk* !
Speak, ye forgotten *graces*, if unsworn
To hold dumb distance, round the seats of power,
And rev'rence, un-approaching, step more *near* :
Untarnish those bald stars : tell 'em, their lights
Were lent, to be reflected. Every muse,
By every art attended, fighting, prone,
Complains of interception. Each, in vain,
Invokes one beam. But pines, in shiv'ring shade.

WHY, LYCIDAS, were ends and means mis-
join'd ?

Why am I born to pain, for pity, will'd ?

Why chose the God, that warm'd *thy* widening
heart,

To curb thy shorten'd hand, and press down fire;

What shall we say, to touch these sons of noise
With sense, how boldly death dissects their name?
What shall we do, to break th' imperious *blinds*,
That rise 'twixt power and taste! to pierce
their *mist*?

And teach th' incumbent *reeks*, what clouds they
form?

How shall a noteless, nameless, silent, friend
To thought's obscure retreats, unnerv'd, like me,
By dignity's bold brace, or fame's felt spring,
Shake those close groves of state, whence kings
catch gloom?

Oh! were their reach but thine! or, lot more
wish'd,

Happier, and safer, most remote from thrones!
O, were thy will but theirs! — Then, *LYCIDAS*,
No self-exposing halt, in place possess'd,
Wou'd shame remember'd sweep to distant hope.
Corrective care wou'd *change*, what once it charg'd:
Watchful discernment *seize* unshould'ring worth,
That crowds not into notice. Taste wou'd dare
Feel uninfus'd distinction: take no *cue*
From int'rests venal nod — less, wait for *prayer*,
From virtue's bashful pang, or art's dumb claim:

For, excellence hugs close her modest veil,
 But, (actively inquisitive for woe,
 For wit's guess'd wants, for sorrow's cover'd tear,
 For pains, wrongs, penury of every good,
 With-held by every evil) drag back weight,
 That holds down worth depress'd, --- and bid it
 spring.

So, cou'd *my verse*, ah! fruitless dream! *inspire*,
 Then shou'd I feel I breathe, nor life's dim track
 Touch'd languid, lose each footstep's feeble mark,
 And leave no streak on time, to note my name.
 — But, hush, vain struggler, bid thy breast con-
 tract;

And satisfy with will, thy pow'rless soul.
 How shou'd such lot be mine, who drink wit's
 dregs,
 In desarts, where seduction's *drowth* has choak'd
 With venal dust, *Castalia's* dwindled rill!
 How shall I raise my voice, till greatness *bears*?

WRITE, says the whisp'ring impulse, that as-
 fumes

Ambition's airiest hope, yet hates her name:

Write:

Write, but *be read*. Write rugged truths, untun'd
 To flatt'ry's dulcid lentor : roughly loud,
 As when the last heard call shall wake the *dead*.
 Court some kind angels aid, to voice thy theme.
 Alas ! no Angel dwells, where avarice reigns ! —
 Oh ! for some hoarse *Teutonic* note, more stern,
 Than *Runic* bard, o'er hostile scalp, e'er sung,
 When *Woden's* hall resounded to his *clang* !
 Then shou'd satiric fervor, sharply strong,
 Roar, like the *muses's* bull, till the *wak'd* nine
 Concurr'd, in frightful consort ; while intense,
 Up the steep cliffs of *Pindus'* pathless brow,
 Rumbling, I roll'd my tumbril theme along.

WRONG not, by numbers tun'd to *concord's*
 shell,
 The brawl-devoted taste, that *tans* thy times.
 Softness be *Opera's* claim : be *sharpness* thine.
 Softness in satire asks good sense, in guilt :
 'Twere *lost*, on power's blind *puddlers*. Wit's
 light *gnat*,
 Humming its courteous buz, is brush'd from note :
 Her *wasp*, close-fast'ning, bids th' unlist'ner *feel*.
 Sting then : and force from pain, what pride
 with-holds.

So shall thy verse, at least, out-soar contempt;
 And lend distaste discernment. --Touch no *praise*,
 'Tis idol sacrifice, to gods, of *Stone*.
 Praise has but one pleas'd reader : scarce, one
 friend.

Satire can squeeze kind looks, from bitt'rest gall.

LOOSEN the reins to spleen, cries angry truth;
 Where phlegmful fogs distil their lazy damp
 'Tis wholesom to be *mad*. Nor pause, for thought;
 Who, that but sees or hears, needs *think*, for fame?
 Born, to no past'ral plain's romantic range,
 Calm, and cook-fann'd by reason's temp'rate gale,
 Feel, that thou breath'st in passion's haziest fen,
 Contagious air, by sensual fumes, inflam'd :
 Where carnate emulation, stripp'd of *mind*,
 Glows muscularly strong : where license reigns,
 Uncurb'd by law's restraint : where youth's fed
 fire,

Bids bashful diffidence of self be *bold*.

Where *not* to rev'rence, is to *know*, mankind :

Where disrespect is *ease* ; noise *taste in life* ;

And modesty *low breeding*. Where descent

Drives literally downward : 'till, behold !

Yon *Coachman's* copy'd foul propels the *peer* ;

And

And dim-star flouchers shine, by glare of shame,
 Downcast decorum swells the public laugh.
 Judgments and views run backward. Nature nods.
 Ends but *succeed*, as means prepost'rous *err*.
 Malice grows fast, water'd by pity's tear :
 And factions but contend, for rank in wrong.

Up, from rhyme's popy'd vale ; ascend fame's
 hill :

Soft to the soft : Thy theme be tempest --- On.
 Write with a whirlwind's fury. Snatch the God,
 That thunders in *blank verse*, to ride thy storm.
 So may they hear, tho' *cricket stakes* were pitch'd,
 Tho' the won *Plate's* broad triumph shook the
 field :

Tho' *cock's*, hard-conqu'ring crow, to shouting
 rings ;
 Or *Briton's* coarse debates out-quarrel *Rome's*.
 --- Muse, I begin. Assist, with all your fail,
 Ye prose-inflating hawks, of Helicon !
 Lend me your wing's wide stretch, to aid my
 sweep.

COME ! let the soul of Freedom's reinless power,
 Vast, and unconscious of constraint, inspire !

Wild let her lift me from the lawns of song,
Musick's hedg'd boundlets, mem'ry's measur'd
 mead's,
Where rhyme-trac'd cadence, in harmonious
 close,
Rivets recorded sense, and pins down thought.
Light, and disrob'd of softness, let her drive,
Loose, to the voids, of fancy's viewless scope:
Vague, and unshap'd, and pathless, as the air.

WHAT shall be sung? ye sons of vastness, say,
What subject, sadly soundful, like the rush
Of hoarse, broad, Cat'racts, shall blank numbers
roar?

SHALL it be SORROW's energetic plaint,
That groans away the fun, and lends new gloom
To midnight's mournful umbrage? Tim'd too
well,

Too lately, *Albion's boreal wastes* had wept
The suited theme : when tears, from rash revolt,
Wash'd ruthless prisons : when th'accessless wilds
Of bleak-brow'd mountains shriek'd, with vocal
woe ;

**Mothers and Orphan's cries! whom famine found,
Where**

Where only famine *cou'd* : Despair's pale tribe !
Weeping, in death's chill grasp, their own un-
felt,

Some past or future fate, of friend more dear ;
Why shou'd the gen'rous Muse insult the fall'n ?
Why not deplore the pangs of hostile pain ?
Just if they thought their cause, their crime seem'd
faith.

Guiltless in will, by taste involv'd in wrong,
From educative custom's devious warp,
Spare the persisting blind : unhoping grace :
Trustless of regal virtues : erring on
From doubt of mercy. For, alas ! no voice
Of truth, in desarts heard, had taught 'em, Kings,
Who last can *fear* offence, can, first, *forgive*.
Paint, then, their pity'd anguish : nobly feel,
To make sublimely felt, this brave man's *test* :
That hearts, unshaken by resister's *rage*,
Are conquer'd by their *sorrow*. — Vain attempt !
Spread the sonorous wing for flights of *joy*.
Sorrow renounces latitude of range :
Dwells in confinement's cave ; where thought sits
chain'd,
Muses are shunn'd : and horror's winking lamp,
Ghastrying night's ebon eye, sees woes on woes,
Tear

Tear following tear, sigh echoing sigh, combin'd,
Move in close consonance of sist'ring sound.

SHALL it be LOVE, soft whisp'ring out the soul,
From its own mansion tenderly exhal'd
To reach some sweeter self? No: dare not touch
That theme; 'tis sacred to the rights of RHYME,
Union will ne'er, by dissonance, be sung.

Love's links are married couplets: hand in hand
The willing yoke-mates share confederate fall:
Soft as the zephyr skims the dew-drop'd rose.

— But, even had rhyme conspir'd to tempt —
forbear.

Aweful, *reign*, a wreath, more nobly won.
SAINT-JOHN, his country's boast, his country's
crime,

When courts at leisure left his youth, to *love*,
SAINT-JOHN! the *Muse's Lord*, this theme once
sung:

Sung it, in verse more soft, than beauty's *eye*!
More strong, than her *Attraction*! ALMAHIDE,
Immortal Almabide! by SAINT JOHN, lives.

Who shall attempt to touch the Theme *he chose*?
He, who was voic'd by musick: mien'd by love!
HE, who, by turns, has every *muse* possess'd,

And

And every *art*, protected : Every *grace*,
Through every fortune, led --- Supreme, in *all*.

SAINT JOHN ! whom woman wish'd, man envied ;
realms

Made war on : yet, whom *none* found *power* to
hate !

Nor *grief* thy theme, nor *love*. What choice
remains ?

Shall it be death's grim waste, WAR's field of
fire ?

Aptlier, the subject wou'd have warm'd our isle,
When *England's* sun shot wide th' irradiate flame
Of her fam'd EDWARD's day-dawn. --- Yet, who
knows,

But at some far-thrown moment, whit'ning broad,
Some light, new rising, may (perhaps) once more,
Off-roll the sullen shade, that glooms our fame.

Rekindling sense of martial fire *may* glow,
Till the rous'd nation blazes. Then, the sons
Of Sires unskill'd to think defeat no shame,

Starting to destin'd vengeance, the struck drum
No more shall bid the form-dress'd soldier *sleep* :

But roll its deepn'ing bass to wake due *death* :

Then too, no more, the trumpets clang'ry shrill,
Fright-

Fright'ning the *Opera Dame*, shall to her ear
 Call her affected hand, and shut out claim
 To promise of a son, like him she loves.

HAIL the wish'd wonder: give him birth,
 O time!

And into fame's rough ocean launch his name.
 — But, when he rises, bid him *hate no MUSE*.
 Fan his impatient blaze, to letter'd love.
 Pour the enthusiast fervor thro' his ear,
 That fir'd the conqu'ring *Ammons* thirsty soul —
 Born for the poet's praise, teach him to *know*,
 That war's wing'd bolt, by *love of verse* impell'd,
 Bursts every bar to glory. Verse, to war
 Lends ardour: War, to verse, new warmth, im-
 parts.
 So join'd, that never hero reach'd renown:
 Or, reach'd, ne'er *beld*; who wrong'd the *Muse's*
 claim.

OH *what*, ye gothic renders of the ear!
 Ye blank-verse bursters of *Pierian* bars!
 Strong beyond chaining comet; *swerves* of thought!
 Giant surmounters of wit's loftiest *Alps*!

Ye

Ye hurlers of prose rocks at musick's heaven !
What shall deserve the dread, your thunder bears?

FACTION deserves, and *claims* it: cries a howl,
 That paints th' attentive soul — Come, learn *her*
 laws.

Give, to the deity, that skakes down thrones,
 Th' allegiance of thy Muse. Blank verse be *mine*.
 Guideless and boundless in aspiring grasp,
 And frownful in majestic *sullenness*,
Her musick dwells in *murmur*. Let her growl
 For *faction*: taste *her* lust of loud complaint,
 And hang on empire's wheels the drag of hate.
 Range safe beneath *her* standard: mark its sweep!
 Unfurling into length, the dreadful *wave*
 Sees earth's chill'd kingdoms shake, beneath its
 shade !

Kneel, and be *HERS*: enroll thy name—and *rail*.

THOU start'st !—*alas*, for *verse*, that dares, not
rail ?

What can'st thou hope from *praise* ? it wounds
 no name.

Art thou to learn thou liv'st, where greatness
 hoards

Regard

Regard, to bribe *repugnance*? o'er-affur'd,
 And cheaply negligent of zeal *inclin'd*.
 So *must* it be, where party's billowy surge
 Bids wave push wave from power: There, sci-
 ence *sleeps*.

Uproar and contest reign. Deep, to the root,
 Pain-trod *Parnassus* shakes: and each sap'd sprig,
 That green'd the muse's grove, finds dry decay:
 While pelted into fright, or laugh'd to spleen,
 Deaf ministerial ears, absorb'd in fret;
 Or dirtily engross'd by craft's low buz,
 Taste not the calm surveys of leisure's range:
 Share no delight in song; nor woo, nor weigh;
 The power, that dwells in gen'rous praise, to
 guide
 A nation's doubtful heart, to *find her friend*.

WASTE not the warmth of verse on things,
 like these,

Or, stain their mem'ry, with effaceless gall.

— Yet, since, sometimes, in power's obscurest
 night,

Through sable jet, pale threads of *white* may
 start,

Shou'd vice *shame* ONE, to virtue, lend him light.

Faction,

Faction, that loves *no* truth, must own this, *one* :
That never friend to verse malign'd the just.
Virtues, however thankless, forc'd, or few,
Compell the poet's praise — But wou'd thy song
Wake these sublime insolvents, into sense
Of what they owe attachment? Let it *rail*.
Rail horrible: in accents, like their own,
When envy's acrimonious rage impells
Detraction's venal insult. Nerve, in sounds
Like thunder's gath'ring menace, the rais'd arm
Of opposition's onset. Tell the press,
Where public plunder bawds for private thrift.
Where grandeur holds a stalking-horse, to shame,
And *skreens* guilt's aim at honesty. *Why* laws,
Bent and re-bent like wire, crack short, start
wide,
And, with two ends, bind nothing. Tell *whose*
thirst,
By taste unguided, snaps at bubbly froth,
And leaves the sapid depth, untouch'd, below :
Teach, *where* bought strength was *weakness* :
wisdom craft :
And infamy long due, where chance gave joy.

BEGIN

BEGIN, describe, discolour. Spread abroad
 Sedition's fluid tints, and stain a state.
 So, shall attracted notice deign regard,
 And slander snatch the perquisite of praise.
Such are the tastes of office! *such*, the *souls*,
 That actuate half the mighty! Note it, *you*,
 Who rev'rence high distinction. This unmark'd,
 Hope's empty swell plumes broad her feathery
 crest:
 But, bald in disappointment, frights belief.
 Court crocodiles are *scal'd*: they feel no tweak.
 He, who wou'd wake must wound: seen danger
 strikes
 More forcibly, than all thy Pathos, *Wit*!

SAY, *Tacitus*,---thy skill the secret found:
 In what state-scale, five hundred insults, poiz'd,
 Weigh'd down five hundred *thanks*, in grateful
 gold.
 Dream not, thy *Roman's* *genius* mov'd such boon:
 Not his fam'd *father's* *vict'ries*, ten times won,
 And to *thy* claim transferr'd, had, *there*, so charm'd.
 Oh power of prompt reproach, to *rasp* reward:
 And flash conception's fire from flint most *cold*!

Call it not *bounty* : blast it, angry muse ;
 And from the fame of *Albion* blot that tale.
 Th' imbitter'd hand of calumny bows down
 The heart ; its gall corrodes, to smile thro' wrongs,
 And pay compell'd respect, to dreaded scorn :
 While, on the *candid courtship* of the kind,
 No fust'ring glance descends ! --- untott'ring power
 Takes compliment, as tribute. Over-cramm'd
 With self, and surfeiting on brief success,
 The narrow-compass'd heart wants *room*, for taste.
 --- Or grant some glimm'ry ray gave light, to guess
 Th' effect of skill'd applause : what thence, results,
 But insolent contempt, of aid unsought ?
 The busy breast, that pants, in post hard held,
 Wants *leisure* to be grateful : 'Tis the task
 Of grandeur in *disgrace*, to thank a friend.

So spoke th' inurbane voice. The muse sigh'd
 fad :

Paus'd long, withheld consent ; and thus reply'd.

FACTION is fam'd for falsehood—If she, now,
 Hints truth, 'tis infamy too poor for *verse* :
 Leave it to prose-tongu'd party's cool display —
 Nor love the *measures* : nor malign the *men*.

Spirits, like thine, look down, and love it, still ;
Hear, and *attest*. Sarcastic, as thou wast,
All scorn of flatt'ry sleeps not, in thy grave.

There lives, who dares assert the *poet's* fire,
Undimm'd by *venal* smoke. Who *boasts* no muse :
Yet owns the rights of all ; and loves their fame.
Who, from retreat's safe depth, feels virtue's
wounds ;

Adopts th' improper pang, and flies from *rest*.
Who, from the summit point of fortune's spire,
There, cou'd his fate stand rais'd, wou'd, touch'd
as now,

Bow prostrate, as the worm, to *hail* the *wrong'd* ;
Then *greatest*, when most *lessen'd* ! by false fears,
From envy's miscreant arts, and stripp'd of *name* !

AND *you*, whoe'er you are, where-e'er you pine,
Who glow, perhaps, unmark'd, perhaps, o'erlook'd,
Perhaps, untasted, by sublime defect
Of dignity in sense ; which *kings* may want,
But none, 'midst all his titles, can *bestow* :
Grieve not to seem too *little* to the great.
What *lose* the gen'rous, who profusely waste,
On high-plac'd weakness, all the muse's strength ?

Shines the sun faintlier, for those beams he pours,
Vain, and unthank'd, to warm th' insensate rock?

TELL the *big blanks*, that he, who courts neglect,
 And loves to praise, unpaid, is paid *within*.
 Is greater, than the great : pities their scorn :
 And bids their *merit* LIVE ; by verse they wrong'd.

The EXCURSION of FANCY :

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

AND why, ye *empty* names of things, unsound!
 Ye almost *shadows*, e'en, of *sound*!

Fame ! Glory ! Fortune ! Fate ! and all the *fairy*
fancy'd round :

Or rather wou'd ye, but vouchsafe to tell

The *cause* of *ills*, ye know too well ;

Say ? ye proud tracers of disdainful state ;

Who *buy* distinction at the world's *low* rate !

Ye *mean* aspirers to be *great* :

By aims, which *earth-born* hopes, not *heavenly*
 truths, create !

Why

Why must the *sacred* spring of *honour's* flood,
 Be us'd to *rinse* the dusty robes of pride,
 With blood, and purple, doubly dy'd?
 Why *foully* trampled in, by *wealth's* bold feet?
 Why, *there*, must lep'rous vices meet?
 And, why must *poverty*, however sweet,
 And naked *innocence*, unstain'd, and neat,
 Be, rudely, driv'n away: or, terribly, withstood,
 By giant forms! *chimeras*, stain'd with blood!
 Who, dreadful, stalk about, within, --- and raise
 ! th' uncleanly mud?

II.

Say, coward *learning*! long, too long, misled!
 If, yet, thou dar'st erect thy dizzy head!
 And art not, yet, heart-conquer'd quite,
 By *power* and *custom* join'd; too, too unequal
 fight!
 If, yet, *once more*, thou dar'st *assert* thy eyes,
 Once more, *undazzled*, view TRUTH'S beamy
 skies;
 And can'st, with strong, unstagg'ring fight,
 Firm-fix'd, in stedd' gaze, *take in* the o'erwhelm-
 ing light!
 Say, nor fear th' oppressive *bate*,
 Which truth, told *plainly*, must create!

The foes of truth, in bulk, tho' great,
Lifted boldly, want, in *weight* !
Say, to what *sad cause*, we owe,
That naked *virtue* must, *regardless* go !
Or, *shiv'ring* stand, in fortune's *snow* :
Till *chance* does some gay *mantle*, o'er her,
throw,
And *notice* does not, from her *worth*, but her *a-*
dornments, flow ?
Immortal *heav'n* ! if *man* may dare
Climb thither, to refresh his care !
What means our God ! when he requires,
That *man*, in *virtue's* rugged paths, shou'd
tread,
If, to *blessings*, he aspires ?
And yet, strange *paradox* ! permits, to *virtue's*
foes,
The mounts of power, from whence to aim
their blows :
And hurl red ruin down, in surer throws,
With levell'd *malice*, nicely pois'd, to hit the
climbing head,
While they sit safe, and laugh, above, to see th'
aspirer dead !

Why

III.

Why? — If reasons may be giv'n
 To *earth*, for laws, which pass in *heav'n*!
 Why am I doom'd to *toil*, with *vain* desire?
 Be *ever* climbing, and yet, *never*, higher?
 Why am I *curs'd*, with scenes of *helpless* woe,
 Which, since to *cure*, I must not reach the *pow'r*,
 Why am I not permitted — *not to know*?
 Why feels not yon proud *lord* his share,
 Of my heart-piercing care,
 For *suff'rings*, I can neither *help*, nor which my
bus'ness are?
 Why sleep *princes*, void of *pain*,
 For those sad *thousands*, who *complain*;
 And *wash*, with *tears*, their deep-dy'd *grief*,
 in vain?
 These men could lend *compassion*, hands, to reach
 The sinking *mis'ries*, which their *help* beseech!
 I, who my *own misfortunes* cannot *cure*,
 With *barren* sorrow, *other* men's endure!
 While *they*, whose smiles might *heal*, and voice
 might *cheer*,
 Have *eyes*, and cannot *see*! — have *ears*, and
 will not *hear*?

IV.

'Tis wond'rous strange, all this! — But, *man*
 should never gaze,
 With search, too *curious*, on the mystic ways,
 Which *form* the soul-bewild'ring maze!
 It is enough for *us*, that there *must* be
 Ends in this, we cannot see!
 And, since 'tis vain, to tug at fate,
 With unavailing, human weight,
 Let us throw down this load of *doubt*, with which
 no race is won:
 And, swift, to easier conquests, lighter, run,
 The way, which *reason* is not bid to shun!
 Let us, with never-yielding courage, strive,
 In spite of *villany*, to *thrive*!
 And, from our resolution's *spring*, long streams
 of *bliss* derive!
 Like the gay *ball*, struck down, still higher,
 let us rise,
 And, obstinate, dispute th' unwilling prize!
 Rebound, with ten-fold-vigour, at each blow!
 And, that to *wounds*, we may a *victory* owe,
Antæus like, spring fresh, from ev'ry throw:
 'Till

'Till short-breath'd *fortune*, tir'd, and sick, with
our unthought defence,
At once, permits us, to *enjoy*, both *her*, and *in-*
nocence.

V.

Well, then ! resolve we ! — *Be it so* :

Further thought we shall not need :

That we *set forward*, stands decreed !

But, hold ! *what journey* shall we chuse
to go ?

I will *embark* me, on yon *boundless* sea !

The *sea* of KNOWLEDGE ! proud ! imperious
store !

Of heaven-assaulting waves, which gnaw
the shore,

On ev'ry side, with hungry roar !

Yet, always, *gaping*, always, *swallowing* more,
Still flows, forever, and will flow — *voracious*, as
before !

Well ! I am *sail'd* ! — I *plow* the *foamy* deep,

And, now, my climbing vessel mounts, on high,

And, now, I *sweep* the *starry sky* !

And, now ! stand firm, my brain ! rush down
the wat'ry steep !

Ah, me ! half-founder'd now, in vain, all
arts I try !

This

*This way, and that, immortal heaven ! I drive !
 Currents, encount'ring currents, strive !
 The fruitless rudder, ill-obey'd, in vain,
 Struggles, oppress'd, against the madding main,
 Eddies cross eddies whirl ! — and whelm it back,
 again !*

VI.

*Hold ! I am sick ! I'll sail, no more :
 Pilot, give thy labours o'er !
 Put in, and seek repose, on yonder peaceful shore.
 Where am I, now ? — 'Tis wond'rous dark, all
 round !*

*What means this shadow-cover'd ground !
 This is the land of IGNORANCE, wild, and rude ;
 Bleak, comfortless and bare :
 A dreary soil ! an empty air !
 By shadowy nothings, I am, here, pursued ;
 And gape, and yawn, and tire, in sleepy solitude !
 Let me turn, which way I will,
 Sight has narrow quarters still !
 Scarce, can I see, above a fathom round ;
 I tread, on soft, and sandy ground !
 At ev'ry step, I take, my feet sink in ;
 Already I, to fear I know not what, begin !
 Hark !*

Hark ! what strange noise is *that*, which whistles
round my head ?

Ghosts, and *gobblings*, this way tread !

Astonish'd eyes ! what scenes about me draw !

Now, stagg'ring *reason* ! where's thy *law* ?

My *soul* grows *weak*, with childish awe :

Fancy has *courage* captive led ;

Empty *somethings*, still, I dread !

Ha ! see ! — at once, what objects rise ! — How
horribly they spread !

I trod, too loud, and with the noise, have wak'd
the silent dead.

VII.

Fly--fly, night-wand'ring feet ! explore lost *day*,

If this the *land of ignorance* be,

I'll drive, again, on *learning's* sea !

Here, I dare no longer stay !

And, yet, I see not, *how* to get away !

What's *this* ? — methinks, I see the rushy brink

Of some deep current, in my way !

Help, help me, *fortune* ! or, I sink !

Now I *am in* ! whelm'd o'er amidst the flood !

Ha ? tho' the *chance* was *bad*, th' *effect*, is *good* !

It is not *water* this, but fluid *mud*.

Stagnate, and thick, the sleepy depth---I tread,
with unhop'd ease!

And, now, I see the *land*, again; and, now,

The liquid field I, up, before me, *plow*:

Wade out, and climb the bank, by slow de-
grees!

I've 'scap'd the *lake*, thank heav'n! but all this
while,

I wander, guideless, in the same dark *isle*!

What's *this*, which wou'd be thought a *wind*?

Which *beaves*, by sluggish fits, the *drowsy* air!

Which *creeps*, in broken *murmurs*, far behind,

And, idly, seems to *slumber*, in its care!

Now, *swells*, in sudden *gusts*,--- now does, at once,
affwage?

Like *drunken* men, who strive to *talk*, but *sleep* a-
midst their *rage*.

Curse on this soul-condensing *solitude*!

This *land of ignorance* appears as *rude*,

And far more *dangerous*, these *unactive* ills,

Than all the *busy-frightfulness*, which fills

Yon *sea*, where *storms* my devious bark *pursued*!

Tell me, then, directive *star*!

Thou, that guid'st me, from a-far!

If

If *Learning's* voyage is not safe to take;
And *Ign'rance*, dreadful shore! I, now, *forsake*,
What more inviting *land*, my next *look-out* shall
make?

VIII.

I see, methinks, far off, a sudden *glare*!
Ha! look --- a *mountain* rises to the sea!
From which, ten thousand *flames*, shot thro'
the air
Spread circling *brightness* wide, to such degree,
That a kind *trail of light* darts, *outward*, ev'n, to
Me!

Bless'd with this glorious, unexpected, guide,
I look about me, now, with pride!
And, lo! a narrow *Causeway* thither leads!
Narrow, indeed, it is, and seems to show,
That *few* shou'd, *hence*, to yon gay *mountain* go!
Care, and *diligence*, there needs;
For ev'ry tott'ring step, I stumble so,
That, scarce, I 'scape the *waves*, which *foam*, and
break, below!

Wou'd I had never *landed*, on this shore;
This *Causeway* is a *dangerous* passage o'er,
And I was *nearer*, to the *mount*, before,

When

When my *bark* miss'd its *sight*, amidst the *ocean's*
 roar !

Courage, my soul ! I shall, anon, be *there* !

I know the country, now, as I draw near :

It is the far-fam'd *realm of war* !

How *red* the skies, about it, are !

Oh ! let me *climb* the *cliffy steep*, and *strike* yon
 topmost *star* !

IX.

Thank heaven ! my aking foot has reach'd
 the strand :

What's *this* ? the *earth* is *iron* ; and *sulphur* all
 the *sand*.

Instead of *air*, here's *smoke* ; --- but *flame* does
light supply !

And, from within, where, strongly fed, they
 lie,

Torrents of *fiery day* break up, and *streak* the sooty
 sky !

Hark ! as up the *hill* I go,

From the wide *top*, huge, full-mouth'd thun-
 ders *roar*,

While far, *within*, and *more below*,

Hoarse, infant noises, faintly, blow ;

And

And slowly rising, more and more,
Grumble, in horrid notes, their new-taught
lessons o'er!

Some, the shrill *trumpet* imitate, and *some*
Buffet unskill'd, the sullen *drum*!

Thro' my astonish'd *ear*, harsh-mingling pass
The sound of *bells*, clash'd *swords*, and clat-
t'ring *brass*!

Loud-neighing *horses*, storms of *vollied shot*!
Shouts, groans, and words, confounded all, *heard*,
but *distinguish'd* not,

Well! I am up, at last! and, now I'm, here;
Let me look round, and see, *how* things appear!
Oh! my glad soul!—*what prospects* open, there!
My hope-enlivening *heart* to *cheer*?

Now, I am in my *wish'd*, my *proper*, sphere!
What is there, in yon *far-ken'd world*, which,
hence, we may not *share*?

Oh, heaven! what *false* appearance dwells,
below!

How is *man* deceiv'd, by *show*!

Yon *Viceroy*s (as they wou'd be thought) of
fate!

Yon *poppet-managers* of *state*!

Those

Those *things*, which bid life-wasting followers
wait

For *bubbles*, which, at *jewel's price*, they rate;
And *puff*, and *swell*, with *empty pride* — and call
themselves, the *great*!

Ye *stars*! — How *humblly* they *all* look this way!
As, who wou'd seem to say; —

Great *Sirs*! ·permit us, still, to *cheat* the *fools*,
with whom we *play*!

They turn, to *us*, the *cringing* side, and *strut* the
other way!

X

Soul, recline! and take thy ease!

Look about thee, by degrees;

The prospect's *wide enough*, to *please*!

Since the commanding *top* is, thus, attain'd,

Use, with *care*, th' advantage gain'd!

What wilt thou do? that, thus, I feel thee *swell*!

In struggling *silence* loves *design* to dwell?

Or, are thy views, too vast, to tell?

Go on, *form* boldly; swift, *resolve*, — and *execute*
it, well!

Send

Send out *Fancy*, she can fly!
Nimbly-wing'd, her own best *spy*:
Every danger, e'er drawn nigh,
Th' air-footed *Amazon* discerns; and scatters,
with her eye!

Fancy! then, proud *Goddeſs* rise!
From *earth* extend thy stretching *ſize*!
And push thy active *head*, thro' the discover'd
ſkies!

Stamp, ambitious, with thy foot,
And bid the threat'ned *world* look to't!
For thou haſt mighty *work to do*, and power
enough to do't.

Grasp yon eſcaping *earthquake*, 'twou'd
depart;

Blow new *vigour*, to its heart!

Take it, and give the *lazy globe* a ſhake!

And, when *ſcar'd nature's* broad awake,

All her *coy aid* demand, and take!

Break open ev'ry inmoſt part!

Thro' all the gloomy chafms of *matter* dart!

Let in light, to find out *art*!

And ſmile, to ſee the blaze-ſhot nymph, with
ſudden wonder, ſtart!

Sieze her, quickly, bind her faſt!

Distant else, behind her cast;
A thousand *mazy turnings*, first, must tediously
be past.

XI.

Doubly arm'd, and seated, thus,
Who is, now, a *match* for us?
Begin! begin! the glorious task!
Descend, at once, and strip yon *kings*, of power's
ill-painted *mask*!
Tell 'em, they the *nymph* disgrace!
Power should wear a *lovely* face:
And, hideously, to *hide* her *charms*, is horrible,
and base!
Bid 'em, in empire's *masquerade*, elbow no more
for place,
But, bravely, dare put on, *plain truth*, and scorn
a *borrow'd* face.
Are they *disturb'd*? — Is all the *bive*, in arms?
See! they *buz* in hostile *swarms*!
But, 'tis no matter, let 'em bring
Hoarded *malice*, in their *sting*:
They cannot *pierce*, much less *displume*, the
pinions of thy *wing*!

Wha

What is that, they seek to *know*?

What *commission* we can show!

Tell me, *Fancy*! was it so?

Commissions, say, are, sometimes, *forms*, which
men, to *custom*, owe;

A *shape* of *power*, which tyrants *steal*, and; ha-
ving stol'n, *bestow*.

Yet, to *please* 'em, be they told,

From higher *hands*, than *theirs*, we hold!

From *justice*, *truth*, and *reason*, say;

That great *triumvirate* of *power*!--which they
Pretend, and *but pretend*, t'o *obey*!

This our *authority*! and, if these not suffice,

We can show 'em large supplies

Of *vengeance*, *force*, and *stubborn will*: our sworn
auxiliaries!

Now, they tremble; now, they mourn!

Now, with helpless rage, they burn!

Well may they *rave*, indeed, to see *their friends*
against 'em turn.

XII.

Stay! and, e'er we farther go,

Let our great meaning be aloud proclaim'd!

Our deeds shall be as *just*, as *fam'd*!

*Friends, and enemies shall know,
Why we make war ; and what we mean to do !
Herald vengeance ! swift arise !
Shell, with steel, thy flinty heart !
And since, by nature, blind thou art ;
Bury thy lifted band, in yonder skies,
And pluck two comets, down, to serve for eyes,
Dawb thy dismal face with blood !
And, with extensive stride, crossing the trembling
flood !
Of fire-embroider'd smoke, throw on a wind-
shook robe,
And shoot thy shadow over half the globe !
In thy right hand, lift quiv'ring light'nings
high !
Hardly held, and mad to fly !
From thy rais'd left, let heaven's loud bolt be
hurl'd ;
And roll th' alarming thunder round the world !
When wak'd attention pricks her frightened
ear,
And stalking apprehension pants, with fear !
When all the starting nations, upward, look,
By convulsive horror shook !*

Borrow

Borrow the *northern wind's* big voice, and then !
Three times pronounce, O *yes !* and, thus, address the sons of Men !

XIII.

Hear, ye people ! far, and wide !
Reason's force will, now, be try'd !
Tremble, ye *Tyrants !* at the near defence,
Of long-oppress'd and helpless *Innocence*.
Where is the wretch, who deep-entrench'd, in
State,
Impiously, defies his fate !
And dares be *wicked*, without *bounds*, because im-
mensely *great ?*
Him, let injur'd *Virtue* show !
And we proclaim ourselves *his foe !*
Fortunate *usurpers*, quake !
Let the forc'd *thrones*, whose seats, uncall'd,
ye take,
Beneath your pond'rous ruin shake !
Or, let 'em swell, to throw you out : or, with your
fortunes, break :
Rapine, disguised in *law !* oppression, arm'd
with *wealth !*

Rock-hearted *cruelty*, and scornful *pride* !

Hear ! and tremble, when ye know,

We, the great *healers*, bring th' unhappy —
health !

And draw the *thorn*, from *virtue's* bleeding
side.

Ye sap-engrossing *weeds*, which but for *mischief*
grow !

Pay plunder'd *excellence*, ye slaves ! the vast *ar-*
rears, you owe,

Or, we pronounce ourselves your mortal *foe*.

Wisdom, *knowledge*, *justice*, *art*,

Peace, *meekness*, *truth*, and *sanctity of heart* !

Discourag'd *industry* ! unfriended *grief* !

Charity ! *gentleness* ! and, to be brief,

Each weeping *Virtue*, that *deserves*, and has not
found relief !

March, and join us ; we are friends !

What, tho' your *numbers* are but *few* ?

Our muster's well-weigh'd strength at-
tends !

Where *show* is wanting, *substance* makes a-
mends !

We, your *allies*, can lend you *arms* --- and give
you *courage*, too !

They

XIV.

They come ! from ev'ry part, they, gather-
ing fly !

But, trembling, *backward* cast a doubtful eye !
Astonish'd, at the hostile *swarms*, which, round
'em *shad'wing*, lie !

SAFETY ! from silent caves arise !

Yon crystal pillar, from heaven's palace,
break,

And *cope* it down to our *Allies* !

'Twill a glitt'ring *Causeway* make !

So ! they are *past* ! *encamp* 'em, on th' as-
cent !

Stretch out the bright *divisions*, line by line !

Unfold our milky *ensigns* to the wind !

Draw the *battalions* down, in just extent ;

And bid the *iron* face of battle *shine* !

What's *this* ! the rash audacious, foe,

Far from *fear*, and mad with *pride*,

Scorns to wait a threaten'd blow ;

And *this* way turns *invasion's* tide !

They will not *stay*, it seems, to be a *second* time
defy'd !

They *weigh* ! they *sail* ! they *spread* ! from
ev'ry part ;

Numbers, following numbers, start !
Their navies *hide* the sea, thro' which they
sweep ;

And th' o'er-labour'd *wind*, grown *sick*, at
heart,

After the flagging *canvass* seems to *creep* ;
And groans, *behind*, oppress'd with *weight*, so
strong,

That puffing *storms*, with cheeks *half-burst*, scarce
push it *slow* along.

XV.

'Tis worth our wonder, *Fancy* ! since we are
Possess'd, at once, of the *whole realm of war* ;
Whence, those prodigious *Magazines* shou'd
spring,

Which nations, *ill-ally'd*, do, thus, against us,
bring !

At times, exported *hence*, at first, they went,
Like *naval stores*, from *Christendom*, to *Barbary*
rovers sent :

And hoarded long, to be, at last, ill spent,
Come, now, against their *Mother's bosom*
bent !

Since

Since it is thus, we'll *diff'rent* arms pre-
pare,

Our terrors shall *new, unknown*, habits wear :
And, like our *Cause*, our *weapons*, too, shall huge
advantage bear !

Nature, our confederate found ;
And *Proteus' art* our captive bound ;
What *force* can *earth*, against us, bring, which
these shall not confound !

Hear ! thou tall *forest* ! from thy loos'ning
root,

Hither, thy *piny offspring* shoot !
And thou, proud *host* of gloom-arresting
Oak !

Through whose *close ranks*, the *day's light*
horse ne'er broke,

With reverend *awe*, confess the mighty *call* !
Nod *consent*,---and, groaning, *fall* !

Now, swift, together *rush* again, and, once more
closer, join,

With animated, sympathetic, *twine* :
Embrace, at once, and new in *form*, with *con-*
cave beauty shine !

Descend, compleat, and *plow* the flood, in naval-
bodied line !

Scorn

Scorn the *help* of *canvass* wings !
Art shall lend *self-moving* springs !
 Your active *forms* shall never need, attend the
 humorous wind :
Self-oar'd, with *spoky* fins, your furrowing
keels,
 Shall dash the billows back, with living
 wheels :
 And striking, swiftly, every mark, design'd,
 Sweep on, thro' *winds*, and *tides*, averse, and
 leave the gales, behind.

XVI.

Mountain ! open thy *hot* breast ; thy *iron*
finews strain !
Bleed, at every nit'rous vein !
 Yawn horrible ! and, with convulsive pains,
 Burst thy flame-lab'ring *head* ! and shoot thy
mineral brains !
 Take 'em, *art* ! and *mix* 'em well !
Thou can'st the *dark proportions* tell !
 Let *death* the bitter *kernel* be, and forge thou
thick the *shell* !
 Kindle a *fire*, like *lightning*, blue !
 And, that its dreadful work, it may, un-
 erring, do,

Breathe

Breathe a *living spirit* thro',
And give the deadly compound *sight*, and
force, and *swiftness*, too!

Take this *new, gigantic*, mould;
And, by it, *form* such TUBES, as may
besit

The *mass*, which their impregnate wombs
must hold!

Ram their greedy throats with it;
And teach *new* thunders, to out-mouth the
old!

Hold! It not suffices, yet!
Not *one advantage* shall the proud foe boast;
'Tis not enough, that *victory* we get,
Unless the *gain* is ours, with *nothing lost*!

Bid yon *aërial substance* shed its down;
Spin it thick, and *weave* it strong!
Draw out the force-repelling texture long!
And, with it, *fence* each vessel round, like
some well *bulwark'd* town;

Now, we are *proof* against their gather'd
Pride,

Be all their *batteries*, on us, hourly, *try'd*!
Breathless, and dead, their fruitless *force*, shall
kiss our *soft'ned* side.

XVII.

Embark! ye well-appointed few, embark!
Put out, and meet the number-trusting foe!
Their circling *fleet* has made the *day* look
dark,

And seems, in *sable* dress'd, to *mourn* the
coming *blow*!

Rush against 'em---gore 'em through!

Bear 'em down, beneath the sea!

As *weeds* before the furrowing *plow*, torn up,
and buried be!

If, while, *onward*, ye pursue,

On either *side*, they *flank* ye, too;

At once, clear all your *thunder's* dreadful
throats,

And roar *destruction* out, in *passant* notes!

'Tis done! and, gloriously, the banish'd
day,

Which, late, their gloomy squadrons chas'd
away!

Restor'd, triumphant, shines with tenfold
light:

Their curling ruin shines to heaven, and makes
the *sun* more bright!

See!

See! see! *mark* well this *scene*, recording
fame!

The hissing *ocean* toils, with vain desire,
To *quench*, with spouting waves, the batt'ling
flame;

But *scorch'd*, with clinging *heat*, and mad
with *shame*,

Does every way, at once, in blazing tides,
retire,

And, flying, *frights* th' astonish'd world, with
floods of liquid *fire*.

Pride-swol'n *oppression*, now, hot vengeance
feels;

Their falling *flags* blush deep, in *blood*!
And *hide* their *shame*, within the *flood*!

Their *masts* turn *downward*, and th' up-
lifted *keels*

Float, reverse, with wave-wash'd *reels*!

And all th' extended *strength*, but now, so
proudly *gay*,

Like *snow-top'd* fields, o'er-run by *fire*, melts
all, at once, away.

XVIII.

Whither shall we, now, proceed?
Turn your *Heads*, to yon *white shore*;
Follow *fortune*, still, with *speed*,
Ye, who wou'd engage her more!
It matters *nothing*, what we, now, have
done :

Or, *vic'try* must be well *pursued*, or, she is
never *won*.

Ha ! what means yon open'ing scene ?

The warlike *land* is gilded o'er,
With glitt'ring *arms*, in distant marches,
seen,
And graceful *troops*, that edge the guarded
shore !

And, from *behind*, to close us up, between;
A huge *half moon*, of naval strength,
Stretch'd, in gay, and pompous length,
Advances on us, *slow*, and well *assur'd* :

These cannot of the number be, who, late,
such *loss* endur'd !

Mark the impatient *haste* of those, *behind* !
As if o'erjoy'd an *Enemy* to find ;

Their wanton *streamers* lash the lazy wind !

And,

And, like their *genius*, hovering in the air !

See ! That glorious something, there !

Which does a *form unusual* seem to bear ;

Moving awful ; looking kind :

Now, glides before, to light 'em on ; now,

cheers 'em up, behind.

In shape a *Lion*, fierce, and strong it seems,

But, like some figure fancy-form'd, that fills
mens active dreams ;

An *Eagle's Talons*, and keen *bill*, it dreadful
seems to bear ;

An *Eagle's* broad, and shad'wy *wings*, direct it
thro' the air !

XIX.

Observe ! what's he ! who solemnly severe,

With grave, and awful Sense of *majesty*,

Hemm'd with *reverence* does appear !

Whose *eye* so piercing seems to be !

Whose *forehead* wears *Beneficence*, to temper
dignity !

Who marches, stately, down yon hill,
to *see* !

But not to *see*, with fear !

To look, and judge, what we may be !

Ye

Ye powers! *where* are we?----How did
fancy steer?

I know the *hero*, now he draws more near!
How came we, *blindly*, thus to touch a *shore*,

Thus, *hostilely*, a *land* explore,

Where heaven does only blessings store!

Where wailing *sorrow* shall be heard, no
more,

Nor *virtue* e'er, in vain, the help of *power*
implore!

Away! *heave anchor*! we've no business,
here!

Yet stay! divinely led, I *err*, th' unmeant good
to blame!

Inspir'd, at once, I *see*, and *own*, 'twas hea-
ven's *unerring* aim!

Hail! immortal son of *fame*!

Take these *legions*, they are *thine*!

With, *theirs*, thy navy shall, resistless join:
And *virtue's squadrons*, led by thee, o'er *earth's*
whole surface shine.

Root out *oppression*, wherefoe'er she grows,
Let stubborn *tyranny* fall dead, beneath thy
pond'rous blows!

And, over all the wide-watch'd *world*, leave
innocence no foes.

A M O R I S

AMORIS PICTURA.

*Hoc certè est aliquid simile huic, quod Amare
vocatur.*

OVID METAM.

VIS Amor est animi, quam lex non ulla
coercet,

Indolis humanæ Præmotor grandis; Origo
Fati! sublimem tollit super æthera mentem,
Mollitamve animam demergit in alta malorum;
Gratia, Fama, Fides, Dulcedo, Scientia, Virtus,
Derivata fluunt hæc cuncta ab Amore, genusque
Illius exornant; Dat Amor quoque jurgia, Luctum,
Iram, Defectum cordis, pavidumque Timorem,
Innumerosque omnes, hyemat queis vita, tumultus.

Hunc bene pingendi votis incensus ab ausis,
Quam Musam, ut purâ donet me luce, vocabo?
Divini est aliquid, molli quod vivit Amoris
Flammâ, cui non est animis fas reddere nomen:
Quomodo tunc pingam? vel quare mista dolori
Gaudia recludam, quæ cunctis ferre Necessè est?

O, ANIMA illustris formæ ! cui gratia suavis
Quæque tui Sexûs fulget, spes aspice nostras !
Tu, scopus ardorum, nostræque Superbia mentis !
Tu, quæ delicias spires, utcunque moveris !
Cui mites oculi divino lumine manant !
Cui vox cælisonans potis est excire jacentes,
Et Monumenta cui vultus fatalia monstrat ;
Me doceas Cæleste tuum jus corda movendi,
Huc ades, aspectu flammamque accende per orbem.

Vos procul, hâc castâ de re, procul ite, profani !
Huic neque pollutis oculis vitiate nitorem :
Quid, mala si tentent lascivos millia, quorum
Corporeus falsos ad se furor arrogat ignes ?
Non formâ veri crassâ finguntur amantes,
Hactenus ut pauci ! Tempus licet albeat annis !
Nulla quit hanc dotem dare sæva libido superbam,
Cælum animas æquat, si Terra immisceat illas.

IGNIS ut ascendit Naturâ clarus in auras,
Et jubar emittit radioso lumine purum ;
Sin qua viam tardet moles subdensa morarum,
Is vomit obscuri non alta volumina fumi,
Infectumque diem tetro suffundit odore ;

Sic

Sic amor, ipse nitens, nullâque ab imagine tinctus,
Fucatâ semper recipit de mente colorem;
Magni majores fiunt, dum Numina tentant,
Non locus at parvis, & in his Amor it pede claudo.

SISTITE, queis fatum est Nymphas celebrare
venustas,

Pectora librata ô cauti! neque fortius æquo
Audaces fitis, vestra at compescite corda,
Intentata fide, necdum subjecta catenis,
Cum perceptus Amor, fit inexpugnabilis ille.

MENS primo Venerisquærit leve vulnus ab ictu,
Vixque etiam cordi febris dat cæca teporem;
Decipimur longum titulo mendace probandi,
Molle quod obsequium est, nec crimen id arguit
ullum;

Quod modo fit studio nobis dare justa Puella,
Cujus verba juvant, nos & Præsentia tangit;
Cujus dulce sedet Monumentum pectore nostro,
Caraque nos altè tumidos cui gratia reddit.

IGNIS sopitus tandem, sic motus, in altas
Erumpit flammæ, & viribus ardet apertis;
Quæ menti tantum prius indulgebat imago,

Jam dominatur ibi, laxis & sævit habenis;
Totis se immiscens studiis lucem atterit omnem,
Exhauritque animam inter somnia nocte cadenti;
Acris per cunctas furit impatientia venas,
Palpitat & gremium curis stimulantibus ægrum.

ABSENTI Dominâ, per quam nos vivimus unam,
Vita quidem fracta est, nec enim det amabile
quicquam ;

Sunt importuni Comites, amissa Voluptas,
Quod modo nos cepit, jam nos super omnia tædet;
Vexati petimus loca sola, Umbraeque silentes,
Et lucem, atque homines fugimus, fremidamque
loquelam ;

Tristes in Sylvis fluviorum erramus ad oras,
Et voces surdis ventis jactamus, & Undis :
Pensamus læti, quo more loquemur ad illam,
Quando accedendi se det res proxima fœlix ;
Arreptisque animis pervolvimus omnia, fari
Quæ volumus : Teneras sic stat proferre querelas
Vertice demisso, sic implorare favorem,
Sic agere & nostros argutâ voce dolores ;
Sic gemere ad rugas, si rugæ fronte federent,
Sic blandi & vultûs occurrere mollibus auris.

SOLLICIT

SOLLICITI nostros chartis mandamus amores,
 Membranamque animi totis perfundimus omnem:
 Scribimus, eluimus, rursusque eluta novamus,
 Atque Oratrices in perdita fragmina raptim
 Scindimus obmutas, nondum dimittier aptas ;
 Ah, miseri ! accessus facilis nisi copia detur !
 Protenus est Cælum, liceat modo cernere nobis
 Illius portam ! vel adimus nocte fenestram,
 Diffusaque omnes epulamur imagine sensus :
 Cæram Umbram vigiles, ut labitur illa, notamus,
 Luminaque ad motus commentos fixa tenemus ;
 Si quem campum, hortum, pedibus lucumve beârît
 Illa suis, eadem petimus vestigia læti ;
 Nec procul ex illâ si quando forte sedemus,
 Sive ad conventus, sive ad spectacula ludi,
 Turbantur animi, coëuntque stupore loquaci ;
 Nostri Orbes leviter variatis motibus hærent,
 Omnibus hâc missa cæci, ceu morte jacentes.

DITET Epistolâ si nos quando illa benignis,
 Flamma sub indomitos rapitur nutrita furores ;
 Horrentes sacram jam pænè voramus honorem,
 Subsidiumque oculis sensus & labra vocamus :

Gaudia nulla animos nimium diffundere possunt,
Si quid vivifico tactu semel illa foveret.

HÆc Desiderii sunt dulcia munera fusi
Seu vota incendunt, seu nos Absentia mordet;
Verùm Præsentes cùm blandimenta, precesque
Urgemus, potis est animæ quis ferre tumultus?
Spes timida, immensusque ardor, nec gaudia certa,
Mobile cor agitant nimbofo more vicissim;
Languentes nimio Studii jam labimur æstu,
Libertasque nocet præter concessa Repulsam:
Ante fores fixi cunctamur mente patentem;
Attonitâ, & muti sensus deperdimur omnes;
Fulgurat ex oculis animi Sententia, verùm
Radicata solo faciunt vestigia pausam,
Debita dum sacram lustret Reverentia flammam;
Lenis formido, & mollis tremor occupat artus,
Tota fugit virtus, mensque est impervia verbis.

SE postquam exolvit paulatim torpor Amoris,
Molliter aggredimur tenero fusi ora rubore;
Volvimur in terram genibus, manus & data nostrum
Pectus ad exultans dulci est compressa coactu,
Quam super impendent demissa furore labella;

Et

Et prensos inter digitos suspiria menant :
Fortiter & trepidat commotus ad oscula rapta
Singula venarum Pulsus, dolet omnis & ardens
Nervus deliciis, animali Vita redundat
Diluvie, captumque poro cor exilit omni.

ACRI, præterito primo fervore Stuporis,
Mens redit ad sese, magis & magis æstuat ardor :
Sessum est; dumque oritur spectatæ copia formæ,
Humidus è nostris scintillat fulgor ocellis ;
Anxietatem animi gerit Actio quæque modestam,
Aspectusque omnis longum testatur amorem :
Frigida temperies turbatam nulla coerces
Naturam, regnant penitus diffusa superbis
Gaudia nunc animis, gravis & Meditatio dormit ;
Quodcunque optamus, loquimurve, agimusve
putandi

Vim super est, lapsumque viâ Rationis aberrat ;
Gaudia murmur agunt, spes condolet, ira que ridet
Inconsulta sapit, trahit & mens sana furorem :
Nostro importuni cupidas ardescere flammæ
Pectore concepimus: nunc huc, nunc vertimur illuc ;
Jamque, tumore animi placido, sublata remittunt
Lumina nostra suum languorem, & surgere tentant ;
Jamque pedes Dominæ pulchræ submissa requirunt,

Optatamque petunt veniam labente recessu :
 Sæpe vel obtutu fixo super ora morantur,
 Tum de quo fulgore acri stupefacta resultant ;
 Injussa excurrunt jam libertate vaganti,
 Jamque metu repunt intus sub claustra latenter.

UT primum audemus fari, votumque sequamur,
 Verba cadunt ritu delapsi plumea roris ;
 Molles accentus ipso moriuntur in ore,
 Suadet &, hîc, oculi plusquam, facundia linguæ ;
 Languentem dum mista premunt suspiria vocem,
 Sed, licèt orba soni, Deamantùm sensa loquuntur,

RESTAT adhucne nihil? oh, restat summa
 voluptas!

Summus honos palmæ! nostri Medicina doloris!
 Tempus erit, cùm vota negat non ulla Cupido,
 Blandaue fucatos ponit Natura colores;
 Sed quis enim valet hos motus describere verbis?
 Exstasis immensum, quod mentem subruit, Æquor!
 Illam vim rapidam mutandi corda vicissim!
 Labilem eam Cæli in nervis pulsantibus Umbram!
 Flumen id in Venis, acri quod volvitur æstu!
 Illum ignem, in flammæ animæ qui corpora
 purgat!

Deliciasque

Deliciasque adeo Vitæ constringit in oram,
Excidat ut sensus, gustantes & moriamur.

OMNIA per teneras vires poliuntur Amoris,
Mente vigent habetes, Crudeles mitia sumunt;
Affectus duri sensim mollescere discunt,
Cordaque per Venerem fiunt humana ferorum:
Colloquii sociis hominum genus omne catenis
Jungit Amor, mentemq; colens exfuscitat aspram;
Justitia, alma Fides, Pietas, Vis libera Cordis,
Candida Lux Morum, Virtus, Ars, Copia fandi,
Nobilis ille ardor fatus, Ambitione superbâ,
Infomnisque animæ summa omnia Cæpta, colore
Tacta Cupidineo magis & magis ignea fulgent,
Læta Potestatis divinæ gaudia dandi.

Sic ego tentavi frustra non viribus æquis,
Externas, certasque Notas depingere Amoris;
Immemor, ut quondam velârunt ora Priores,
Et bene texerunt, quod non effingere possent.

VULNERIS ô nostri mollis formosa Creatrix!
Da pennis veniam nimis affectantibus alta;
Numinis aligeri stimulis exercitus, a te
Vim cujus didici, & memet ratus esse peritum,

Aufus

Ausus eram tractare, meo quod pectore sensi ;
 Ipse sed erravi, nisu dementeque Motum
 Picturare velim, frænare & carcere flammam ;
 Fulgura qui potis est vincere coloribus, idem
 In flagrantem animum vires depingat Amoris ;
 Tum, nos cùm Domini leges dare possumus illi,
 Tum liceat premere hunc vinclis, & ducere formam ;
 Sed velit hunc quicumque Deum religare catenis,
 Ille prius debet captivum reddere Numen,
 Quod genus omne hominum captivum reddere
 pollet :
 Non ea Vis animo constat mihi, at edere possum,
 Prendere si quisquam audebit, qua vivere gaudet ;
 Illum jam video, Cælo latet abditus, Ecce !
 In proprio, MIRANDÆ oculis ad dulcia furta.

H O R. LIB. I. O D È XXII.

Integer vitæ.

SINLESS, and sound, the bold *good* liver
 DARES,

Nor needs the *Moor's* keen javelin, or his bow ;
 No quiver, charg'd with latent deaths he bears,
 Where pointed poisons glow.

Safe

Safe, o'er the quicksand's foamy shoals he rows;
Safe, every wild of *Caucasus* surveys;
Or, where thy fabled stream, *Hydaspes*, flows,
Dreadless of danger, itrays.

Once, o'er *Sabinum's* forest's silent shade,
Wand'ring, the charms of *Ælia's* eyes, I sung:
A *Wolf*, out-starting, where, unarm'd, I stray'd,
Listen'd, and backward sprung.

Yet, fiercer savage never rang'd the glades
Of warlike *Daunia's* oak-abounding plains,
Nor paw'd the *Lion's* patrimonial shades,
Where *Juba's* offspring reigns.

Thence though expos'd to bleaks, where nothing
blooms,
Where never bud unfolds, to let in *spring*;
But one, long *winter's* dayless midnight glooms,
Black as the *Raven's* wing.

Hence — tho' an outcast, to the sun's *loft* heat,
Houseless, and screen'd by no kind cavern's shades,
Still wou'd I love that *face*, whose smile so sweet,
A tongue, still sweeter *aids*!

HOR,

HOR. LIB. I. ODE v.

Quis multâ gracilis.

COOL, within the Grotto toying,
Soft, on scatter'd roses laid,
What young *bud* art thou destroying?
Why, to day, those charms display'd?

Trimly plain, in subtle sweetness,
What fond heart is, here, beset?
Why, with negligent completeness,
Loosely curls that tressy net?

Soon, by sufferings, taught to *know* thee,
O! ye changeful Gods! he cries,
Too, too light, thy falsehoods show thee,
Late, the fond believer's *wife*:

Then, with foolish wonder, starting,
He *compares* thy *sunshine*, past,
With those *storms* of spleen's preparing,
Which thy present looks o'ercast!

Silly

Silly truster ! vain supposer !

In his am'rous, empty, mind,
Soft he forms thee joy's disposer :
Ever grateful, hush'd, and kind.

Out alas ! and shame upon thee !

Little dreams he what a *sky*,
Heaping clouds in whirlwinds on thee,
Soon shall dim thy future eye.

Pity, Gods ! those faithful creatures,

Yet, unbroke to woman's arts :
Fondly trusting lovely features,
And for *smiles*, exchanging *hearts*.

As for *me*, by heaven befriended,

Long ago, I 'scap'd the storm :
Safe, with all my sails extended,
Flying from that fraudulent form :

Broad, my *figur'd story*, flaming,

Now shall Love's gay temple grace :
From some pillar's height, proclaiming
Warnings, to the *rising race*.

H O R.

H O R. LIB. I. O D E xx.

Vile potabis.

B O R N to be the plain man's friend,
 Come, and to his taste descend;
 In temperate draughts, from cans for household
 use,
 Drink lean *Salinum's* healthful juice.
 'Tis thin, and hard — but, ah! *Mæcenas* knows,
 What aid from strength, to pitied weakness
 flows:
 I, my great patron, lending *Grecian* lees,
 Taught the *sweeten'd Sharp* to please:
 'Twas *Mæcenas* — let me, stay —
 Ay! 'twas done, on *that dear day*,
 When the voic'd *Theatric* player
 Hail'd, so loud, your entrance, there,
 That the shout's applausive roar
 Reach'd your river's distant shore
 Whence the *Etrurian* echo's sound,
 (Meeting *Rome's*, and circling round)

Town

Town and country votes to join,
Shook both *Alps* and *Appenine*.

Light, unbodied *Sabine* fits,
Careless hearts, and shallow wits :
Strength of brain, indeed, like *yours*,
Deeper, mightier, growths endures :
Dares the *Cæcubanian* bowl ;
Drains *Calenum's* flowing soul :
I, of weaker head, decline
Politician's potent wine :
No *Falernian's* mingled flow
Bids my blushing *Bacchus* glow :
Not a fingle *jar* I fill,
Formia, from thy factious hill !
Safe, and sober, here, I drink,
Steer no state — but sing, and think.

Town and country votes to join,
Shook both Asia and America.

Light, unbidden, came his
Cape's hearts, and shallow wits;
Strength of brain, indeed, like power,
Deeper, mightier, grows the endurance;
Dares the Germanic bowl;
Drains Colman's flowing soul:

I of weaker head, decline
Politician's potent wine;
No Fabian's mingled glow
Bids my blushing cheeks glow:

Not a single jar I fill,
Fornic, from thy faction's ill!
Safe, and sober, here I drink,
Steer no late—but sing, and think.

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in execution. — And, the truth of its form

them, beyond dispute, upon examining its ef-
fects, in this deduction, from their causes.

An ESSAY on the ART of ACTING.

THE first dramatic principle, (and it must be always uppermost, in a good actor's memory, if he hopes to reach perfection in his business) is the following :

To act a passion, well, the actor never must attempt its imitation, 'till his fancy has conceived so strong an image, or idea, of it, as to move the same impressible springs within his mind, which form that passion, when 'tis undesigned, and natural.

THIS is an absolutely necessary, and the only general rule. And let no actor apprehend it over difficult. — The practice of it shall be laid down clearly ; and it will be found extremely easy and delightful, both in study, and

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in execution.—And, the truth of its *foundation*, that it is wholly built on nature, is evident, beyond dispute, upon examining its effects, in this deduction, from their causes.

1st, THE imagination must conceive a *strong* idea of the passion.

2dly, BUT that idea cannot *strongly* be conceived, without impressing its own form upon the muscles of the *face*.

3dly, NOR *can* the look be muscularly stamp'd, without communicating, instantly, the same impression, to the muscles of the *body*.

4thly, THE muscles of the body, (brac'd, or slack, as the idea was an active or a passive one) must, in their natural, and not to be avoided consequence, by impelling or retarding the flow of the animal spirits, transmit their own conceiv'd sensation, to the sound of the *voice*, and to the disposition of the *gesture*.

AND this is a short abstract of the Art, in its most comprehensive and reduced idea.

BUT there must follow *Applications* of the general rule, by particular references, for the practical use of the actor.

AND, first, it should be noted, that there are only ten dramatic passions; — that is, passions, which can be distinguished by their outward marks, in action; all others being relative to, and but varied degrees of, the foregoing.

These are the ten Dramatic Passions: Joy, Grief, Fear, Anger, Pity, Scorn, Hatred, Jealousy, Wonder, and Love.

AND now, for application of the rule, to each of these, in its particular distinction:

APPLICATION I.

How an Actor is to express Joy:

DEFINITION.

Joy is Pride, possessed of Triumph.

It is a warm and conscious expansion of the heart, indulging sense of present pleasure, and

comparing it with past affliction : It cannot, therefore, be expressed without vivacity, in look, air, and accent.

BUT it will be proper, for distinguishing the modes of representing this, and every other passion, to consider their effect on speeches, wherein that particular passion governs, which is about to be attempted by the speaker.

AND, for ever, let it be the first and chief care of an actor, who aspires to shine, in his profession, to discover where, in all his characters, the writer has intended any change of passions. For, unless the passion is first known, how is it possible it should be painted ?

FOR, for instance, is the passion, in the following transport of *Torrismond* :

“ Oh heaven ! she pities me.

“ And pity, still, fore-runs approaching love ;

“ As light'ning does the thunder.—Tune your harps.

“ Ye

“ Ye angels! to that sound : And thou, my heart !

“ Make room — to entertain the flowing joy !

When the actor has discovered, that the passion, in this place, is *Joy*, he must not, upon any account, attempt the utterance of one single word, 'till he has, first, compelled his fancy to conceive an idea of joy. And it would be his natural, tho' most difficult, way, to endeavour the effacement of all note, or image of himself, and forcibly bind down his fancy to suppose, that he is, really, *Torrismond*—that he is in love with *Leonora*, and has been bless'd, beyond his hope, by her kind declaration, in his favour.

But there is a shorter road, to the same end, and it shall, in due place, be shewn him. When he believes himself possessed, of the idea of joy, that would not fail to warm a strong conception, let him not imagine the impression rightly hit, 'till he has examin'd both his face and air, in a long, upright, looking glass ; for *there*, only, will he meet with a sincere and undeceivable test of his having strongly

enough, or too slackly, adapted his fancy to the purpose before him.

IF, for example, his brow, in the glass, appears bow-bent, or cloudy, his neck bowing, and relaxed, his breast not thrown gracefully back, and elate ; if he sees his arm swing languid, or hang motionless, his back-bone reposed, or unstraiten'd, and the joints of his hip, knee, and ancle, not strong-brac'd, by swelling out the sinews to their full extent. — All, or any of these spiritless signs, in the glass, may convince him, that he has too faintly conceived the impression : and, at once, to *prove* it, to his own full satisfaction, let him, at that time, endeavour so speak out, with a voice as high raised as he pleases, he will find, that, in that languid state of muscles, he can never bring it to sound *joy* : no, not tho' the sense of the words were all rapture ; but, in spite of the utmost possible strain upon his lungs, his tone will be too sullen, or too mournful, and carry none of the musick of sprightliness. But, if on the contrary, he has hit the conception, exactly, he will have the pleasure, in that case, to observe,

in

in the glass, that his forehead appears open, and rais'd, his eye smiling, and sparkling, his neck will be stretch'd, and erect, without stiffness, as if it would add new height to his stature; his breast will be inflated, and majestically backen'd; his back-bone erect, and all the joints of his arm, wrist, fingers, hip, knee, and ancle, will be high-strung, and brac'd boldly. And *now*, if he attempts to speak *joy*, all the spirit of the passion will ascend in his accents, and the very tone of his voice will seem to out-rapture the meaning.

As to the *reason* of all this, it is as clear as the consequence. For these are nature's own marks, and impressions, on the body, in cases where the passion is produced by involuntary emotions. — And when natural impressions are imitated, exactly, by art, the effect of such art must seem natural.

BUT, because difficulties wou'd arise, in the practice of so strong a conception, before fancy is become ductile enough, to assume such impressions, at will, (as in the instance of *joy*,

now

now before us) the actor taking the *shorter road*, above promis'd him, may help his defective idea, in a moment, by annexing, at once, the *look* to the *idea*, in the very instant, while he is bracing his nerves into springiness: for so, the image, the look, and the muscles, all concurring, *at once*, to the purpose, their effect will be the same, as if each had succeeded another, progressively.

To convince himself of the natural truth of these principles, he has nothing to do but, first, to speak the foregoing example of *joy*, with his look grave, or idle, and his nerves eas'd or languid; and immediately afterwards, repeat the same speech, with a smile of delight in his eye, and with his joints all brac'd high, and his sinews extended—his own ear will become his acknowledg'd instructor.

APPLI-

APPLICATION 2.

How an Actor is to express Grief.

DEFINITION.

Grief is Disappointment, void of Hope.

It is a mournful and un-struggling resignation of defence, to apprehension of calamity; and therefore must require, to express it rightly, a sad look, careless air, and voice un-rai'd, and indolent.

For a speech, wherein this melancholy reverse of the foregoing passion is expressed, to the wish of an actor, we may borrow a second time, from the same *Torriſmond*:

“But, I have been in such a dismal place!

“Where joy ne’er enters, which the sun ne’er

“cheers,

“Bound in with darkness, overspread with

“damps,

“Where I have seen—if I could say, I saw—

“The good old king—majestic, even in bands!

“And, midst his griefs, most venerably great!

“By

“ By a dim winking lamp, that feebly broke
“ The gloomy vapours, he lay, stretch'd along,
“ Upon th' unwholesome ground, his eyes cast
low ;

“ And, ever and anon, a filent tear
“ Stole down, and trickled from his aged cheek.

A speaker, who would distress his imagination, into a compleat assumption of the sorrow expressed in these lines, will first consider, that *grief* being a passion the most opposite in nature to joy, his look, that before was enliven'd, must, now, in a moment, take a mournful and declin'd impression. His muscles must fall loose, and be unbrac'd into the habit of languor. — And, then, no sooner shall his nerves have form'd themselves to this lax disposition, for complying with the melancholy demand of the sentiments, than his voice also will associate its sound to the plaintive resignation of his gesture, and the result, both in air and in accent, will be the most moving resemblance of a heart-felt and passionate sorrow. Whereas, let him endeavour with all possible industry, so to sadden his voice, without a previous accommodation

commodation of his look, and his sinews, to the faintness of the image intended, his tone will be hard, austere, and unfeeling — and more and more remote from the true sound of distress, in exact proportion to the spring, he retained on his nerves, and the vigour, that had over-animating his eye, or too ardently quicken'd his gesture.

APPLICATION 3.

How Fear ought to be acted.

DEFINITION.

Fear is Grief, discerning and avoiding Danger.

It is an apprehensive, but unfinew'd struggle, betwixt caution, and despair : It cannot therefore be expressed, but by a look alarm'd and watchful, with a voice and air, un-animating.

TAKE, for example, of this passion, the following short speech, from *Clarence*, in *Shakespeare's Richard the Third* :

“O! I have pass'd a miserable night!
So full of fearful dreams! of ugly sights!

“That,

"That, as I am a christian faithful man;

"I wou'd not spend another such a night;

"Tho' 'twere to buy a world of happy days!

"So full of dismal terror was the time!

HERE, an actor, who would impress his imagination with a natural idea of fear, will most effectually represent it, by assuming the same languor, in look, and in muscles, that was, just now, described, as peculiar to grief. For then, if he would strike out, in an instant, the distinction, by which fear is diversified from sorrow, let him only, in place of that resign'd, plaintive, passive, distress, that is proper to grief, add (without altering the relax'd state of his nerves) a starting apprehensive, and lifting alarm to his look; keeping his eyes widely stretch'd, but unfix'd; his mouth still, and open; his steps light and shifting, — yet, his joints unbrac'd, faint, nerveless. — And, then will his whole air express the true picture of FEAR, and his voice, too, *sound* it significantly.

BUT, still — This caution, let the thinking Actor forever take care to remember — That he

he is not to begin to utter, even so much as a single word, till he has first reflected on and felt the idea; and then adapted his look, and his nerves to express it. But as soon as this pathetic sensation has strongly and fully imprinted his fancy, let him, then — and never a moment before — attempt to give the Speech due utterance. — So shall he always hit the right and touching sensibility of tone, and move his auditors, impressingly: whereas, should he, with an unfeeling volubility of cadence, hurry on from one over-leap'd distinction to another, without due adaption of his look and muscles, to the meaning proper to the Passion, he will never speak to hearts; nor move himself, nor any of his audience; beyond the simple and unanimating, verbal sense; without the *Spirit* of the writer.

BESIDES the reputation of a fine and a pathetic speaker, and a feeler, and inspirer, of the Passions, he will derive another benefit and grace, from such a natural practice; for, the time, which it must necessarily take, to conform his look and nerves to the successive

changes,

changes of the Passions, will preserve his Voice, at every turn, by giving it due *Rests*; allowing frequent and repeated opportunities for a recovery of its wasted strength, in easy and un-noted *Breatnings*; And, yet, all such beautiful and pensive pausing places, will at the same time, appear to an audience, but the strong and natural attitudes of thinking; and the inward agitations of a heart, that is, in truth, disturb'd, and shaken. --- Whereas the glib, round, rolling, emptiness of an unpausing insignificance in speaking (far from painting, or resembling, nature) represents no image at all, to a discerning audience, but that of a full Player's memory; pouring out its over-measure with no meaning, from a Voice that neither touches, nor is touch'd by, character.

APPLICATION 4.

How ANGER ought to be acted.

DEFINITION.

ANGER is *Pride provok'd beyond Regard of Caution.*

It is a fierce and unrestrain'd effusion of Reproach and Insult: It must therefore be express'd,

press'd, impatiently, by a firey propension in the eye, with a disturb'd and threat'ning air, and with a voice strong, swift, and often interrupted by high swells of choaking indignation.

To explain this passion, two examples will be necessary: the first, not so much for containing the passion itself, as a great actor's rules, for feeling and expressing it, with nature's spirit and propriety. And I do this right, to *Shakespear*, with a double pleasure, as the instance carries with it a clear evidence, how much the play-house old tradition wrongs his memory; for they report him a performer, of no power or compass, and but of a low rate in his profession, as to *action*.

THE second speech shall be, for an example of the passion, with an explanation of two different modes, whereby nature has distinguish'd its expression.

SHAKESPEAR's comes first; and is, at once, a rule and example:

" Now imitate the action of the tyger :

" Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood ;

" Lend fierce and dreadful aspect to the eye :

" Set the teeth close, and stretch the nostril
wide,

" Hold hard the breath, and bend up every
spirit,

" To its full height. —

It were impossible to draw a picture of *anger*, more naturally, or an instruction, more compleat and clear, for expressing it!

1st, THE sinews being brac'd strong, thro' all the joints of the body, the blood (as a consequence unavoidable) is *summon'd up*, that is, impelled into violent motion.

2dly, THE look becomes adapted, and adds *fierceness* to the passion, by the fire, that flashes from the *eye*.

3dly, THE *setting* of the *teeth*, and wide expansion of the *nostrils*, follow naturally — because inseparable from an enrag'd bent of the eye-brow.

AND,

AND, 4thly, The breath being *beld hard*, as interrupted or restrained, by the tumultuous precipitation of the spirits, they must necessarily become inflamed, themselves, and will communicate their ardour to the voice, and motion.

AND so this passion of *anger* is *bent up* to its full height—as *Shakespear*, with allusion to the spring upon the sinews, hath expressed it.

I EXPLAIN this passage, to demonstrate his great skill in acting: and in hopes, the player's observation, that this fav'rite genius of their own profession, had ideas of the art, so plainly founded on the very principles sustained in this essay, will recommend it, with more weight, from the partiality of their affection.

BUT, to return to my own notes—it here deserves reflection, by how very small a separation, nature has disjoined the outlines of two passions, seemingly, the least conformable to one another.—Few would imagine, that the lineaments of *joy* and *anger* should unite in any

point of strong resemblance ! And yet, 'tis evident, they only differ in a change of look : For, as to the intensely bracing up the nerves, *that* is the same, exactly, in both passions, and the sole distinction lies in this : — a *smile* upon the eye, in bodies strongly braced, compels the voice to sound of *joy* — while *frowns*, in the same eye (without the smallest alteration of the muscles) immediately transform the gay sound, to a dreadful one.

As for the second speech, which will be necessary, to explain the natural difference above declared, relating to *two modes* of anger—it may be taken from the *Orphan* ; — 'Tis Chamont, who speaks :

— “ I say, my sister's wrong'd ;
 “ *Monimia*—my sister : born, as high,
 “ And noble, as *Castalio*.—Do her justice,
 “ Or, by the gods ! I'll lay a scene of blood,
 “ Shall make this dwelling horrible, to nature.
 “ I'll do't.* — Hark, you, my Lord !
 “ — Your son — *Castalio* —
 “ Take him to your closet, and, there, teach
 him manners.

Tho' the passion, throughout all this speech, is furious, and intemperate *anger*, yet nature has divided it, into two such different tones of utterance, that tho' it would be impropriety, to a degree of folly, to pronounce that part foregoing the star, in the 6th line, any other way, than with a fierce, vindictive air, and voice high rais'd, insulting, and impatient. — The remainder (from that star) must, on the contrary, be expressed, by affectation of a low constrain'd, and almost whisper'd composure, concealing a slow, smother'd, inward rancour, by a mutter'd ironical repression of voice, strained through the teeth; in a pretended restraint of indignation. And when, from such reliefs, as it were, of passion, the rage breaks out, again, into shrill and exclamatory loudness, the representation becomes movingly varied, and natural; and the voice seems to preserve a kind of musical modulation, even in madness.

APPLICATION 5.

How PITY is to be expressed by an Actor.

DEFINITION.

PITY is active Grief for another's Affliction.

It is a social sadness of heart, propelled by an auxiliary disposition of the spirits, giving tension to impressed and straining muscles : It cannot, therefore be expressed, but by a look of sorrow, with a brac'd and animated gesture.

TAKE the following example, from *Belmour*, in the *Fatal Extravagance*.

“ Oh ! could I feel no misery, but my own,

“ How easy were it for this sword, to free me,

“ From every anguish, that imbitters life !

“ — But, when the grave has given *my* sorrows
rest,

“ Where shall my miserable *wife* find comfort ?

“ Unfriended, and alone, in want's bleak
storm,

“ Not all th' angelic virtues of her mind

“ Will shield her, from th' un pitying world's
derision.

“ Can it be kind, to leave her, so expos'd ?

IF an actor should endeavour to touch the expressiveness of the passion, conceiv'd in this speech, without having previously adapted his look to the sensation peculiar to pity, he wou'd never, (tho' his voice were the finest and most musical in nature) be able to succeed in his purpose: for his tone wou'd be sometimes too earnest, and sharp, and sometimes too languid and melancholy.—But let him, first, strain his muscles into the tension, above required, for expression of *joy*, and if, then, he adds the look, that is proper to *grief*, the result of this mix'd co-operation of contraries (of a visage peculiar to sorrow, with a spring on the muscles adapted to joy) will immediately produce the gesture, the voice, and the feeling, expressive of *pity*.—And the more strongly he braces his nerves, in opposition to the distress, that relaxes his look, the more beautifully will he touch the concern, 'till his utterance paints it, as one may say, to the ear.—For, by effect of a struggle, that will be form'd in his mind, between the grief, that has soften'd his eye, and the force, that invigorates his muscles, there will arise a pathetic and trembling interrupted-

ness,

ness, of sensible sound, that must affect a whole audience, with a participated concern in the passion.

APPLICATION 6.

How SCORN ought to be express'd by an Actor.

DEFINITION.

SCORN is negligent Anger.

That is—anger, against objects, which excite no esteem : it is therefore un-brac'd into easiness, See an example, in the following answer of *Bajazet*, to *Axalla's* declaration, from *Tamerlane*.

" Bear back thy fulsome greeting, to thy master ;

" Tell him, I'll none on't. —

* " Had he been a God,

" All his omnipotence cou'd not restore

" The radiancy of majesty eclips'd. *

" For ought besides, it is not worth my care :

" The giver, and his gifts, are both *despis'd* ?

In this speech, the beginning, and the end, contain manifest scorn : But, in the middle part, which is, therefore, distinguished, be-

tween

ween stars, the passion rises into nervous and exclamatory violence.

ALL the rest, to be rightly expressed, in the acting, will require the seeming contrast of an unfinewy slackness of muscles, to a look, that flames with anger and insult.

THERE is, however, and a skilful actor will always remember to note it, a gayer and very different species of *scorn*, on less solemn occasions, where the lowness of figure, or of power, in some slight insignificant object, or the unalarming impertinence of some vain, but not dangerous, levity, only call for a contempt, unconnected with anger.—And this lighter expression of *scorn* will be hit most effectually, by preserving the same disposition of muscles, that was required in the other—but accompanied, by a look, that is smiling and placid, instead of the frown, that took place, in the former.

APPLI-

APPLICATION 7.

How HATRED is to be express'd by an Actor.

DEFINITION.

HATRED is restrained, yet lasting Anger.

It is a close, abhorrent, hostile, disposition of the heart, averted by ill-will, but guarded by precaution: To express it rightly, it demands a look of malice, with a gesture of restrained impatience.

Bajazet will give example, in another speech, concerning Tamerlane.

“The *Tartar* is my bane—I cannot bear him,
“One heaven and earth, can never hold us,
both.

“Still shall we hate, and, with defiance deadly,

“Keep rage alive—’till one be lost, for ever.

“As if two suns thou’d meet, in the meridian,

“And strive, in fiery combat, for the passage!

Unless an actor has accustomed his reflection to examine distinctions in passion, he will be surprized, to be told, in this place, that there

is

is no other difference but the turn of an eye, in the expression of *hatred* and *pity*. Yet, his experience will find it a palpable truth. — For, first, *pity*, and *hatred*, require both of them, the same intense brace upon the joints, and the sinews ; and then, the characterizing distinction between them is this : (I mean, but what regards their *expression* — that is, the outward marks they impress on the body) — *Pity*, by a look of inclination, implies affection, and desire to relieve ; whereas *hatred*, by averting the visage, and accompanying that look of abhorrence, with gestures of malice and disapprobation, proclaims animosity, and purpose of mischief. — The nerves must be brac'd, in both passions alike — because *Pity* is earnest — and *Hatred* is earnest : and therefore, the muscles, to express either passion, (however opposite they seem to each other) must be springy, and bent into promptitude.

BUT the look must be different, in each — because *Pity* is earnest, for *beneficence* ; and, therefore, the eye, (which is the show-glass of the soul) must be impressed with ideas of *goodness* ; whereas *hatred* is earnest, for *mischief*. —

And

And the eye must, in consequence of a malignant intent in the will, reflect an image of meditated evil.

APPLICATION 8.

How an Actor shou'd express Jealousy.

DEFINITION.

Jealousy, is doubtful Anger, struggling against Faith and Pity.

It is a painful softness in the heart, resisted by a vindictive disposition in the spirits : It cannot, therefore, be express'd without a doubtful variation, in both look and air, divided and suspended, betwixt wavering passions.

BUT there are two degrees of *Jealousy* : requiring different modes, for their expression.

So that two examples will be necessary ; and *Othello* will supply us with them both.

WE shall see (in this that follows) that first stage of *Jealousy*, which is alarm'd, but *doubtfully* suspicious ; and not, yet, confirm'd into the

the violence of positive *belief* and its warm consequences :

“ ———— Why dost thou echo me ?

“ As if there were some monster in thy thought !

“ Too hideous to be shewn ! — Thou dost mean something

“ — I heard thee say but now, thou lik’st not *that* !

“ When *Cassio* left my wife. — What did’st not like ?

“ And, when I told thee, that he was my *friend* ;

“ And went a *wooing* for me — with thy brow

“ Bent and purs’d up, Thy answer was — *Indeed* !

“ — If thou do’st love me, tell me — what thou thought’st.”

For expressing, in a natural manner, these unfix’d, apprehensive, reluctant, first dawnings of jealousy, the brace upon the nerves must be but conformable to the unsettled idea. It must be half bent, and half languid. — The Look, too, under the same unconclusive alarm, must act its part with the indolent muscles : that is, it must partake of two opposite Pas-

sions ; *Anger*, as dispos'd to catch flame, under sense of such injury ; — and *Pity*, as unwilling to give way to distrust, against an object so endear'd by affection.

THE other species, or rather degree, of this Passion, is, where Jealousy extracts confirmation, from Appearances, which concur toward a *Proof*.

IN this case, the nerves must assume the strong brace, that is proper to *Anger* : And the Look must express a turbulent *mixture* of anguish ; — from a struggle between fury and sorrow. --- See *Othello* again :

“ I think my wife is honest --- and think she
is not !

“ I think, that thou art just, and think, thou art
not !

“ I'll have *full Proof*. --- My name, that was
as fresh,

“ As chaste *Diana's* face, is, now, grown black —

“ Like my own visage ! — If there be cords, or
knives,

“ Poison,

" Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
 " I'll not endure it. — wou'd I were satisfy'd!

We see, in this speech, *Doubt*, inflam'd into agony. It is still, indeed, distrust ; but it is, at the same time, Indignation and Bitterness. — And this is the utmost pitch, whereto Jealousy (as Jealousy) can by nature extend itself. — For the least step beyond it, is *Anger* ; which unless mix'd with, and restrain'd by, some tempering conceit of uncertainty, is no longer the *Jealousy*, we are considering — but a distinct and new passion : the effect, it is true, of the former --- yet, itself, of a quite different species.

So that Jealousy can be divided no farther, than into the two foregoing distinctions.

APPLI-

APPLICATION 9.

How an Actor is to express Wonder.

DEFINITION.

Wonder, is inquisitive Fear.

It is an ebb of spirits, rushing back upon the heart; but leaving an alarm upon the muscles, that invigorates them toward defence and opposition: No actor can imitate this Passion with its natural propriety and force, without dividing its idea, into the following two degrees of distinction:

THE first degree is *Amazement* --- the second is *Astonishment*.

IN Amazement, the conception catching alarm from the image of something strangely, or unnaturally terrible, the nerves upon a start of apprehension brace, at once, into an involuntary rigour of intenseness --- under a defensive disposition of the Will — that wou'd resist, and repel, the object.

BUT,

BUT, in Astonishment, the recoil of the animal spirits, hurried back in two precipitate a motion, drive the blood upon the heart with such oppressive redundance, as, retarding circulation, almost stagnates the vital progression: and arresting the breath, eyes, gesture, and every power and faculty of the body, occasions an interruption of their several uses, that wou'd bring on an actual *cessation* — but, that the Reason, struggling slowly to relieve the apprehension, gives a kind of hesitative articulation to the utterance, and gradual motion and recovery to the Look, the Limbs, and the Countenance.

IN the following lines from *Hamlet*, we shall see an instance of the first degree of wonder; while it reaches only to Amazement; and suspends, not stagnates, the free motion of the blood and spirits:

“O, day, and night! — but this is wond'rous
strange!”

And, again :

“Angels ! and Ministers of grace ! defend me !

“Be thou a Spirit of light — or Goblin damn’d;

“Bring with thee airs from Heaven, or blasts

from Hell,

“Be thy intents wicked or charitable, —

“Thou com’st in such a questionable *Shape*,

“That I *will* speak to thee ! —

THERE is manifest, in the beginning of this *Speech*, the starting spring upon the nerves, that follows the first shock of apprehension —

IN the middle, is discern’d, as plainly, the slow, struggling, reasoning, recollection of the shaken understanding.

AND, in the two concluding lines, the resolution of recover’d firmness, to examine, and determine stedfastly.

BUT, in examples, where the Passion rises to Astonishment, as in this, below, from *Belmour* ; see an almost total deprivation, for the time, of all the powers of sense and motion — except only

only, that exerted reason, labouring against oppressive congelation, barely seems to hold breath in, by force; and make life sensible.

“ ——— I feel my blood
 “ Cool and grow thick; as melted lead flows
 heavy,
 “ And hardens, in its motion. — A little longer,
 “ And I, who have a heart already marble —
 “ Shall petrify throughout — and be — a statue.

It wou'd be impossible, after an actor had conceived an idea correspondent to the picture, in the words in this, not to impress every lineament of the Passion upon his Look, and every Attitude of it upon his Gesture; and, then, the Tone of his voice, concurring, cannot fail to sound the slow, conflicting struggle of Astonishment.

APPLICATION ^{10.}

*How the Passion of LOVE, is to be express'd, by
an Actor.*

DEFINITION.

LOVE, is Desire kept temperate by Reverence.

It is expanded softness, in the heart; indulg'd attachment in the fancy; and an awe (from fear to be distasteful, where we wish to please) upon the spirits: It can never, therefore, rightly be express'd, without a Look of apprehensive tenderness, that softens a high-brac'd and animated air, and casts a modest cloud of diffidence, over too quick a sense of transport. And thus we are come, at last, to a Passion, the true name whereof might be *Legion*; for it includes all the other, in all their degrees and varieties. It has therefore been postpon'd, and kept to bring up the rear; tho', from the weight and extent of its influence, it ought to have taken place in the front of the number.

THERE is, however, independent on its auxiliary and occasional passions, a distinct air, gesture,

gesture, look, and manner of speaking, peculiar to *Love*, in its serene and unruffled impressiveness. And because there are not many Actors, in whom, nature has done all that appears necessary, for expressing the gentleness, and the softness, together with the freedom, and the fire, which unite their contraries, of setting off the spirit of this Passion, it is necessary to reflect a little on the reason, why it is common to see *Love*, unfeelingly, affectedly, and even ridiculously acted, in our Theatres.

THE lazy cause, is want of *Tenderness*, or at least of *Application*, to conceive the true idea. — For this passion, more than any other, lends a tongue, to every Look, and sheds an eloquence on every Motion. — It cannot bear, then, a cold, formal, Emptiness; a big, broad, mellow, Troll, of smooth unanimated wordiness. — It asks for *Soul*, — in thought, air, movement. — It exacts such strict confederacy between the heart, the mien, the eye, and tongue, that it disdains to *pardon* a bold, voluble, and lecture-like, (however musical and sounding) insignificance.

THE idea, then, to be conceived by *one*, who wou'd exprefs *Love*, elegantly, is that of *Joy*, combin'd with *Fear*.

IT is a conscious and triumphant *swell* of *Hope*, intimidated by respectful apprehension of offending, where we long to seem agreeable. It is the exhalation of a soft desire, which, to the warmth inspir'd by wishes, joins the modesty of a submissive doubtfulness. —

IT is Complaint, made amiable, by Gracefulness ; Reproach, endear'd by Tenderness ; and Rapture aw'd by Reverence.

WITHOUT a previous fix'd idea of the Passion, in this native light, the finest of all human voices wou'd, in vain, attempt to touch it tenderly. And this might be immediately found evident to the attentive Actor's ear, in making trial on some speech, like this of *Edgar*, in the Tragedy of *Atbelwold*.

“ Why have those piercing eyes, so ill distinguish'd

“ The

" The rev'rence of my ardour ? — Licence and Freedom,

" Wou'd, in *your presence*, be dissolv'd to *awe*,

" And flow in sighs, to soften you. — This hand!

" Oh ! give it me — and I will swear, upon it,

" That my charm'd spirits never rose, till now,

" In such a tide of extasy ! — that heaven

" Has left your *Sex* in shade, to light up *You*,

" With every grace, that swells desire in mortals ;

" Or gives your *guardian angel*, Pride, to view you !

HERE, if the *nerves* are braced, with proper warmth, to the high pitch of *Joy*, and the inclining *Look* divided, gracefully, betwixt a tender *Fear*, and a triumphant *Pleasure*, — every accent will confess the *Passion*, in a soft, impressive, touchingness. --- Whereas, without such previous disposition for attaining the *idea*, the vague, undirected, tone, wou'd sometimes sound too faint, sometimes too harsh : and always, insincere, declamatory, and unstriking.

I HAVE done with the Application of the general principle to *particular examples* of the *Passions*.

I PROCEED to a justification of the Mechanism, in the Rules foregoing, by demonstrating its foundation on clear natural causes.

I WILL only interpose a short digression for discovering the reason, *why*, it is so very rare, to see an Actor, elegantly qualify'd to represent a *Love* part, on the Theatre.

I SAID, before, and shall produce the proof immediately, that *Love* includes, occasionally, all other passions.

— HE, then, who is not master of a power to represent 'em ALL, in the distinct propriety of *each*, must (of necessity) — so far as his defect in any one of them, extends — be found an incomplete, and disapprov'd sustainer, of a Lover's character.

AND that every other, of the Passions hitherto describ'd, occurs, occasionally, in that
compre-

prehensive *one* of Love, see proofs; in these plain instances:

An Example of Joy, in Love.

THOU art a cold deseriber! — oh! the day!
The dear remember'd day! when, at the altar,
Where, in thanksgiving, I had bow'd to heav'n,
Heaven seem'd descending on me—my rais'd
eye

Met her flash'd charms, amidst a gazing crowd,
Who, from the scaffolded cathedral's sides,
Pour'd their bold looks upon me. — Greatness

and languor

Flow'd, in a soften'd radiance, from her mien,
And kindled every shrine, with new divinity!
Sweetness sat smiling, on her humid eye-balls,
And light-wing'd fancy danc'd, and flam'd, a-
bout her!

An Example of GRIEF, in Love.

OH! what a dreadful change, in my poor heart!

Has one weak moment made! — scorn'd, like
the vile,

Dishonour'd,

Dis honour'd, infamous, expell'd for ever,
 I must become a wand'rer, round the world;
 Meet cold, and hunger; poverty, and shame:
 Anguish and insult—Better all, than *man*!

The faithless murd'rer, MAN! — What am I
 doom'd to!

Whom have I trusted! — oh! revenging heav'n!
 See my distress, and punish me with more.

I cannot be too wretched.—Begone, deceiver.

I would not curse thee—I will not wish thee
 pain:

But, never, never, let me see thee, more!

An Example of FEAR, in Love.

SHE's gone --- and I am left, to walk the
 world,

Like a pale shade, that shuns the paths of men.

Light searches me too deep: my conscious soul
 Starts inward---and escapes the eye of day.

Oh! bosom peace, now lost! — were there, in
 guilt,

No weight more painful, than this lour of brow,

Yet, shun it all — you, who have hearts, like
 men —

That you may raise the front, and look, like
 virtue.

An

An Example of ANGER, in Love.

PATIENCE! — curse patience — why do'st
 thou talk of patience,
 With the same breath, the same cold, tasteless
 calmness,
 That spoke *distraction* to me? Hast thou not
 told me,
 That she confesses it? that this proud beauty,
 This haughty, fierce, disdainful, marbly virtue,
 That scorn'd my honest passion — this austere
 frowner!
 Has been — perdition on the name! 'twou'd
 choak me.
 Hast thou not fir'd me, with the basest truth,
 That ever stung the heart of a fool lover?
 And dost thou talk of patience! — give it to
 statesmen:
 I spurn the servile lesson. — Patience, said'st
 thou?
 Rage, and despair, have broke upon my soul,
 And wash'd away all patience.

An

An Example of PITY, in Love.

WHEN the blood boils, and beauty fires the
soul,

What will the tongue not swear? discretion,
then,

Does, with a peacock's feather, fan the sun.

Yet, in the midst of all my wild desires,

Thou wert the warmest wish, my heart pursu'd,

My love, to thee, was permanent, and strong.

Thy beauties were my waking theme --- and
night

Grew charming, by soft dreams of thy perfec-
tion.

Still, I regard thee, with the same desires ;

Gaze, with the same transporting pity, on thee,

As dying fathers bless a weeping child with,

An Example of SCORN, in Love.

YES! *virtue*! — thou hast every well-known

virtue,

That thy whole sex is fam'd for: --- kind, soft
virtues !

Spleen, affectation, pride, ill-nature, noise,

Lightness

Lightness in reason, insolence in will;
 Giddy ambition's ever-varied whirl;
 Wishes, that change, 'till even distaste grows
 pleasing:
 And tenderneſs, all tir'd, makes room for fury.
Virtues? ---- immortal Gods! ---- your best-
 weigh'd virtues
 Serve but to ſmile deceit, from heart to heart,
 'Till, for your idol, dear variety!
 Loathing an angel's form, you graſp a devil's!

An Example of HATRED, in Love.

BANE of my peace, life, fame! — my ſick-
 ning ſoul
 Shrinks, with indignant ſhame from her idea!
 All that ſhe once betray'd me to believe,
 Turns poiſon on my fancy. Each loath'd
 beauty,
 Serves but to feed the fire, with which I hate
 her.
 I know her to the heart; I ſee her, now,
 Not through her ſmiles --- I reach her, thro'
 her falſehood,
 View her, all black with guilt; all baſe, with
 infamy.

Light,

Light, and elusive, as the wand'ring fires,
Which gleam, destructive, on the edge of
night,

And tempt, to way-laid fens, the flatter'd tra-
veller.

Oh! I cou'd curse her all-bewitching charms,
That (shun'd and *bated*) still persist to hold me,
And hang their drowning grasp about my fancy.

An Example of JEALOUSY, in Love.

BUT why, and whence, her tears? those
looks? her flight?

That grief, so strongly stamp'd, on every fea-
ture!

If it has been that *Frenchman*—what a thought!
How low, how horrid, a suspicion, *that*!

The dreadful flash, at once, gives light, and
kills me.

An infidel! a slave!-- a heart, like mine,
Reduc'd to suffer, from so *vile* a rival!

But, tell me, didst thou mark them, at their
parting?

Did'st thou observe the language of their eyes?
Hide nothing from me.--Is my love betray'd?

Tell

Tell me my whole disgrace. -- Nay! if thou
tremblest,
I hear thy pity speak, tho' thou art silent.

--- thoughts

An Example of Wonder, in Love.

I STAND *immoveable* -- like senseless marble!
Horror had frozen my suspended tongue:
And an astonish'd silence robb'd my will
Of power, to tell her -- that she shock'd my
soul.
Spoke she to me! -- sure, I misunderstood her!
Cou'd it be me, she left! -- what have I seen!
Grasmin! what a change is here! she's gone!
And I permitted it --- I know not *how*.

An Example of LOVE, unmix'd and solitary.

Oh! let them never love, who never try'd.
They brought a paper to me, to be sign'd:
Thinking on *him*, I quite forgot my name;
And writ, for *Leonora, Torrismond*.
I went to bed, and, to myself, I thought,
That I wou'd think on *Torrismond* no more.
I clos'd my eyes, but could not shut out *him*.
Tumbling, I try'd each downy corner's aid,
To find if sleep was there; but sleep was *not*.

Fev'rish,

Fev'rish, for want of rest, I rose, and walk'd;
 And by the moonshine, to my window, went:
 There, hopeful, to exclude him, from my
 thoughts ---

But, looking out, upon the neighb'ring plains,
 Soft sighs, unsummon'd, whisper'd, to my soul,
 There fought my *Torriſmond*, ---

I BELIEVE, that it remains evident, by this
 time, that the LOVER's comprehends *all* serious
 dramatic characters, that an actor can expect
 to shine by, --- let us cease, then, to wonder,
 that we can so seldom see it touch'd, upon the
 Theatres.

AND, now, we will consider the *natural*
foundation of that mechanism, in the art de-
 scribed, whereby the springs are mov'd, to re-
 present the passions, outwardly.

IT will have been observed, that their spe-
 cific differences are far from being so remote,
 as the repugnance of the passions wou'd ap-
 pear to place them.

See

See this, in all the ten Examples :

JOY is expressed by muscles intense --- and a smile in the eye.

ANGER, by muscles intense --- and a frown in the eye.

PITY, by muscles intense --- and a sadness in the eye.

HATRED, by muscles intense --- and aversion in the eye.

WONDER, by muscles intense --- and an awful alarm in the eye.

LOVE, by muscles intense, --- and a respectful attachment in the eye.

GRIEF, by neither muscles, nor eye intense --- but both languid.

FEAR, by muscles and look both languid --- with an alarm, in eye, and motion.

SCORN, by muscles languid and neglected --- with a smile in the eye, to express the *light*, or a frown in the eye, for the *serious* species.

JEALOUSY, by muscles intense, and the look pensive ; or the look intense, and muscles languid, interchangeably.

And, if the natural causes of such near resemblance, in the mechanism of opposite passions, be enquir'd into, they will, all, be EVIDENTLY DEDUC'D FROM the reflections following:

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS.

Demonstrating the natural causes of the Mechanism, in the Rules foregoing.

QUESTION I.

WHY is joy express'd, by muscles intense, and, a smile in the eye?

ANSWER.

(From the Definition)

Joy is pride possess'd of triumph.---Pride and triumph give inflated ideas, and high rais'd and bold conception.

But the muscles must be intense, when they express elevation.

Because, relax'd nerves are peculiar to depress'd conception.

And

And the eye must be smiling, before it can paint satisfaction.

Because, a frown would imply discontent ; and to conceive joy, with displeasure, is a false, because unnatural, *impression*.

QUESTION II.

Why is *anger* express'd, by muscles intense, and a frown in the eye?

ANSWER.

Anger is pride provok'd, beyond regard of caution—Uncautious pride exults in menaces and arrogance.

But, neither arrogance nor menace can consist with relaxation of the nerves.

Because, slack muscles, are a consequence of weak and faint, not boastful and avow'd, ideas.—

The eye, too, in this passion, is overclouded by a frown.

Because, it catches sense of indignation, from vindictive and distasteful images ; and

not to *show* that outward mark of the mind, agitation, inwardly, wou'd be assuming a DISGUISE, to cover sensibility ;—a prudence, never natural, in anger ; because its great characteristic *property*, is rash and open insult.

QUESTION III.

Why is *pity* express'd, by muscles intense, and a sadness in *the eye* ?

ANSWER.

Pity is active grief, for another's afflictions. But we never can sincerely *mourn* distresses, when we do not feel them, touchingly.

Whatever we so feel, we *look*—by natural inclination, and necessity.

No visage but a *sad* one, therefore, can *consist* with the distress of pity.

But the muscles, to express this passion, must be *brac'd*.

Because, whatever we pity, we intensely wish to give relief to ; and, since the will, when

when active, compells active fibres; it remains a natural consequence, that this seeming contrariety, between the gesture and the look, is the true medium to express compassion.

For, being nature's own effect, when she impresses marks of pity, in her usual manner,—art, assuming the same outward springs to work by, cannot fail to represent *her*, with *exactness*.

QUESTION IV.

Why is *hatred* express'd, by the muscles intense and *aversion in the eye*?

ANSWER.

Hatred is restrain'd, yet lasting anger. ---Anger inflames the will, and as the will, becoming active, actuates the *muscles*, they must necessarily be strain'd hard; and prompt to violent exertion, when they would express this passion properly.

But, then,---as it is anger not thrown out---but patient, cover'd, and restrain'd; the *eye*

withdraws itself from a distasteful object, to imply *aversion*, in restraint of fury.

And herein consists the natural distinction that paints *hatred*, on the outward lineaments.

QUESTION V.

Why is *wonder* express'd, by muscles intense, and an awful *alarm* in the eye?

ANSWER.

Wonder is inquisitive fear.---As it is inquisitive it is steadfast, and demands firm muscles.

But as it is fear, it cannot justly be express'd, without the marks of apprehension, and alarm.

Were this alarm a too disturb'd one---full of motion and anxiety, it would paint *fear*, instead of *wonder*; and could carry no consistence with braced muscles.

It is therefore firmly nerv'd, because inquisitive with purpose of defence.

And so, this application, of *alarm*,---with resolution to examine steadfastly---must constitute

tute a nervous, awful, fix'd attentiveness ;
and give the picture of the *passion naturally*.

QUESTION VI.

Why is *love* express'd, by muscles intense,
and a respectful *attachment in the eye*?

ANSWER.

Love is desire kept temperate, by reverence.—Desire must be attach'd ; and as, in love, its object is a visible one, desire of objects visible must shew itself, most plainly, in the eye.

But then, our fear to give distaste, attempering desire with *reverence*, creates respectful softness in the look, and attitude.

And this external softness being strengthen'd, by an inward brace upon the nerves, (the natural consequence of hope and joy) enlivening reverence by effusion of a sparkling pleasure, there is transmitted to the eye, the ear, and heart, of an attentive audience, the same impression, which the actor's spirits are impell'd by.

QUESTION VII.

Why is *grief* express'd, by neither muscles,
nor look intense, *but both languid*?

ANSWER.

Grief is disappointment, *void* of hope.
But muscles, brac'd intense, imply hope,
strongly.

And a spirited vivacity in the eye is the
effect of pleasure, and of elevation.

These are naturally consistent with a pas-
sage that *depresses*; which grief manifestly
does.

Because depression slackens all the nerves;
and nerves unbrac'd deject the look, and air,
in necessary consequence.

And therefore, a relaxed mein, and lan-
guid eye, must form the *truest picture* of a
natural sorrow.

QUESTION

QUESTION VIII.

Why is *fear* express'd, by languid look and muscles, *with alarm* in eye and motion?

ANSWER.

Fear is grief, discerning, and avoiding danger.---As it is grief, it must depress the spirits, and unbrace the muscles; whence the languid air becomes adapted, and characteristic.

But, as it is a grief, not careless and resign'd, but apprehensive, fugitive, and starting, it demands a lightness in the motion; with a watchful, though unanimated, sharpness in the eye.

Because, the fancy has conceiv'd idea of a threat'ning mischief; but, the object overcharging the imagination, has relax'd the unconcurring fibres into a debility, unable to

obey the will ; which, therefore, *but evades, and not resists*, the danger.

QUESTION IX.

Why is *scorn* express'd, by languid muscles, with a smile, upon the eye, in the light species ; or a frown, *to hit the serious* ?

ANSWER.

Scorn is negligent anger. — It insinuates therefore, by a voluntary slackness, or disarming, of the nerves, a known, or a concluded, absence of all power in the insulted object, even to make defence seem necessary.

And the unbrac'd muscles are assisted, in this show of a contemptuous disregard, by an affected smile upon the eye.

Because, slack nerves, if at the same time the look were also languid, would too much resemble *sorrow*, or even *fear* ; whereas the purpose is disdain, and insult.

And

And though in more provoking *serious* cases, where the scorn admits disturbance, it assumes some sense of *anger*; it must, still, retain the slack unguarded languor on the nerves—lest it should seem to have conceiv'd impressions of some estimable, or important, weightiness—*where its design is utter disregard, and negligence.*

QUESTION X.

Why is *jealousy* express'd, by muscles intense, and the look pensive—or by the look intense, and *muscles languid*, interchangeably?

ANSWER.

Jealousy is doubtful anger, struggling against faith, and pity.—It is a tenderness, resisted by resentment of suspected injury; and, thence, the *nerves*, brac'd strong, imply determination of revenge and punishment.—While at the same time a soft, pensive

five hesitation in the eye, confesses a reluctance at the heart to part with, or efface, a gentle and indulg'd idea.

Sometimes again, 'tis rage at a concluded infidelity ;—and, then, the eye receives, and flashes out, the sparklings of inflam'd ideas ; while the muscles, counteracting the will's violence, from a repressive disposition of the heart, grow slack, and lose their spring ; and, so, disarm, or mollify, enrag'd imagination.

And from this unsettled wavering in the balance of the purpose—where the heart and judgment weigh each other, and both scales, by turns, preponderate, is deduced, a GLOWING PICTURE of this passion.

I HAVE travell'd, now, through ten pathetic stages ; where an actor must not stop for *rest*, as in his other journies, but for *labour* ; and such a labour will he truly find it (if he enters naturally into the demand of those strong passions) that neither mind nor body can be capable of
chusing

chusing a more healthfully fatiguing exercise.

AND this remark brings into my remembrance a great and general mistake among the players, at *rehearsal*; where it is their common practice, to mutter over their parts inwardly; and keep *in* their voices; with a mis-imagin'd purpose of perserving them, against their evening *acting*.—Whereas the surest natural means of strengthening their delivery would be, to warm, dephlegm, and clarify the thorax, and the wind-pipe, by exerting (the more frequently the better) their fullest power of utterance;---thereby to open and remove all hesitation, roughness, or obstruction—and to tune their voices, by effect of such continual exercise, into habitual mellowness; and ease of compass, and inflexion;—just from the same reason why an active body is more strong and healthy, than a sedentary one.

I will

I will go on, to the remaining eight divisions ; wherein I hope, may be included the whole art ; in all its duties, and its ornaments.

Cætera desunt.



F I N I S.



